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THE COMPLETE POEMS
OF
PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

WITH THE INTRODUCTION TO
"LYRICS OF LOWLY LIFE"
BY
W. D. HOWELLS

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
1922

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DEDICATIONS

LYRICS OF LOWLY LIFE

TO

MY MOTHER

* * *

LYRICS OF THE HEARTHSIDE

TO

ALICE

* * *

LYRICS OF LOVE AND LAUGHTER

TO

MISS CATHERINE IMPEY

* * *

LYRICS OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

TO

MRS. FRANK CONOVER

WITH THANKS FOR HER LONG BELIEF

INTRODUCTION TO LYRICS OF LOWLY LIFE

I THINK I should scarcely trouble the reader with a special appeal in behalf of this book, if it had not specially appealed to me for reasons apart from the author's race, origin, and condition. The world is too old now, and I find myself too much of its mood, to care for the work of a poet because he is black, because his father and mother were slaves, because he was, before and after he began to write poems, an elevator-boy. These facts would certainly attract me to him as a man, if I knew him to have a literary ambition, but when it came to his literary art, I must judge it irrespective of these facts, and enjoy or endure it for what it was in itself.

It seems to me that this was my experience with the poetry of Paul Laurence Dunbar when I found it in another form, and in justice to him I cannot wish that it should be otherwise with his readers here. Still, it will legitimately interest those who like to know the causes, or, if these may not be known, the sources, of things, to learn that the father and mother of the first poet of his race in our language were negroes without admixture of white blood. The father escaped from slavery in Kentucky to freedom in Canada, while there was still no hope of freedom otherwise; but the mother was freed by the events of the civil war, and came North to Ohio, where their son was born at Dayton, and grew up with such chances and mischances for mental training as everywhere befall the children of the poor. He has told me that his father picked up the trade of a plasterer, and when he had taught himself to read, loved chiefly to read history. The boy's mother shared his passion for literature, with a special love of poetry, and after the father died she struggled on in more than the poverty she had shared with him. She could value the faculty which her son showed first in prose sketches and attempts at fiction, and she was proud of the praise and kindness they won him among the people of the town, where he has never been without the warmest and kindest friends.

In fact from every part of Ohio and from several cities of the adjoining States, there came letters in cordial appreciation of the critical recognition which it was my

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e no less than my duty to aul Dunbar's work in an- lace. It seemed to me a omen for him that so many who had known him, or of him, were glad of a r's good word; and it was ng to see that at home he eemed for the things he had ather than because as the negro slaves he had done If a prophet is often with- or in his own country, it is nothing against him e has it. In this case it de- me of the glory of a dis- ; but that is sometimes a joy, and I am always will- forego it.

vastly more artistic than ours, and who were the creatures of an environment more favorable to their literary development. So far as I could remember, Paul Dunbar was the only man of pure African blood and of American civilization to feel the negro life æsthetically and express it lyrically. It seemed to me that this had come to its most modern consciousness in him, and that his brilliant and unique achievement was to have studied the American negro objectively, and to have represented him as he found him to be, with humor, with sympathy, and yet with what the reader must instinctively feel to be entire truthful-

think or feel black in one and white in another, but humanly in all.

Yet it appeared to me then, and it appears to me now, that there is a precious difference of temperament between the races which it would be a great pity ever to lose, and that this is best preserved and most charmingly suggested by Mr. Dunbar in those pieces of his where he studies the moods and traits of his race in its own accent of our English. We call such pieces dialect pieces for want of some closer phrase, but they are really not dialect so much as delightful personal attempts and failures for the written and spoken language. In nothing is his essentially refined and delicate art so well shown as in these pieces, which, as I ventured to say, described the range between appetite and emotion, with certain lifts far beyond and above it, which is the range of the race. He reveals in these a finely ironical perception of the negro's limitations, with a tenderness for them which I think so very rare as to be almost quite new. I should say, perhaps, that it was this humorous quality which Mr. Dunbar had added to our literature, and it would be this which would most distinguish him, now and hereafter. It is something that one feels in nearly all the dialect pieces; and I hope that in the present collection he has kept all of these in his earlier volume, and added others to them. But the contents of this book are wholly of his own choosing, and I do not know how much or little he may have preferred the poems in literary English. Some of these I thought very good, and even more than very good, but not distinctively his contribution to the body of American poetry. What I mean is that several people might have written them; but I do not know any one else at present who could quite have written the dialect pieces. These are divinations and reports of what passes in the hearts and minds of a lowly people whose poetry had hitherto been inarticulately expressed in music, but now finds, for the first time in our tongue, literary interpretation of a very artistic completeness.

I say the event is interesting, but how important it shall be can be determined only by Mr. Dunbar's future performance. I cannot undertake to prophesy concerning this; but if he should do nothing more than he has done, I should feel that he had made the strongest claim for the negro in English literature that the negro has yet made. He has at least

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l something that, how-
e may critically disagree
, we cannot well refuse to enjoy; in more than one piece he has produced a work of art.

W. D. HOWELLS.

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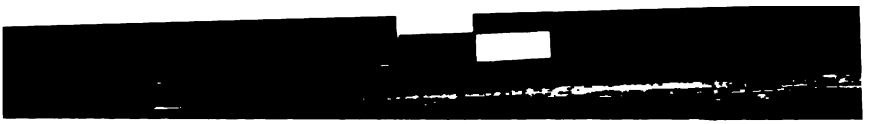
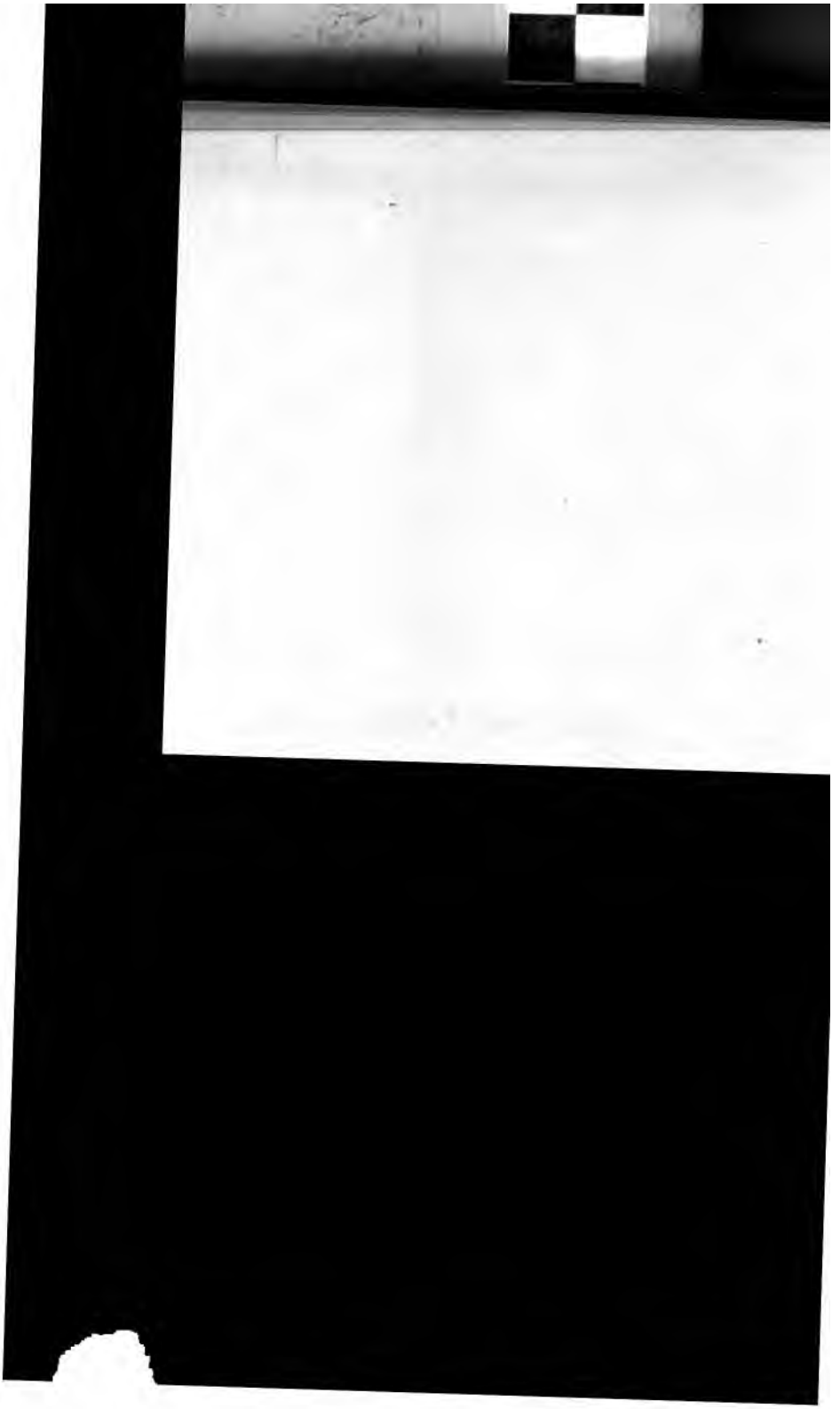


LYRICS OF LOWLY LIFE



ERE SLEEP COMES DOWN TO SOOTHE THE WEARY EYES

Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes,
Which all the day with ceaseless care have sought
The magic gold which from the seeker flies;
Ere dreams put on the gown and cap of thought,
And make the waking world a world of lies,—
Of lies most palpable, uncouth, forlorn,
That say life's full of aches and tears and sighs,—
Oh, how with more than dreams the soul is torn,
Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes.

Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes,
How all the griefs and heartaches we have known
Come up like pois'nous vapors that arise
From some base witch's caldron, when the crone,
To work some potent spell, her magic plies.
The past which held its share of bitter pain,
Whose ghost we prayed that Time might exorcise,
Comes up, is lived and suffered o'er again,
Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes.

Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes,
What phantoms fill the dimly lighted room;
What ghostly shades in awe-creating guise
Are bodied forth within the teeming gloom.
What echoes faint of sad and soul-sick cries,
And pangs of vague inexplicable pain
That pay the spirit's ceaseless enterprise,
Come thronging through the chambers of the brain,
Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes.

Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes,
Where ranges forth the spirit far and free?
Through what strange realms and unfamiliar skies
Tends her far course to lands of mystery?

ds unspeakable — beyond
urmise,
e shapes unknowable to
eing spring,
nt of wing, the Fancy fails
nd dies
wearied with the spirit's
ourneying,
comes down to soothe the
eary eyes.

comes down to soothe the
eary eyes,
questioneth the soul that
ther soul,—
ner sense which neither
heats nor lies,
elf exposes unto self, a
roll
t with all life's acts un-

Ah, then, no more we heed the sad
world's cries,
Or seek to probe th' eternal mys-
tery,
Or fret our souls at long-withheld
replies,
At glooms through which our
visions cannot see,
When sleep comes down to seal the
weary eyes.

THE POET AND HIS SONG

A SONG is but a little thing,
And yet what joy it is to sing!
In hours of toil it gives me zest,
And when at eve I long for rest;
When cows come home along the
bars,

When ripened gold is all the plain,
I put my sickle to the grain.
I labor hard, and toil and sweat,
  While others dream within the dell;
But even while my brow is wet,
  I sing my song, and all is well.

Sometimes the sun, unkindly hot,
My garden makes a desert spot;
Sometimes a blight upon the tree
Takes all my fruit away from me;
And then with throes of bitter pain
  Rebellious passions rise and swell;
But — life is more than fruit or grain,
  And so I sing, and all is well.

RETORT

"Thou art a fool," said my head to my heart,
"Indeed, the greatest of fools thou art,
  To be led astray by the trick of a tress,
By a smiling face or a ribbon smart;"
  And my heart was in sore distress.

Then Phyllis came by, and her face was fair,
The light gleamed soft on her raven hair;
  And her lips were blooming a rosy red.
Then my heart spoke out with a right bold air:
  "Thou art worse than a fool, O head!"

ACCOUNTABILITY

Folks ain't got no right to censuah othah folks about dey habits;
Him dat giv' de squir'ls de bushtails made de bobtails fu' de rabbits.
Him dat built de gread big mountains hollered out de little valleys,
Him dat made de streets an' driveways wasn't shamed to make de alleys.

We is all constructed diff'ent, d'ain't no two of us de same;
We cain't he'p ouah likes an' dislikes, ef we'se bad we ain't to blame.
Ef we 'se good, we need n't show off, case you bet it ain't ouah doin'
We gits into su'ttain channels dat we jes' cain't he'p pu'suin'.

But we all fits into places dat no othah ones could fill,
An' we does the things we has to, big er little, good er ill.
John cain't tek de place o' Henry, Su an' Sally ain't alike;
Bass ain't nuthin' like a suckah, chub ain't nuthin' like a pike.

u come to think about it,
it 's all planned out it 's
did.
done er evah happens,
hit 's somefin' dat 's in-
ed;
r whut you does, you has
an' hit sholy beats de
ens,—
put on de kittle, I got
o' mastah's chickens.

ERICK DOUGLASS

is over all the teeming
ts,
here is pause, a breath-
ace in the strife;

He raised her up and whispered,
"Hope and Trust."

For her his voice, a fearless clarion,
rung
That broke in warning on the
ears of men;
For her the strong bow of his
power he strung,
And sent his arrows to the very
den
Where grim Oppression held his
bloody place
And gloated o'er the mis'ries of a
race.

And he was no soft-tongued apolo-
gist;
He spoke straightforward, fear-

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

He dared the lightning in the lightning's track,
And answered thunder with his thunder back.

When men maligned him, and their torrent wrath
In furious imprecations o'er him broke,
He kept his counsel as he kept his path;
'T was for his race, not for himself he spoke.
He knew the import of his Master's call,
And felt himself too mighty to be small.

No miser in the good he held was he,—
His kindness followed his horizon's rim.
His heart, his talents, and his hands were free
To all who truly needed aught of him.
Where poverty and ignorance were rife,
He gave his bounty as he gave his life.

The place and cause that first aroused his might
Still proved its power until his latest day.
In Freedom's lists and for the aid of Right
Still in the foremost rank he waged the fray;
Wrong lived; his occupation was not gone.
He died in action with his armor on!

We weep for him, but we have touched his hand,
And felt the magic of his presence nigh,
The current that he sent throughout the land,
The kindling spirit of his battle-cry.
O'er all that holds us we shall triumph yet,
And place our banner where his hopes were set!

Oh, Douglass, thou hast passed beyond the shore,
But still thy voice is ringing o'er the gale!
Thou 'st taught thy race how high her hopes may soar,
And bade her seek the heights, nor faint, nor fail.
She will not fail, she heeds thy stirring cry,
She knows thy guardian spirit will be nigh,
And, rising from beneath the chast'ning rod,
She stretches out her bleeding hands to God!

LIFE

of bread and a corner to
in,
to smile and an hour to
in,
joy to a peck of trouble,
r a laugh but the moans
double;
And that is life!

and a corner that love
es precious,
smile to warm and the
to refresh us;
seems sweeter when cares
after,
oan is the finest of foils
laughter;
And that is life!

But e'en as I listened the mock-
bird's song,
A thought stole into my sad-
dened heart,
And I said, "I can cheer some
other soul
By a carol's simple art."

For oft from the darkness of
hearts and lives
Come songs that brim with joy
and light,
As out of the gloom of the cypress
grove
The mocking-bird sings at
night.

So I sang a lay for a brother's ear
In a strain to soothe his bleed-
ing heart,

From the silent deep
The waters sweep,
But faint on the cold white stones,
And the wavelets fly
With a plaintive cry
O'er the old earth's bare, bleak bones.

And the spray upsprings
On its ghost-white wings,
And tosses a kiss at the stars;
While a water-sprite,
In sea-pearls dight,
Hums a sea-hymn's solemn bars.

Far out in the night,
On the wavering sight
I see a dark hull loom;
And its light on high,
Like a Cyclops' eye,
Shines out through the mist and gloom.

Now the winds well up
From the earth's deep cup,
And fall on the sea and shore,
And against the pier
The waters rear
And break with a sullen roar.

Up comes the gale,
And the mist-wrought veil
Gives way to the lightning's glare,
And the cloud-drifts fall,
A sombre pall,
O'er water, earth, and air.

The storm-king flies,
His whip he plies,
And bellows down the wind.
The lightning rash
With blinding flash
Comes pricking on behind.

Rise, waters, rise,
And taunt the skies
With your swift-flitting form.
Sweep, wild winds, sweep,
And tear the deep
To atoms in the storm.

And the waters leapt,
And the wild winds swept,
And blew out the moon in the sky,
And I laughed with glee,
It was joy to me
As the storm went raging by!

SUNSET

The river sleeps beneath the sky,
And clasps the shadows to its breast;
The crescent moon shines dim on high;
And in the lately radiant west
The gold is fading into gray.
Now stills the lark his festive lay,
And mourns with me the dying day.

While in the south the first faint star
Lifts to the night its silver face,

nkles to the moon afar
the heaven's graying
space,
rmurs reach me from the
town,
uts on her sombre crown,
kes her mantle darkly
down.

OLD APPLE-TREE

a memory keeps a-run-
n'
gh my weary head to-
ght,
a picture dancin'
fire-flames' ruddy light;
picture of an orchard

As they used to. But I tell you,
When it comes to pleasin' me,
It 's the dearest in the orchard,—
Is that old apple-tree.

I would hide within its shelter,
Settlin' in some cosy nook,
Where no calls nor threats could
stir me
From the pages o' my book.
Oh, that quiet, sweet seclusion
In its fulness passeth words!
It was deeper than the deepest
That my sanctum now affords.
Why, the jaybirds an' the robins,
They was hand in glove with
me,
As they winked at me an' warbled
In that old apple-tree.

When we 'd wander to the orchard
So 's no listenin' ones could hear
As I whispered sugared nonsense
  Into her little willin' ear.
Now my gray old wife is Hallie,
  An' I 'm grayer still than she,
But I 'll not forget our courtin'
  'Neath the old apple-tree.

Life for us ain't all been summer,
  But I guess we 've had our share
Of its flittin' joys an' pleasures,
  An' a sprinklin' of its care.
Oft the skies have smiled upon us;
  Then again we 've seen 'em frown,
Though our load was ne'er so heavy
  That we longed to lay it down.
But when death does come a-callin',
  This my last request shall be,—
That they 'll bury me an' Hallie
  'Neath the old apple tree.

A PRAYER

O LORD, the hard-won miles
  Have worn my stumbling feet:
Oh, soothe me with thy smiles,
  And make my life complete.

The thorns were thick and keen
  Where'er I trembling trod;
The way was long between
  My wounded feet and God.
Where healing waters flow
  Do thou my footsteps lead.
My heart is aching so;
  Thy gracious balm I need.

PASSION AND LOVE

A MAIDEN wept and, as a comforter,
Came one who cried, "I love thee," and he seized
Her in his arms and kissed her with hot breath,
That dried the tears upon her flaming cheeks.
While evermore his boldly blazing eye
Burned into hers; but she uncomforted
Shrank from his arms and only wept the more.

Then one came and gazed mutely in her face
With wide and wistful eyes; but still aloof
He held himself; as with a reverent fear,
As one who knows some sacred presence nigh.
And as she wept he mingled tear with tear,
That cheered her soul like dew a dusty flower,—
Until she smiled, approached, and touched his hand!

IE SEEDLING

little seedling
hin its darksome bed,
t fell a-talking,
s is what it said:

so very robust,
do the best I can;"
seedling from that
ment
k of life began.

ed a little leaflet
the light of day,
ne the surroundings
w the rest the way.

liked the prospect,
lled its brother, Stem;
other leaflets heard it.

And the sun and showers will
help you
Through the lonesome, strug-
gling hours,
Till you raise to light and beauty
Virtue's fair, unfading flowers.

PROMISE

I GREW a rose within a garden
fair,
And, tending it with more than
loving care,
I thought how, with the glory of
its bloom,
I should the darkness of my life
illume;
And, watching, ever smiled to see

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

FULFILMENT.

I GREW a rose once more to please
mine eyes.
All things to aid it — dew, sun,
wind, fair skies —
Were kindly; and to shield it
from despoil,
I fenced it safely in with grateful
toil.
No other hand than mine shall
pluck this flower, said I,
And I was jealous of the bee that
hovered nigh.
It grew for days; I stood hour
after hour
To watch the slow unfolding of
the flower,
And then I did not leave its side
at all,
Lest some mischance my flower
should befall.
At last, oh joy! the central petals
burst apart.
It blossomed—but, alas! a worm
was at its heart!

SONG

MY heart to thy heart,
My hand to thine;
My lip to thy lips,
Kisses are wine
Brewed for the lover in sunshine
and shade;
Let me drink deep, then, my
African maid.

Lily to lily,
Rose unto rose;
My love to thy love
Tenderly grows.
Rend not the oak and the ivy in
twain,
Nor the swart maid from her
swarthier swain.

AN ANTE-BELLUM SERMON

WE is gathahed hyeah, my
brothahs,
In dis howlin' wildaness,
Fu' to speak some words of com-
fo't
To each othah in distress.
An' we chooses fu' ouah subjic'
Dis — we 'll 'splain it by an'
by;
"An' de Lawd said, 'Moses,
Moses,'
An' de man said, 'Hyeah am
I.'"

Now ole Pher'oh, down in Egypt,
Was de wuss man evah bo'n,
An' he had de Hebrew chillun
Down dah wukin' in his co'n;
'T well de Lawd got tiahed o' his
foolin',
An' sez he: "I 'll let him
know —
Look hyeah, Moses, go tell
Pher'oh
Fu' to let dem chillun go."

e refuse to do it,
ake him rue de houah,
npty down on Egypt
ials of my powah."
l — an' Pher'oh's ahmy
wuth a ha'f a dime;
vd will he'p his chillun,
trust him evah time.

emies may 'sail you
ck an' in de front;
vd is all aroun' you,
n' de battle's brunt.
fo'ge yo' chains an'
kles
mountains to de sea;
Lawd will sen' some
ses
et his chillun free.

An' de love he showed to Isrul
Was n't all on Isrul spent;
Now don't run an' tell yo' mastahs
Dat I 's preachin' discontent.

'Cause I is n't; I 'se a-judgin'
Bible people by deir ac's;
I 'se a-givin' you de Scriptuah,
I 'se a-handin' you de fac's.
Cose ole Pher'oh b'lieved in slav'ry,
But de Lawd he let him see,
Dat de people he put bref in,—
Evah mothah's son was free.

An' dahs othahs thinks lak Pher'oh,
But dey calls de Scriptuah liar,
Fu' de Bible says " a servant

We kin hyeah his feet a-trompin',
We kin hyeah his trumpit blas'.
But I want to wa'n you people,
Don't you git too brigity;
An' don't you git to braggin'
'Bout dese things, you wait an' see.

But when Moses wif his powah
Comes an' sets us chillun free,
We will praise de gracious Mastah
Dat has gin us liberty;
An' we 'll shout ouah halleluyahs,
On dat mighty reck'nin' day,
When we 'se reco'nised ez citiz'—
Huh uh! Chillun, let us pray!

ODE TO ETHIOPIA

O Mother Race! to thee I bring
This pledge of faith unwavering,
This tribute to thy glory.
I know the pangs which thou didst feel,
When Slavery crushed thee with its heel,
With thy dear blood all gory.

Sad days were those — ah, sad indeed!
But through the land the fruitful seed
Of better times was growing.
The plant of freedom upward sprung,
And spread its leaves so fresh and young —
Its blossoms now are blowing.

On every hand in this fair land,
Proud Ethiope's swarthy children stand
Beside their fairer neighbor;
The forests flee before their stroke,
Their hammers ring, their forges smoke,—
They stir in honest labour.

They tread the fields where honour calls;
Their voices sound through senate halls
In majesty and power.
To right they cling; the hymns they sing
Up to the skies in beauty ring,
And bolder grow each hour.

Be proud, my Race, in mind and soul;
Thy name is writ on Glory's scroll
In characters of fire.
High 'mid the clouds of Fame's bright sky
Thy banner's blazoned folds now fly,
And truth shall lift them higher.

Thou hast the right to noble pride,
Whose spotless robes were purified
By blood's severe baptism.
Upon thy brow the cross was laid,

our's painful sweat-beads
ade
secrating chrism.

race, or white or black,
ound as thou wert, to the
ck,
dom stooped to grieving;
race, when free again,
he past and proved them
en
le in forgiving.

nd up! Our souls and
es
low thy continuous rise;
ars shall list thy story
rds who from thy root
all spring,
udly tune their lyres to

And you take a stalk that is straight and long,
With an expert eye to its worthy points,
And you think of the bubbling strains of song
That are bound between its pithy joints —
Then you cut out strings, with a bridge in the middle,
With a corn-stalk bow for a corn-stalk fiddle.

Then the strains that grow as you draw the bow
O'er the yielding strings with a practised hand!
And the music's flow never loud but low

More time than tune — from the
corn-stalk fiddle.

Then brother Jabez takes the bow,
While Ned stands off with Susan Bland,
Then Henry stops by Milly Snow,
And John takes Nellie Jones's hand,
While I pair off with Mandy Biddle,
And scrape, scrape, scrape goes the corn-stalk fiddle.

"Salute your partners," comes the call,
"All join hands and circle round,"
"Grand train back," and "Balance all,"
Footsteps lightly spurn the ground.
"Take your lady and balance down the middle"
To the merry strains of the corn-stalk fiddle.

So the night goes on and the dance is o'er,
And the merry girls are homeward gone,
But I see it all in my sleep once more,
And I dream till the very break of dawn
Of an impish dance on a red-hot griddle
To the screech and scrape of a corn-stalk fiddle.

THE MASTER-PLAYER

An old, worn harp that had been played
Till all its strings were loose and frayed,
Joy, Hate, and Fear, each one essayed,
To play. But each in turn had found
No sweet responsiveness of sound.

Then Love the Master-Player came
With heaving breast and eyes aflame;
The Harp he took all undismayed,
Smote on its strings, still strange to song,
And brought forth music sweet and strong.

THE MYSTERY

I was not; now I am — a few days hence
I shall not be; I fain would look before
And after, but can neither do; some Power
Or lack of power says "no" to all I would.
I stand upon a wide and sunless plain,

t nor steel to guide my
ps aright.
, o'ercoming fear, I dare
move,
vithout direction and by
ance.
gn to hear a voice and
l a hand
ws them ever upward
o' the gloom.
I hear no voice and touch
hand,
thro' silence infinite I
;
n my hearing to supernal
nds;
thro' fateful darkness do
reach,
ch my hand to find that
er hand.

Are heroes; they who higher fare,
And, flying, fan the upper air,
Miss all the toil that hugs the sod.
'Tis they whose backs have felt
the rod,
Whose feet have pressed the path
unshod,
May smile upon defeated care,
Not they who soar.

High up there are no thorns to
prod,
Nor boulders lurking 'neath the
clod
To turn the keenness of the share,
For flight is ever free and rare;
But heroes they the soil who 've
trod,
Not they who soar!

And men shall say, "He liveth still!"

Great poets never die, for Earth
Doth count their lives of too great worth
To lose them from her treasured store;
So shalt thou live for evermore —
Though far thy form from mortal ken —
Deep in the hearts and minds of men.

TWO SONGS

A BEE that was searching for sweets one day
Through the gate of a rose garden happened to stray.
In the heart of a rose he hid away,
And forgot in his bliss the light of day,
As sipping his honey he buzzed in song;
Though day was waning, he lingered long,
For the rose was sweet, so sweet.

A robin sits pluming his ruddy breast,
And a madrigal sings to his love in her nest:
"Oh, the skies they are blue, the fields are green,
And the birds in your nest will soon be seen!"
She hangs on his words with a thrill of love,
And chirps to him as he sits above
For the song is sweet, so sweet.

A maiden was out on a summer's day
With the winds and the waves and the flowers at play;
And she met with a youth of gentle air,
With the light of the sunshine on his hair.
Together they wandered the flowers among;
They loved, and loving they lingered long,
For to love is sweet, so sweet.

BIRD of my lady's bower,
Sing her a song;
Tell her that every hour,
All the day long,
Thoughts of her come to me,
Filling my brain
With the warm ecstasy
Of love's refrain.

Little bird! happy bird!
Being so near,
Where e'en her slightest word
Thou mayest hear,
Seeing her glancing eyes,
Sheen of her hair,
Thou art in paradise,—
Would I were there.

so far away,
ou art so near;
with her, birdling gay,
with my dear.
be thy recompense,
e be thy fee,
ough thine eloquence
hearken me.

A BANJO SONG

e 's lots o' keer an' trouble
world to swaller down;
Sorrer 's purty lively
way o' gittin' roun'.
e 's times when I furgit
m,—
an' pains an' troubles
ll,—

When de music o' dat banjo
Sets my cabin all er-ring.

An' my wife an' all de othahs,—
Male an' female, small an' big,—
Even up to gray-haired granny,
Seem jes' boun' to do a jig;
'Twell I change de style o' music,
Change de movement an' de time,
An' de ringin' little banjo
Plays an ol' hea't-feelin' hime.

An' somehow my th'oat gits choky,
An' a lump keeps tryin' to rise
Lak it wan'ed to ketch de water
Dat was flowin' to my eyes;
An' I feel dat I could sorter
Knock de socks clean off o' sin

So jes' let me hyeah it ringin',
Dough de chune be po' an' rough,
It 's a pleasure; an' de pleasures
O' dis life is few enough.

Now, de blessed little angels
Up in heaben, we are told,
Don't do nothin' all dere lifetime
'Ceptin' play on ha'ps o' gold.
Now I think heaben 'd be mo' homelike
Ef we 'd hyeah some music fall
F'om a real ol'-fashioned banjo,
Like dat one upon de wall.

LONGING

If you could sit with me beside the sea to-day,
And whisper with me sweetest dreamings o'er and o'er;
I think I should not find the clouds so dim and gray,
And not so loud the waves complaining at the shore.

If you could sit with me upon the shore to-day,
And hold my hand in yours as in the days of old,
I think I should not mind the chill baptismal spray,
Nor find my hand and heart and all the world so cold.

If you could walk with me upon the strand to-day,
And tell me that my longing love had won your own,
I think all my sad thoughts would then be put away,
And I could give back laughter for the Ocean's moan!

THE PATH

There are no beaten paths to Glory's height,
There are no rules to compass greatness known;
Each for himself must cleave a path alone,
And press his own way forward in the fight.
Smooth is the way to ease and calm delight,
And soft the road Sloth chooseth for her own;
But he who craves the flower of life full-blown,
Must struggle up in all his armor dight!
What though the burden bear him sorely down
And crush to dust the mountain of his pride,
Oh, then, with strong heart let him still abide;
For rugged is the roadway to renown,
Nor may he hope to gain the envied crown,
Till he hath thrust the looming rocks aside.

LAWYERS' WAYS

n list'nin' to them lawyers
court house up the street,
come to the conclusion
'm most completely beat.
feller riz to argy,
boldly waded in
ssed the tremblin' pris'ner
oat o' deep-dyed sin.

painted him all over
ue o' blackest crime,
meared his reputation
the thickest kind o'
ime,
und myself a-wond'rin',
isty way and dim,
Lord had come to fashion
n awful man as him.

How an angel an' a devil
Can persess the self-same soul?

ODE FOR MEMORIAL DAY

DONE are the toils and the wearisome marches,
Done is the summons of bugle and drum.
Softly and sweetly the sky overarches,
Shelt'ring a land where Rebellion is dumb.
Dark were the days of the country's derangement,
Sad were the hours when the conflict was on,
But through the gloom of fraternal estrangement

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Born in the battle where fleet Death was flying,
Slaying with sabre-stroke bloody and fell;
Born where the heroes and martyrs were dying,
Torn by the fury of bullet and shell.
Ah, but the day is past: silent the rattle,
And the confusion that followed the fight.
Peace to the heroes who died in the battle,
Martyrs to truth and the crowning of Right!

Out of the blood of a conflict fraternal,
Out of the dust and the dimness of death,
Burst into blossoms of glory eternal
Flowers that sweeten the world with their breath.
Flowers of charity, peace, and devotion
Bloom in the hearts that are empty of strife;
Love that is boundless and broad as the ocean
Leaps into beauty and fulness of life.
So, with the singing of pæans and chorals,
And with the flag flashing high in the sun,
Place on the graves of our heroes the laurels
Which their unfaltering valor has won!

PREMONITION

Dear heart, good-night!
Nay, list awhile that sweet voice singing
When the world is all so bright,
And the sound of song sets the heart a-ringing,
Oh, love, it is not right —
Not then to say, "Good-night."

Dear heart, good-night!
The late winds in the lake weeds shiver,
And the spray flies cold and white.
And the voice that sings gives a telltale quiver —
"Ah, yes, the world is bright,
But, dearest heart, good-night!"

Dear heart, good-night!
And do not longer seek to hold me!
For my soul is in affright
As the fearful glooms in their pall enfold me.
See him who sang how white
And still; so, dear, good-night.

r heart, good-night!
d I 'll press no more for-
ever,
nine eyes shall lose the
light;
great white wraith by the
winding river
check my steps with
might.
dear, good-night, good-
night!

TROSPECTION

ou and I were young, the
days
filled with scent of pink
and rose,
When you and I were young, the
woods
Brimmed bravely o'er with every
joy
To charm the happy-hearted
boy.
The quail turned out her timid
broods;
The prickly copse, a hostess
fine,
Held high black cups of harm-
less wine;
And low the laden grape-vine
swung
With beads of night-kissed ame-
thyst
Where buzzing lovers held their
tryst,
When you and I were young,

How flashed the spray as we plunged in,—
Pure gems that never caused a sin!
When you and I were young, my boy,
When you and I were young.

When you and I were young, we heard
All sounds of Nature with delight,—
The whirr of wing in sudden flight,
The chirping of the baby-bird.
The columbine's red bells were rung;
The locust's vested chorus sung;
While every wind his zithern strung
To high and holy-sounding keys,
And played sonatas in the trees —
When you and I were young, my boy,
When you and I were young.

When you and I were young, we knew
To shout and laugh, to work and play,
And night was partner to the day
In all our joys. So swift time flew
On silent wings that, ere we wist,
The fleeting years had fled unmissed;
And from our hearts this cry was wrung —
To fill with fond regret and tears
The days of our remaining years —
"When you and I were young, my boy,
When you and I were young."

UNEXPRESSED

Deep in my heart that aches with the repression,
And strives with plenitude of bitter pain,
There lives a thought that clamors for expression,
And spends its undelivered force in vain.

What boots it that some other may have thought it?
The right of thoughts' expression is divine;
The price of pain I pay for it has bought it,
I care not who lays claim to it —'t is mine!

And yet not mine until it be delivered;
The manner of its birth shall prove the test.
Alas, alas, my rock of pride is shivered —
I beat my brow — the thought still unexpressed.

NG OF SUMMER

ospel weathah sho'—
s sawt o' hazy.
level ez a flo'
to de lazy.
vhite wif streaks o' blue,
ne softly gleamin',
o wuk hit 's right to do,
' 's right but dreamin'.

by de rivah side
e watahs glist'nin',
ood an' satisfied
ı lay a-list'nin'
ittle nakid boys
n' in de watah,
fu' to spress deir joys
k youngsters ought to.

SPRING SONG

A BLUE-BELL springs upon the ledge,
A lark sits singing in the hedge;
Sweet perfumes scent the balmy air,
And life is brimming everywhere.
What lark and breeze and blue-bird sing,
Is Spring, Spring, Spring!

No more the air is sharp and cold;
The planter wends across the wold,
And, glad, beneath the shining sky
We wander forth, my love and I.
And ever in our hearts doth ring
This song of Spring, Spring!

And soar in a song to my Lady Louise.
A sweet little maid, who is dearer, I ween,
Than any fair duchess, or even a queen.
When speaking of her I can't plod in my prose,
For she 's the wee lassie who gave me a rose.

Since poets, from seeing a lady's lip curled,
Have written fair verse that has sweetened the world;
Why, then, should not I give the space of an hour
To making a song in return for a flower?
I have found in my life — it has not been so long —
There are too few of flowers — too little of song.
So out of that blossom, this lay of mine grows,
For the dear little lady who gave me the rose.

I thank God for innocence, dearer than Art,
That lights on a by-way which leads to the heart,
And led by an impulse no less than divine,
Walks into the temple and sits at the shrine.
I would rather pluck daisies that grow in the wild,
Or take one simple rose from the hand of a child,
Then to breathe the rich fragrance of flowers that bide
In the gardens of luxury, passion, and pride.

I know not, my wee one, how came you to know
Which way to my heart was the right way to go;
Unless in your purity, soul-clean and clear,
God whispers his messages into your ear.
You have now had my song, let me end with a prayer
That your life may be always sweet, happy, and fair;
That your joys may be many, and absent your woes,
O dear little lady who gave me the rose!

THE RIVALS

'T was three an' thirty year ago,
When I was ruther young, you know,
I had my last an' only fight
About a gal one summer night.
'T was me an' Zekel Johnson; Zeke
'N' me 'd be'n spattin' 'bout a week,
Each of us tryin' his best to show
That he was Liza Jones's beau.

l n't neither prove the
,
as fur too sharp to fling
fur the other one
doin' stop the fun
chaps did n't have the

got at our expense,
the way a feller does,
is fools an' allus was.
they 's females in the

nen 's about the same.
e an' me went on that

l an' quarrelled day by

iza, mindin' not the

I got Eliza's company,
An' leavin' Zekel in the lurch,
Went trottin' off with her to church.
An' jest as we had took our seat
(Eliza lookin' fair an' sweet),
Why, I jest could n't help but grin
When Zekel come a-bouncin' in
As furious as the law allows.
He 'd jest be'n up to Liza's house,
To find her gone, then come to church
To have this end put to his search.
I guess I laffed that meetin' through,
An' not a mortal word I knew
Of what the preacher preached er read

To you a minute." "Cert," said I—
A-nudgin' Liza on the sly
An' laughin' in my sleeve with glee,
I asked her, please, to pardon me.
We walked away a step er two,
Jest to git out o' Liza's view,
An' then Zeke said, "I want to know
Ef you think you 're Eliza's beau,
An' 'at I 'm goin' to let her go
Hum with sich a chap as you?"
An' I said bold, "You bet I do."
Then Zekel, sneerin', said 'at he
Did n't want to hender me.
But then he 'lowed the gal was his
An' 'at he guessed he knowed his biz,
An' was n't feared o' all my kin
With all my friends an' chums throwed in.
Some other things he mentioned there
That no born man could no ways bear
Er think o' ca'mly tryin' to stan'
Ef Zeke had be'n the bigges' man
In town, an' not the leanest runt
'At time an' labor ever stunt.
An' so I let my fist go "bim,"
I thought I 'd mos' nigh finished him.
But Zekel did n't take it so.
He jest ducked down an' dodged my blow
An' then come back at me so hard,
I guess I must 'a' hurt the yard,
Er spilet the grass plot where I fell,
An' sakes alive it hurt me; well,
It would n't be'n so bad, you see,
But he jest kep' a-hittin' me.
An' I hit back an' kicked an' pawed,
But 't seemed 't was mostly air I clawed,
While Zekel used his science well
A-makin' every motion tell.
He punched an' hit, why, goodness lands,
Seemed like he had a dozen hands.
Well, afterwhile they stopped the fuss,
An' some one kindly parted us.
All beat an' cuffed an' clawed an' scratched,
An' needin' both our faces patched,
Each started hum a different way;
An' what o' Liza, do you say,
Why, Liza — little humbug — dern her,
Why, she 'd gone home with Hiram Turner.

THE LOVER AND THE MOON

A LOVER whom duty called over the wave,
With himself communed:
"Will my love be true

to herself? Had I bet-
not sue
nd to watch over her,
od and grave?
friend might fail in my
d," he said,
I return to find love
d.
riendships fade like the
v'rs of June,
eave her in charge of the
ble moon."

said to the moon: "O
r old moon,
or years and years from
thrown above
nurtured and guarded
ng lovers and love,
has but come to its

But his star was high, so he
braved the main,
And sailed him blithely home
again;
And with joy he bended his
footsteps soon
To learn of his love from the
matron moon.

She sat as of yore, in her olden
place,
Serene as death, in her silver
chair.
A white rose gleamed in her
whiter hair,
And the tint of a blush was on
her face.
At sight of the youth she sadly
bowed

And I could n't resist," she answering said;
"But love still grows in the hearts of men:
Go forth, dear youth, and love again."

But he turned him away from her proffered grace.
"Thou art false, O moon, as the hearts of men,
I will not, will not love again."
And he turned sheer 'round with a soul-sick face
To the sea, and cried: "Sea, curse the moon,
Who makes her vows and forgets so soon."
And the awful sea with anger stirred,
And his breast heaved hard as he lay and heard.

And ever the moon wept down in rain,
And ever her sighs rose high in wind;
But the earth and sea were deaf and blind,
And she wept and sighed her griefs in vain.
And ever at night, when the storm is fierce,
The cries of a wraith through the thunder pierce;
And the waves strain their awful hands on high
To tear the false moon from the sky.

CONSCIENCE AND REMORSE

"Good-bye," I said to my conscience —
"Good-bye for aye and aye,"
And I put her hands off harshly,
And turned my face away;
And conscience smitten sorely
Returned not from that day.

But a time came when my spirit
Grew weary of its pace;
And I cried: "Come back, my conscience;
I long to see thy face."
But conscience cried: "I cannot;
Remorse sits in my place."

IONE

I

Ah, yes, 't is sweet still to remember,
Though 't were less painful to forget;
For while my heart glows like an ember,
Mine eyes with sorrow's drops are wet,
And, oh, my heart is aching yet.
It is a law of mortal pain

old wounds, long ac-
unted well,
n the memory's potent
ell,
e to life and bleed again.

ith me; it might be bet-
hould turn no look be-
nd,—
l curb my heart, and fet-
reminiscent gaze my
nd,
my soul go blind — go
nd!
d I do it if I could?
ase at such a price were
urned;

Love is no random road wayfarer
Who where he may must sip his glass.
Love is the King, the Purple-Wearer,
Whose guard recks not of tree or grass
To blaze the way that he may pass.
What if my heart be in the blast
That heralds his triumphant way;
Shall I repine, shall I not say:
"Rejoice, my heart, the King has passed!"

In life, each heart holds some sad story —
The saddest ones are never told.

Doubt by dishonesty is taught;
So loved I boldly, fearing naught.
I did not walk this lowly earth;
Mine was a newer, higher sphere,
Where youth was long and life was dear,
And all save love was little worth.

Her likeness! Would that I might limn it,
As Love did, with enduring art;
Nor dust of days nor death may dim it,
Where it lies graven on my heart,
Of this sad fabric of my life a part.
I would that I might paint her now
As I beheld her in that day,
Ere her first bloom had passed away,
And left the lines upon her brow.

A face serene that, beaming brightly,
Disarmed the hot sun's glances bold.
A foot that kissed the ground so lightly,
He frowned in wrath and deemed her cold,
But loved her still though he was old.

A form where every maiden grace
Bloomed to perfection's richest flower,—
The statued pose of conscious power,
Like lithe-limbed Dian's of the chase.

Beneath a brow too fair for frowning,
Like moon-lit deeps that glass the skies
Till all the hosts above seem drowning,
Looked forth her steadfast hazel eyes,
With gaze serene and purely wise.
And over all, her tresses rare,
Which, when, with his desire grown weak,
The Night bent down to kiss her cheek,
Entrapped and held him captive there.

This was Ione; a spirit finer
Ne'er burned to ash its house of clay;
A soul instinct with fire diviner
Ne'er fled athwart the face of day,
And tempted Time with earthly stay.
Her loveliness was not alone
Of face and form and tresses' hue;

e a pure, high soul shone
rough
r act: this was Ione.

II

n the radiant summer
eather,
God looked, smiling,
om the sky;
vent wand'ring much to-
ther
od and lane, Ione and

ed by the subtle tie
non thoughts and com-
on tastes,
s whose vision saw the
me,
freely granted beauty's
im

Go striding down the gory
West,
When Day's long fight was fought
and won.

And life became a different
story;
Where'er I looked, I saw new
light.
Earth's self assumed a greater
glory,
Mine eyes were cleared to
fuller sight.
Then first I saw the need and
might
Of that fair band, the singing
throng,
Who, gifted with the skill di-
vine,
Take up the threads of life

And she looked deeply in mine eyes,
And knew my love spoke through their rhymes.

Her life was like the stream that floweth,
And mine was like the waiting sea;
Her love was like the flower that bloweth,
And mine was like the searching bee —
I found her sweetness all for me.
God plied him in the mint of time,
And coined for us a golden day,
And rolled it ringing down life's way
With love's sweet music in its chime.

And God unclasped the Book of Ages,
And laid it open to our sight;
Upon the dimness of its pages,
So long consigned to rayless night,
He shed the glory of his light.
We read them well, we read them long,
And ever thrilling did we see
That love ruled all humanity,—
The master passion, pure and strong.

III

To-day my skies are bare and ashen,
And bend on me without a beam.
Since love is held the master-passion,
Its loss must be the pain supreme —
And grinning Fate has wrecked my dream.
But pardon, dear departed Guest,
I will not rant, I will not rail;
For good the grain must feel the flail;
There are whom love has never blessed.

I had and have a younger brother,
One whom I loved and love to-day
As never fond and doting mother
Adored the babe who found its way
From heavenly scenes into her day.
Oh, he was full of youth's new wine,—
A man on life's ascending slope,
Flushed with ambition, full of hope;
And every wish of his was mine.

A kingly youth; the way before him
Was thronged with victories to be won;

, too, the heavens o'er
n
right with an unchang-
sun,—
s with rhyme were over-
n.
not taught him Nature's
se,
ad not dimmed his bril-
nt eyes,
rrow had not made him
se;
as in the budding rose.

not how I came to
ken,
nstinct pricked my soul
sight;
by some vague thrill
shaken

And so my brother's dawning
plight
Became uncovered to my sight.
Some sound-mote in his passing
tone
Caught in the meshes of my
ear;
Some little glance, a shade too
dear,
Betrayed the love he bore Ione.

What could I do? He was my
brother,
And young, and full of hope
and trust;
I could not, dared not try to
smother
His flame, and turn his heart to
dust.
I knew how oft life gives a

I saw how I could save him pain.
And so, with all my day grown dim,
That this loved brother's sun might shine,
I joined his suit, gave over mine,
And sought Ione, to plead for him.

I found her in an eastern bower,
Where all day long the am'rous sun
Lay by to woo a timid flower.
This day his course was well-nigh run,
But still with lingering art he spun
Gold fancies on the shadowed wall.
The vines waved soft and green above,
And there where one might tell his love,
I told my griefs — I told her all!

I told her all, and as she hearkened,
A tear-drop fell upon her dress.
With grief her flushing brow was darkened;
One sob that she could not repress
Betrayed the depths of her distress.
Upon her grief my sorrow fed,
And I was bowed with unlived years,
My heart swelled with a sea of tears,
The tears my manhood could not shed.

The world is Rome, and Fate is Nero,
Disporting in the hour of doom.
God made us men; times make the hero —
But in that awful space of gloom
I gave no thought but sorrow's room.
All — all was dim within that bower,
What time the sun divorced the day;
And all the shadows, glooming gray,
Proclaimed the sadness of the hour.

She could not speak — no word was needed;
Her look, half strength and half despair,
Told me I had not vainly pleaded,
That she would not ignore my prayer.
And so she turned and left me there,
And as she went, so passed my bliss;
She loved me, I could not mistake —

her own and my love's
e,
nanhood could rise to
s!

ded heart fled swift to
er,
e at times seemed very
ar.
her proved an ardent
er —
ad so young a man to
r?
Ione within the year.
w clouds her tranquil
w,
eak her husband's name
h pride,
she sits honored at his
e —

RELIGION

I AM no priest of crooks nor creeds,
For human wants and human needs
Are more to me than prophets' deeds;
And human tears and human cares
Affect me more than human prayers.

Go, cease your wail, lugubrious saint!
You fret high Heaven with your plaint.
Is this the "Christian's joy" you paint?
Is this the Christian's boasted

DEACON JONES' GRIEVANCE

I 'VE been watchin' of 'em, parson,
An' I 'm sorry fur to say
'At my mind is not contented
With the loose an' keerless way
'At the young folks treat the music;
'T ain't the proper sort o' choir.
Then I don't believe in Christuns
A-singin' hymns for hire.

But I never would 'a' murmured
An' the matter might 'a' gone
Ef it was n't fur the antics
'At I've seen 'em kerry on;
So I thought it was my dooty
Fur to come to you an' ask
Ef you would n't sort o' gently
Take them singin' folks to task.

Fust, the music they 've be'n singin'
Will disgrace us mighty soon;
It 's a cross between a opry
An' a ol' cotillion tune.
With its dashes an' its quavers
An' its hifalutin style —
Why, it sets my head to swimmin'
When I 'm comin' down the aisle.

Now it might be almost decent
Ef it was n't fur the way
'At they git up there an' sing it,
Hey dum diddle, loud and gay.
Why, it shames the name o' sacred
In its brazen wordliness,
An' they 've even got "Ol' Hundred"
In a bold, new-fangled dress.

You 'll excuse me, Mr. Parson,
Ef I seem a little sore;
But I 've sung the songs of Isr'el
For threescore years an' more,
An' it sort o' hurts my feelin's
Fur to see 'em put away
Fur these harum-scarum ditties
'At is capturin' the day.

There 's anuther little happ'nin'
'At I 'll mention while I 'm here,
Jes' to show 'at my objections
All is offered sound and clear.
It was one day they was singin'
An' was doin' well enough —
Singin' good as people could sing
Sich an awful mess o' stuff —

When the choir give a holler,
An' the organ give a groan,
An' they left one weak-voiced feller
A-singin' there alone!
But he stuck right to the music,
Tho' 't was tryin' as could be;

I tried to help him,
e hull church scowled
ne.

at 's so-low singin',
pray the Lord that I
up when folks was
in'
their hymns so high.
never had sich doin's
ood ol' Bethel days,
folks was all con-
ed
he simple songs of
se.

y have spoke too open,
vas too hard to keep
,
you 'll tell the singers

Roses waving fair and sweet
Thro' the garden alleys,
Grow into a glory meet
For the eye of Alice;
Let the wind your offering bear
Of sweet perfume, faint and rare.

Lily holding crystal dew
In your pure white chalice,
Nature kind hath fashioned you
Like the soul of Alice;
It of purest white is wrought,
Filled with gems of crystal
thought.

AFTER THE QUARREL

So we, who 've supped the self-
same cup,

But since it must, why, let it end;
The false but dies, 't is not the true.
So we are favored, you and I,
Who only want the living truth.
It was not good to nurse the lie;
'T is well it died in harmless youth.

I go from you to-night to sleep.
Why, what 's the odds? why should I grieve?
I have no fund of tears to weep
For happenings that undeceive.
The days shall come, the days shall go
Just as they came and went before.
The sun shall shine, the streams shall flow
Though you and I are friends no more.

And in the volume of my years,
Where all my thoughts and acts shall be,
The page whereon your name appears
Shall be forever sealed to me.
Not that I hate you over-much,
'T is less of hate than love defied;
Howe'er, our hands no more shall touch,
We 'll go our ways, the world is wide.

BEYOND THE YEARS

I

Beyond the years the answer lies,
Beyond where brood the grieving skies
And Night drops tears.
Where Faith rod-chastened smiles to rise
And doff its fears,
And carping Sorrow pines and dies —
Beyond the years.

II

Beyond the years the prayer for rest
Shall beat no more within the breast;
The darkness clears,
And Morn perched on the mountain's crest
Her form uprears —
The day that is to come is best,
Beyond the years.

III

Beyond the years the soul shall find
That endless peace for which it pined,
For light appears,
And to the eyes that still were blind
With blood and tears,
Their sight shall come all unconfined
Beyond the years.

TER A VISIT

n in ole Kentucky
ek er two, an' say,
hard ez breakin' oxen
ar myse'f away.
in' 'bout fren'ship
ospitality —
right to talk about it
be'n down there to see.

y they give you welcome
est that 's in the land,
t o' grip they give you
ey take you by the hand.
say, "We 're glad to
you,
ay a week er two;"
y they treat you makes

Well, pleg-gone it, I 'm jes' tickled,
Bein' tickled ain't no sin;
I be'n down in ole Kentucky,
An' I want o' go ag'in.

CURTAIN

VILLAIN shows his indiscretion,
Villain's partner makes confession.
Juvenile, with golden tresses,
Finds her pa and dons long dresses.
Scapegrace comes home money-laden,
Hero comforts tearful maiden,
Soubrette marries loyal chappie,
Villain skips, and all are happy.

The ground was white with spotless snow, the blast was sort o' stingin';
But underneath our round-abouts, you bet our hearts was singin'.
That spellin'-bee had be'n the talk o' many a precious moment,
The youngsters all was wild to see jes' what the precious show meant,
An' we whose years was in their teens was little less desirous
O' gittin' to the meetin' so 's our sweethearts could admire us.
So on we went so anxious fur to satisfy our mission
That father had to box our ears, to smother our ambition.
But boxin' ears was too short work to hinder our arrivin',
He jest turned roun' an' smacked us all, an' kep' right on a-drivin'.
Well, soon the schoolhouse hove in sight, the winders beamin' brightly;
The sound o' talkin' reached our ears, and voices laffin' lightly.
It puffed us up so full an' big 'at I 'll jest bet a dollar,
There wa'n't a feller there but felt the strain upon his collar.
So down we jumped an' in we went ez sprightly ez you make 'em,
But somethin' grabbed us by the knees an' straight began to shake 'em.
Fur once within that lighted room, our feelin's took a canter,
An' scurried to the zero mark ez quick ez Tam O'Shanter.
'Cause there was crowds o' people there, both sexes an' all stations;
It looked like all the town had come an' brought all their relations.
The first I saw was Nettie Gray, I thought that girl was dearer
'N' gold; an' when I got a chance, you bet I aidged up near her.
An' Farmer Dobbs's girl was there, the one 'at Jim was sweet on,
An' Cyrus Jones an' Mandy Smith an' Faith an' Patience Deaton.
Then Parson Brown an' Lawyer Jones were present — all attention,
An' piles on piles of other folks too numerous to mention.
The master rose an' briefly said: "Good friends, dear brother Crawford,
To spur the pupils' minds along, a little prize has offered.
To him who spells the best to-

— or 't may be 'her'—
llin'—
ez a jest reward, this
ous work on spellin'."
blue-backed spellin'-book
fancy scarlet trimmin';
devoured it with our
— so did the girls an'
en.
t up where all could see,
on the table set it,
speller in the house felt
al bound to get it.
mmand we fell in line,
red to do our dooty,
he rest an' set 'em down,
arry home the booty.
en the merry times be-
the blunders, an' the

A widower he was, an' Sal was thinkin' 'at she 'd wing him;
I reckon he was wond'rin' what them rings o' hern would bring him.
An' when the spellin'-test commenced, he up an' took his station,
A-spellin' with the best o' them to beat the very nation.
An' when he 'd spell some youngster down, he 'd turn to look at Sally,
An' say: "The teachin' nowadays can't be o' no great vally."
But true enough the adage says, "Pride walks in slipp'ry places,"
Fur soon a thing occurred that

But Lawyer Jones of all gone men
did shorely look the gonest,
When he found out that he 'd fur-
got to put the "h" in "hon-
est."
An' Parson Brown, whose ser-
mons were too long fur tol-
eration,
Caused lots o' smiles by missin'
when they give out "con-
densation."
So one by one they giv' it up —
the big words kep' a-landin',
Till me an' Nettie Gray was left,
the only ones a-standin',
An' then my inward strife began
— I guess my mind was
petty —
I did so want that spellin'-book;
but then to spell down Net-
tie
Jest sort o' went ag'in my grain —
I somehow could n't do it,
An' when I git a notion fixed,
I 'm great on stickin' to it.
So when they giv' the next word
out — I had n't orter tell
it,
But then 't was all fur Nettie's
sake — I missed so 's she
could spell it.
She spelt the word, then looked at
me so lovin'-like an' mello',
I tell you 't sent a hunderd pins
a shootin' through a fello'.

O' course I had to stand the jokes
an' chaffin' of the fello's,
But when they handed her the
book I vow I was n't jealous.
We sung a hymn, an' Parson
Brown dismissed us like he
orter,
Fur, la! he 'd learned a thing er
two an' made his blessin'
shorter.
'T was late an' cold when we got
out, but Nettie liked cold
weather,
An' so did I, so we agreed we 'd
jest walk home together.
We both wuz silent, fur of words
we nuther had a surplus,
'Till she spoke out quite sudden
like, "You missed that word
on purpose."
Well, I declare it frightened me;
at first I tried denyin',
But Nettie, she jest smiled an'
smiled, she knowed that I
was lyin'.
Sez she: "That book is yourn by
right;" sez I: "It never
could be —
I — I — you — ah —" an' there
I stuck, an' well she under-
stood me.
So we agreed that later on when
age had giv' us tether,
We 'd jine our lots an' settle down
to own that book together.

A-PLUGGIN' AWAY

umble little motto
homely, though it 's
ue,—
-pluggin' away.
ng when I 've an object
ways try to do,—
-pluggin' away.
ou 've rising storms to
ell,
posing waters swell,
ever fail to tell,—
-pluggin' away.

ls are high before
paths are hard to climb,
-pluggin' away.
ember that successes
There will come a brighter day
All your labor to repay,—
Keep a-pluggin' away.

There 'll be lots of sneers to swallow,
There 'll be lots of pain to bear,—
Keep a-pluggin' away.
If you 've got your eye on heaven,
Some bright day you 'll wake up there,—
Keep a-pluggin' away.
Perseverance still is king;
Time its sure reward will bring;
Work and wait unwearying,—
Keep a-pluggin' away.

NIGHT OF LOVE

Though midnight find the swain, love,
Still halting o'er his numbers.

I watch the rosy dawn, love,
Come stealing up the east,
While all things round rejoice, love,
That Night her reign has ceased.
The lark will soon be heard, love,
And on his way be winging;
When Nature's poets wake, love,
Why should a man be singing?

COLUMBIAN ODE

I

FOUR hundred years ago a tangled waste
Lay sleeping on the west Atlantic's side;
Their devious ways the Old World's millions traced
Content, and loved, and labored, dared and died,
While students still believed the charts they conned,
And revelled in their thriftless ignorance,
Nor dreamed of other lands that lay beyond
Old Ocean's dense, indefinite expanse.

II

But deep within her heart old Nature knew
That she had once arrayed, at Earth's behest,
Another offspring, fine and fair to view,—
The chosen suckling of the mother's breast.
The child was wrapped in vestments soft and fine,
Each fold a work of Nature's matchless art;
The mother looked on it with love divine,
And strained the loved one closely to her heart.
And there it lay, and with the warmth grew strong
And hearty, by the salt sea breezes fanned,
Till Time with mellowing touches passed along,
And changed the infant to a mighty land.

III

But men knew naught of this, till there arose
That mighty mariner, the Genoese,
Who dared to try, in spite of fears and foes,
The unknown fortunes of unsounded seas.
O noblest of Italia's sons, thy bark

t alone into that shroud-
g night!
ess darer of the rayless
rk,
orld sailed with thee to
rnal light!
-haunts that with game
re crowded then
are tilled and cultivated
ds;
olhouse tow'rs where
uin had his den,
here the wigwam stood
chapel stands;
that nurtured men of
age mien
eems with men of Na-
e's noblest types;
noved the forest-foliage
ner green

And a dog for the hunt when the game is flush,
And the pick of a gentleman's stable.

There is Dimmock o' Dune, he was here yester-night,
But he 's rotting to-day on Glen Arragh;
'T was the hand o' MacPherson that gave him the blow,
And the vultures shall feast on his marrow.
But it 's heigho for a brave old song
And a glass while we are able;
Here 's a health to death and another cup
To the bright eye over the table.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

AN EASY-GOIN' FELLER

THER' ain't no use in all this strife,
An' hurryin', pell-mell, right thro' life.
I don't believe in goin' too fast
To see what kind o' road you 've passed.
It ain't no mortal kind o' good,
'N' I would n't hurry ef I could.
I like to jest go joggin' 'long,
To limber up my soul with song;
To stop awhile 'n' chat the men,
'N' drink some cider now an' then.
Do' want no boss a-standin' by
To see me work; I allus try
To do my dooty right straight up,
An' earn what fills my plate an' cup.
An' ez fur boss, I 'll be my own,
I like to jest be let alone,
To plough my strip an' tend my bees,
An' do jest like I doggoned please.
My head 's all right, an' my heart 's meller,
But I 'm a easy-goin' feller.

A NEGRO LOVE SONG

SEEN my lady home las' night,
  Jump back, honey, jump back.
Hel' huh han' an' sque'z it tight,
  Jump back, honey, jump back.
Hyeahd huh sigh a little sigh,
Seen a light gleam f'om huh eye,
An' a smile go flittin' by —
  Jump back, honey, jump back.

Hyeahd de win' blow thoo de pine,
  Jump back, honey, jump back.
Mockin'-bird was singin' fine,
  Jump back, honey, jump back.
An' my hea't was beatin' so,
When I reached my lady's do',
Dat I could n't ba' to go —
  Jump back, honey, jump back.

Put my ahm aroun' huh wais',
  Jump back, honey, jump back.
Raised huh lips an' took a tase,
  Jump back, honey, jump back.
Love me, honey, love me true?
Love me well ez I love you?
An' she answe'd, " 'Cose I do "—
  Jump back, honey, jump back.

THE DILETTANTE: A MODERN TYPE

HE scribbles some in prose and verse,
  And now and then he prints it;
He paints a little,— gathers some
  Of Nature's gold and mints it.

He plays a little, sings a song,
  Acts tragic rôles, or funny;
He does, because his love is strong,
  But not, oh, not for money!

es almost everything
social art to science;
mind, a flowing spring,
d and swift compliance.

ms above the sordid
owd —
t through friendly lenses;
is mamma looks pleased
d proud,
ndly pays expenses.

THE STREAM

stream I dream in calm
ht, and watch as in a
,
clouds like crowds of
y-hued and white-robed

THE COLORED SOLDIERS

If the muse were mine to tempt it
And my feeble voice were strong,
If my tongue were trained to measures,
I would sing a stirring song.
I would sing a song heroic
Of those noble sons of Ham,
Of the gallant colored soldiers
Who fought for Uncle Sam!

In the early days you scorned them,
And with many a flip and flout
Said "These battles are the white man's,
And the whites will fight them out."

And like hounds unleashed and eager
For the life blood of the prey,
Sprung they forth and bore them bravely
In the thickest of the fray.
And where'er the fight was hottest,
Where the bullets fastest fell,
There they pressed unblanched and fearless
At the very mouth of hell.

Ah, they rallied to the standard
To uphold it by their might;
None were stronger in the labors,
None were braver in the fight.
From the blazing breach of Wagner
To the plains of Olustee,
They were foremost in the fight
Of the battles of the free.

And at Pillow! God have mercy
On the deeds committed there,
And the souls of those poor victims
Sent to Thee without a prayer.
Let the fulness of Thy pity
O'er the hot wrought spirits sway
Of the gallant colored soldiers
Who fell fighting on that day!

Yes, the Blacks enjoy their freedom,
And they won it dearly, too;
For the life blood of their thousands
Did the southern fields bedew.
In the darkness of their bondage,
In the depths of slavery's night,
Their muskets flashed the dawning,
And they fought their way to light.

They were comrades then and brothers,
Are they more or less to-day?
They were good to stop a bullet
And to front the fearful fray.
They were citizens and soldiers,
When rebellion raised its head;
And the traits that made them worthy, —
Ah! those virtues are not dead.

They have shared your nightly vigils,
They have shared your daily toil;
And their blood with yours commingling
Has enriched the Southern soil.

They have slept and marched and suffered
'Neath the same dark skies as you,
They have met as fierce a foeman,
And have been as brave and true.

deeds shall find a record
registry of Fame;
blood has cleansed com-
tely
lot of Slavery's shame.
nor and all glory
e noble sons of Ham—
nt colored soldiers
ught for Uncle Sam!

URE AND ART

RIEND CHARLES BOOTH
NETTLETON

I

ng queen Nature, ever
et and fair,
n a time fell upon evil
s.
earing oft herself dis-

She wandered to and fro unsatis-
fied,
Till Art came by, a blithe in-
ventive elf,
And made a glass wherein she
saw herself.

II

Enrapt, the queen gazed on her
glorious self,
Then trembling with the thrill
of sudden thought,
Commanded that the skilful
wight be brought
That she might dower him with
lands and pelf.
Then out upon the silent sea-lapt
shelf
And up the hills and on the
downs they sought

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

AFTER WHILE

A POEM OF FAITH

I THINK that though the clouds be dark,
That though the waves dash o'er the bark,
Yet after while the light will come,
And in calm waters safe at home
The bark will anchor.
Weep not, my sad-eyed, gray-robed maid,
Because your fairest blossoms fade,
That sorrow still o'erruns your cup,
And even though you root them up,
The weeds grow ranker.

For after while your tears shall cease,
And sorrow shall give way to peace;
The flowers shall bloom, the weeds shall die,
And in that faith seen, by and by
Thy woes shall perish.
Smile at old Fortune's adverse tide,
Smile when the scoffers sneer and chide.
Oh, not for you the gems that pale,
And not for you the flowers that fail;
Let this thought cherish:
That after while the clouds will part,
And then with joy the waiting heart
Shall feel the light come stealing in,
That drives away the cloud of sin
And breaks its power.
And you shall burst your chrysalis,
And wing away to realms of bliss,
Untrammelled, pure, divinely free,
Above all earth's anxiety
From that same hour.

THE OL' TUNES

YOU kin talk about yer anthems
An' yer arias an' sich,
An' yer modern choir-singin'
That you think so awful rich;
But you orter heerd us youngsters
In the times now far away,
A-singin' o' the ol' tunes
In the ol'-fashioned way.

There was some of us sung treble
An' a few of us growled bass,
An' the tide o' song flowed smoothly
With its 'comp'niment o' grace;
There was spirit in that music,
An' a kind o' solemn sway,
A-singin' o' the ol' tunes
In the ol'-fashioned way.

ber oft o' standin'
homespun pantaloons —
ace the bronze an' freckles
suns o' youthful Junes —
that no mortal minstrel
hanted sich a lay
tunes we was singin'
ol'-fashioned way.

'ud always lead us,
girls 'ud all chime in
weetness o' the singin'
the list'nin' soul o' sin;
d to tell the parson
as good to sing as pray,
e people sung the ol'
nes
ol'-fashioned way.

But I think that some bright
mornin',
When the toils of life air o'er,
An' the sun o' heaven arisin'
Glads with light the happy
shore,
I shall hear the angel chorus,
In the realms of endless day,
A-singin' o' the ol' tunes
In the ol'-fashioned way.

MELANCHOLIA

SILENTLY without my window,
Tapping gently at the pane,
Falls the rain.
Through the trees sighs the breeze
Like a soul in pain.
Here alone I sit and weep;

Bloodshot eyes all strained and staring,
  Gazing ghastly into mine;
  Blood like wine
On the brow — clotted now—
  Shows death's dreadful sign.
Lonely vigil still I keep;
Would that I might sleep!

Still, oh, still, my brain is whirling!
  Still runs on my stream of thought;
  I am caught
In the net fate hath set.
  Mind and soul are brought
To destruction's very brink;
Yet I can but think!

Eyes that look into the future,—
  Peeping forth from out my mind,
  They will find
Some new weight, soon or late,
  On my soul to bind,
  Crushing all its courage out,—
Heavier than doubt.

Dawn, the Eastern monarch's daughter,
  Rising from her dewy bed,
  Lays her head
'Gainst the clouds' sombre shrouds
  Now half fringed with red.
O'er the land she 'gins to peep;
Come, O gentle Sleep!

Hark! the morning cock is crowing;
  Dreams, like ghosts, must hie away;
  'Tis the day.
Rosy morn now is born;
  Dark thoughts may not stay.
Day my brain from foes will keep;
Now, my soul, I sleep.

THE WOOING

A YOUTH went faring up and down,
  Alack and well-a-day.
He fared him to the market town,
  Alack and well-a-day.
And there he met a maiden fair,
With hazel eyes and auburn hair;
His heart went from him then and there,
  Alack and well-a-day.

She posies sold right merrily,
  Alack and well-a-day;
But not a flower was fair as she,
  Alack and well-a-day.
He bought a rose and sighed a sigh,
"Ah, dearest maiden, would that I
Might dare the seller too to buy!"
  Alack and well-a-day.

She tossed her head, the coy coquette,
  Alack and well-a-day.

sir, in the market yet,"
ack and well-a-day.
ove must cool upon a
shelf;
ch I sell for gold and
pelf,
oo young to sell myself,"
ack and well-a-day.

n was filled with sorrow
sore,
ack and well-a-day.
ed he at the maid once
more,
ack and well-a-day.
d he cried, "Fair maid-
en, if
g to sell, now as I live,
ot too young yourself to
give."

MERRY AUTUMN

It's all a farce,— these tales they
tell
About the breezes sighing,
And moans astir o'er field and
dell,
Because the year is dying.

Such principles are most absurd,—
I care not who first taught
'em;
There 's nothing known to beast
or bird
To make a solemn autumn.

In solemn times, when grief holds
sway
With countenance distressing,
You'll note the more of black and

And Nature, all from earth to sky,
Is bubbling o'er with laughter.

The ripples wimple on the rills,
Like sparkling little lasses;
The sunlight runs along the hills,
And laughs among the grasses.

The earth is just so full of fun
It really can't contain it;
And streams of mirth so freely run
The heavens seem to rain it.

Don't talk to me of solemn days
In autumn's time of splendor,
Because the sun shows fewer rays,
And these grow slant and slender.

Why, it 's the climax of the year, —
The highest time of living! —
Till naturally its bursting cheer
Just melts into thanksgiving.

WHEN DE CO'N PONE'S HOT

Dey is times in life when Nature
Seems to slip a cog an' go,
Jes' a-rattlin' down creation,
Lak an ocean's overflow;
When de worl' jes' stahts a-spinnin'
Lak a picaninny's top,
An' yo' cup o' joy is brimmin'
'Twell it seems about to slop,
An' you feel jes' lak a racah,
Dat is trainin' fu' to trot —
When yo' mammy says de blessin'
An' de co'n pone 's hot.

When you set down at de table,
Kin' o' weary lak an' sad,
An' you 'se jes' a little tiahed
An' purhaps a little mad;
How yo' gloom tu'ns into gladness,
How yo' joy drives out de doubt
When de oven do' is opened,
An' de smell comes po'in' out;
Why, de 'lectric light o' Heaven
Seems to settle on de spot,
When yo' mammy says de blessin'
An' de co'n pone 's hot.

When de cabbage pot is steamin'
An' de bacon good an' fat,
When de chittlins is a-sputter'n'
So 's to show you whah dey 's at;
Tek away yo' sody biscuit,
Tek away yo' cake an' pie,
Fu' de glory time is comin',
An' it 's 'proachin' mighty nigh,
An' you want to jump an' hollah,
Dough you know you 'd bettah not,
When yo' mammy says de blessin'
An' de co'n pone 's hot.

eahd o' lots o' sermons,
've hyeahd o' lots o'
ayers,
istened to some singin'
s tuck me up de stairs
ory-Lan' an' set me
ow de Mastah's th'one,
lef' my hea't a-singin'
ppy aftah tone;
wu'ds so sweetly mur-
red
tech de softes' spot,
mammy says de blessin',
co'n pone 's hot.

BALLAD

my love is true,
the day is fair

For love doth make the day
Or dark or doubly bright;
Her beams along the way
Dispel the gloom and gray.
She lives and all is bright,
She dies and life is night.
For love doth make the day,
Or dark or doubly bright.

THE CHANGE HAS COME

THE change has come, and Helen sleeps —
Not sleeps; but wakes to greater deeps
Of wisdom, glory, truth, and light,
Than ever blessed her seeking sight,
In this low, long, lethargic

COMPARISON

THE sky of brightest gray seems dark
To one whose sky was ever white.
To one who never knew a spark,
Thro' all his life, of love or light,
The grayest cloud seems over-bright.

The robin sounds a beggar's note
Where one the nightingale has heard,
But he for whom no silver throat
Its liquid music ever stirred,
Deems robin still the sweetest bird.

A CORN-SONG

ON the wide veranda white,
In the purple failing light,
Sits the master while the sun is lowly burning;
And his dreamy thoughts are drowned
In the softly flowing sound
Of the corn-songs of the field-hands slow returning.

Oh, we hoe de co'n
Since de ehly mo'n;
Now de sinkin' sun
Says de day is done.

O'er the fields with heavy tread,
Light of heart and high of head,
Though the halting steps be labored, slow, and weary;
Still the spirits brave and strong
Find a comforter in song,
And their corn-song rises ever loud and cheery.

Oh, we hoe de co'n
Since de ehly mo'n;
Now de sinkin' sun
Says de day is done.

To the master in his seat,
Comes the burden, full and sweet,
Of the mellow minor music growing clearer,
As the toilers raise the hymn,
Thro' the silence dusk and dim,
To the cabin's restful shelter drawing nearer.

Oh, we hoe de co'n
Since de ehly mo'n;
Now de sinkin' sun
Says de day is done.

And a tear is in the eye
Of the master sitting by,
As he listens to the echoes low-replying
To the music's fading calls
As it faints away and falls
Into silence, deep within the cabin dying.

Oh, we hoe de co'n
Since de ehly mo'n;
Now de sinkin' sun
Says de day is done.

DISCOVERED

ou down at chu'ch las'
ight,
min', Miss Lucy.
mean? oh, dat 's all right,
min', Miss Lucy.
sma't ez sma't could be,
could n't hide f'om me.
got two eyes to see!
n min', Miss Lucy.

ou thought you 's awful
een;
n min', Miss Lucy.
ng you done, I seen;
n min', Miss Lucy.
n tek yo' ahm jes' so,
e got outside de do' —
now dat man 's yo' beau!
h min', Miss Lucy.

Toiling in joy from dew to dew;
The sun was kind, and the rain befriended;
Fine grew his orchard and fair to view.
Then he said: "I will quiet my thrifty fears,
For here is fruit for my failing years."

But even then the storm-clouds gathered,
Swallowing up the azure sky;
The sweeping winds into white foam lathered
The placid breast of the bay, hard by;
Then the spirits that raged in the darkened air
Swept o'er his orchard and left it

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

INVITATION TO LOVE

COME when the nights are bright with stars
Or when the moon is mellow;
Come when the sun his golden bars
Drops on the hay-field yellow.
Come in the twilight soft and gray,
Come in the night or come in the day,
Come, O love, whene'er you may,
And you are welcome, welcome.

You are sweet, O Love, dear Love,
You are soft as the nesting dove.
Come to my heart and bring it rest
As the bird flies home to its welcome nest.

Come when my heart is full of grief
Or when my heart is merry;
Come with the falling of the leaf
Or with the redd'ning cherry.
Come when the year's first blossom blows,
Come when the summer gleams and glows,
Come with the winter's drifting snows,
And you are welcome, welcome.

HE HAD HIS DREAM

HE had his dream, and all through life,
Worked up to it through toil and strife.
Afloat fore'er before his eyes,
It colored for him all his skies:
The storm-cloud dark
Above his bark,
The calm and listless vault of blue
Took on its hopeful hue,
It tinctured every passing beam —
He had his dream.

He labored hard and failed at last,
His sails too weak to bear the blast,
The raging tempests tore away
And sent his beating bark astray.
But what cared he
For wind or sea!
He said, "The tempest will be short,
My bark will come to port."
He saw through every cloud a gleam —
He had his dream.

GOOD-NIGHT

THE lark is silent in his nest,
The breeze is sighing in its flight,
Sleep, Love, and peaceful be thy rest.
Good-night, my love, good-night, good-night.

eams attend thee in thy
ep,
the thy rest till morn-
's light,
ls round thee vigil keep.
ight, my love, good-
ht, good-night.

l, my love, on night's
rk breast,
se thy soul with slumber
ght;
thine and I am blest.
ight, my love, good-
ht, good-night.

OQUETTE CONQUERED

'T ain't no possum! Bless de Lamb!
Yes, it is, you rascal, Sam!

Gin it to me; whut you say?
Ain't you sma't now! Oh, go 'way!
Possum do look mighty nice,
But you ax too big a price.

Tell me, is you talkin' true,
Dat 's de gal's whut ma'ies you?
Come back, Sam; now whah 's you gwine?
Co'se you knows dat possum's mine!

NORA: A SERENADE

Nora, pride of my heart —
Rosy cheeks, cherry lips, sparkling with glee,—
Wake from thy slumbers, wherever thou art;
Wake from thy slumbers to me.

Ah, Nora, my Nora, there 's love in the air,—
It stirs in the numbers that thrill in my brain;
Oh, sweet, sweet is love with its mingling of care,
Though joy travels only a step before pain.
Be roused from thy slumbers and list to my numbers;
My heart is poured out in this song unto thee.
Oh, be thou not cruel, thou treasure, thou jewel;
Turn thine ear to my pleading and hearken to me.

OCTOBER

October is the treasurer of the year,
And all the months pay bounty to her store;
The fields and orchards still their tribute bear,
And fill her brimming coffers more and more.
But she, with youthful lavishness,
Spends all her wealth in gaudy dress,
And decks herself in garments bold
Of scarlet, purple, red, and gold.

She heedeth not how swift the hours fly,
But smiles and sings her happy life along;
She only sees above a shining sky;
She only hears the breezes' voice in song.
Her garments trail the woodlands through,
And gather pearls of early dew
That sparkle, till the roguish Sun
Creeps up and steals them every one.

But what cares she that jewels should be lost,
When all of Nature's bounteous wealth is hers?
Though princely fortunes may have been their cost,
Not one regret her calm demeanor stirs.
Whole-hearted, happy, careless, free,
She lives her life out joyously,
Nor cares when Frost stalks o'er her way
Aud turns her auburn locks to gray.

MMER'S NIGHT

t is dewy as a maiden's
outh,
ies are bright as are a
iden's eyes,
a maiden's breath the
nd that flies
the perfumed bosom of
South.
inels, the pines stand in
park;
ther hastening, like rakes
t roam,
amps to light their way-
rd footsteps home,
es come stagg'ring down
dark.

I stretch my hands imploring, cry aloud,
My voice falls dead a foot from mine own lips,
And but its ghost doth reach that vessel, passing, passing.

O Earth, O Sky, O Ocean, both surpassing,
O heart of mine, O soul that dreads the dark!
Is there no hope for me? Is there no way
That I may sight and check that speeding bark
Which out of sight and sound is passing, passing?

THE DELINQUENT

Went dis mo'nin', hyeah it 's night,
Dah 's de cabin dah in sight.
Who 's dat stan'in' in de do'?
Dat must be Mirandy, sho',
Git up, Suke — go long!

Got de close-stick in huh han',
Dat look funny, goodness lan',
Sakes alibe, but she look glum!
Hyeah, Mirandy, hyeah I come!
Git up, Suke — go long!

Ef 't had n't a' b'en fur you, you slow ole fool, I 'd a' be'n home long fo' now!

DAWN

An angel, robed in spotless white,
Bent down and kissed the sleeping Night.
Night woke to blush; the sprite was gone.
Men saw the blush and called it Dawn.

A DROWSY DAY

The air is dark, the sky is gray,
The misty shadows come and go,
And here within my dusky room
Each chair looks ghostly in the gloom.
Outside the rain falls cold and slow —
Half-stinging drops, half-blinding spray.

Each slightest sound is magnified,
For drowsy quiet holds her reign;
The burnt stick in the fireplace breaks,
The nodding cat with start awakes,
And then to sleep drops off again,
Unheeding Towser at her side.

I look far out across the lawn,
Where huddled stand the silly sheep;
My work lies idle at my hands,
My thoughts fly out like scattered strands
Of thread, and on the verge of sleep —
Still half awake — I dream and yawn.

What spirits rise before my eyes!
How various of kind and form!
Sweet memories of days long past,
The dreams of youth that could not last,
Each smiling calm, each raging storm,
That swept across my early skies.

Half seen, the bare, gaunt-fingered boughs
Before my window sweep and sway,
And chafe in tortures of unrest.

inks down upon my
t;
work on such a day,
sit and dream and
se.

DIRGE

unch of mignonette
d, dead hand;
olden sun is set,
e poplars stand,
m sun and day,
e love away
ny sight.

a modest flower
sunny June,
Solemn be your tread and slow,—
She is dead.

Lay her here beneath the grass,
Cool and green and sweet,
Where the gentle brook may pass
Crooning at her feet.
Nature's bards shall come and sing,
And the fairest flowers shall spring
Where she lies.

Safe above the water's swirl,
She has crossed the bar;
Earth has lost a precious pearl,
Heaven has gained a star,
That shall ever sing and shine,
Till it quells this grief of mine
For my love.

Upon thy breast
Secure I rest,
  From sorrow and vexation;
No more by sinful cares oppressed,
But in thy presence ever blest,
  O God of my salvation.

PREPARATION

THE little bird sits in the nest and sings
  A shy, soft song to the morning light;
And it flutters a little and prunes its wings.
  The song is halting and poor and brief,
  And the fluttering wings scarce stir a leaf;
But the note is a prelude to sweeter things,
  And the busy bill and the flutter slight
  Are proving the wings for a bolder flight!

THE DESERTED PLANTATION

OH, de grubbin'-hoe 's a-rustin' in de co'nah,
  An' de plow 's a-tumblin' down in de fiel',
While de whippo'will 's a-wailin' lak a mou'nah
  When his stubbo'n hea't is tryin' ha'd to yiel'.

In de furrers whah de co'n was allus wavin',
  Now de weeds is growin' green an' rank an' tall;
An' de swallers roun' de whole place is a-bravin'
  Lak dey thought deir folks had allus owned it all.

An' de big house stan's all quiet lak an' solemn,
  Not a blessed soul in pa'lor, po'ch, er lawn;
Not a guest, ner not a ca'iage lef' to haul 'em,
  Fu' de ones dat tu'ned de latch-string out air gone.

An' de banjo's voice is silent in de qua'ters,
  D' ain't a hymn ner co'n-song ringin' in de air;
But de murmur of a branch's passin' waters
  Is de only soun' dat breks de stillness dere.

Whah 's de da'kies, dem dat used to be a-dancin'
  Evry night befo' de ole cabin do'?
Whah 's de chillun, dem dat used to be a-prancin'
  Er a-rollin' in de san' er on de flo'?

Whah 's ole Uncle Mordecai an' Uncle Aaron?

's Aunt Doshy, Sam, an'
't, an' all de res'?
ole Tom de da'ky fiddlah,
w 's he farin'?
's de gals dat used to sing
' dance de bes'?

t one o' dem is lef' to tell
story;
ve lef' de deah ole place
fall away.
one o' dem dat seed it in
glory
watch it in de hour of
cay?

lef' de ole plantation to
swallers,
hol's in me a lover till de

THE SECRET

WHAT says the wind to the waving trees?
What says the wave to the river?
What means the sigh in the passing breeze?
Why do the rushes quiver?
Have you not heard the fainting cry
Of the flowers that said "Good-bye, good-bye"?

List how the gray dove moans and grieves
Under the woodland cover;
List to the drift of the falling leaves,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

THE WIND AND THE SEA

I STOOD by the shore at the death of day,
As the sun sank flaming red;
And the face of the waters that spread away
Was as gray as the face of the dead.

And I heard the cry of the wanton sea
And the moan of the wailing wind;
For love's sweet pain in his heart had he,
But the gray old sea had sinned.

The wind was young and the sea was old,
But their cries went up together;
The wind was warm and the sea was cold,
For age makes wintry weather.

So they cried aloud and they wept amain,
Till the sky grew dark to hear it;
And out of its folds crept the misty rain,
In its shroud, like a troubled spirit.

For the wind was wild with a hopeless love,
And the sea was sad at heart
At many a crime that he wot of,
Wherein he had played his part.

He thought of the gallant ships gone down
By the will of his wicked waves;
And he thought how the churchyard in the town
Held the sea-made widows' graves.

The wild wind thought of the love he had left
Afar in an Eastern land,
And he longed, as long the much bereft,
For the touch of her perfumed hand.

In his winding wail and his deep-heaved sigh
His aching grief found vent;
While the sea looked up at the bending sky
And murmured: "I repent."

But e'en as he spoke, a ship came by,
That bravely ploughed the main,
And a light came into the sea's green eye,
And his heart grew hard again.

Then he spoke to the wind: "Friend, seest thou not
Yon vessel is eastward bound?
Pray speed with it to the happy spot

thy loved one may be
und."

wind rose up in a dear
light,
fter the good ship sped;
crafty sea by his wicked
ight
he vessel ever ahead.

wind grew fierce in his
spair,
hite on the brow and lip.
his garments and tore his
air,
ll on the flying ship.

ship went down, for a
ck was there,
the sailless sea loomed

To hitch up my nag and go hurrying down
And take Katie May for a ride into town;
For bumpety-bump goes the wagon,
But tra-la-la-la our lay.
There 's joy in a song as we rattle along
In the light of the glorious day.

A coach would be fine, but a spring wagon's good;
My jeans are a match for Kate's gingham and hood;
The hills take us up and the vales take us down,
But what matters that? we are riding to town,
And bumpety-bump goes the

For our hearts they are clear and
there 's nothing to fear,
And we 've never a pain nor a
doubt.

The wagon is weak and the road-
way is rough,
And tho' it is long it is not long
enough,
For mid all my ecstasies this is the
crown
To sit beside Katie and ride into
town,
When bumpety-bump goes the
wagon,
But tra-la-la-la our song;
And if I had my way, I 'd be will-
ing to pay
If the road could be made twice
as long.

WE WEAR THE MASK

We wear the mask that grins and
lies,
It hides our cheeks and shades our
eyes,—
This debt we pay to human guile;
With torn and bleeding hearts we
smile,
And mouth with myriad subtle-
ties.

Why should the world be over-
wise,
In counting all our tears and
sighs?
Nay, let them only see us, while
We wear the mask.

We smile, but, O great Christ,
our cries
To thee from tortured souls arise.
We sing, but oh the clay is vile
Beneath our feet, and long the
mile;
But let the world dream other-
wise,
We wear the mask!

THE MEADOW LARK

Though the winds be dank,
And the sky be sober,
And the grieving Day
In a mantle gray
Hath let her waiting maiden
robe her,—
All the fields along
I can hear the song
Of the meadow lark,
As she flits and flutters,
And laughs at the thunder
when it mutters.
O happy bird, of heart most
gay
To sing when skies are gray!

When the clouds are full,
And the tempest master
Lets the loud winds sweep
From his bosom deep
Like heralds of some dire disas-
ter,

the heart alone
self makes moan;
ongs come slow,
e the tears fall fleeter,
silence than song by far
eems sweeter.
few are they along the
way
sing when skies are
gray!

ONE LIFE

m hurt to death, my
ve;
ifts of Fate have pierced
striving heart,
sick and weary of
dless pain and smart.

Turns ever from my way its
pregnant tide.
My laden boat, torn from its rest,
Drifts to the other side.
So all my hopes are set astray,
And drift away, and drift away.

The lark sings to me at the morn,
And near me wings her sky-
ward-soaring flight;
But pleasure dies as soon as born,
The owl takes up the night,
And night seems long and doubly
dark;
I miss the lark, I miss the lark.

Let others labor as they may,
I'll sing and sigh alone, and
write my line.
Their fate is theirs, or grave or

And shrieked with a voice of death,
But the rough-voiced breeze, that shook the trees,
Was touched with a violet's breath.

DEAD

A KNOCK is at her door, but she is weak;
Strange dews have washed the paint streaks from her cheek;
She does not rise, but, ah, this friend is known,
And knows that he will find her all alone.
So opens he the door, and with soft tread
Goes straightway to the richly curtained bed.
His soft hand on her dewy head he lays.
A strange white light she gives him for his gaze.
Then, looking on the glory of her charms,
He crushes her resistless in his arms.

Stand back! look not upon this bold embrace,
Nor view the calmness of the wanton's face;
With joy unspeakable and 'bated breath,
She keeps her last, long liaison with death!

A CONFIDENCE

UNCLE JOHN, he makes me tired;
Thinks 'at he's jest so all-fired
Smart, 'at he kin pick up, so,
Ever'thing he wants to know.
Tried to ketch me up last night,
But you bet I would n't bite.
I jest kep' the smoothes' face,
But I led him sich a chase,
Could n't corner me, you bet—
I skipped all the traps he set.
Makin' out he wan'ed to know
Who was this an' that girl's beau;
So 's he 'd find out, don't you see,
Who was goin' 'long with me.
But I answers jest ez sly,
An' I never winks my eye,
Tell he hollers with a whirl,
"Look here, ain't you got a girl?"
Y' ought 'o seen me spread my eyes,
Like he 'd took me by surprise,
An' I said, "Oh, Uncle John,
Never thought o' havin' one."
An' somehow that seemed to tickle
Him an' he shelled out a nickel.
Then you ought to seen me leave
Jest a-laffin' in my sleeve.
Fool him — well, I guess I did;
He ain't on to this here kid.
Got a girl! well, I guess yes,
Got a dozen more or less,
But I got one reely one,

olin' ner no fun;
sweet on her, you see,
her guess 'at she
kinder sweet on me,
keepin' company.
njun! this is true,
d I 'm tellin' you!
won't be sich a scab
aroun' an' blab.
ain't the way with you,
know some fellers do.
irl to let her know
alk about her so.
know her? her name 's

l in town she is.
, git out, you gilly —
irt 'nigh knock you silly.
'o see her when she 's
ed

That 'un don't git skeered a bit,
Never makes a bit o' row
When she sees a worm er cow.
Them kind 's few an' far between;
Bravest girl I ever seen.
Tell you 'nuther thing she 'll do,
Mebbe you won't think it 's true,
But if she 's jest got a dime
She 'll go halvers ever' time.
Ah, you goose, you need n't laff;
That 's the kinder girl to have.
If you knowed her like I do,
Guess you 'd kinder like her too.
Tell you somep'n' if you 'll swear
You won't tell it anywhere.
Oh, you got to cross yer heart
Earnest, truly, 'fore I start.
Well, one day I kissed her cheek;
Gee, but I felt cheap an' weak,
'Cause at first she kinder flared,

Warm wind and rose-breath and diamonded dew —
Phyllis, ah, Phyllis, my life is a gray day.

Oh for the sunlight that shines on a May-day!
Only the cloud hangeth over my life.
Love that should bring me youth's happiest heyday
Brings me but seasons of sorrow and strife;
Phyllis, ah, Phyllis, my life is a gray day.

Sunshine or shadow, or gold day or gray day,
Life must be lived as our destinies rule;
Leisure or labor or work day or play day —
Feasts for the famous and fun for the fool;
Phyllis, ah, Phyllis, my life is a gray day.

RIGHT'S SECURITY

What if the wind do howl without,
And turn the creaking weather-vane;
What if the arrows of the rain
Do beat against the window-pane?
Art thou not armored strong and fast
Against the sallies of the blast?
Art thou not sheltered safe and well
Against the flood's insistent swell?

What boots it, that thou stand'st alone,
And laughest in the battle's face
When all the weak have fled the place
And let their feet and fears keep pace?
Thou wavest still thine ensign, high,
And shoutest thy loud battle-cry;
Higher than e'er the tempest roared,
It cleaves the silence like a sword.

Right arms and armors, too, that man
Who will not compromise with wrong;
Though single, he must front the throng,
And wage the battle hard and long.
Minorities, since time began,
Have shown the better side of man;
And often in the lists of Time
One man has made a cause sublime!

IF

If life were but a dream, my Love,
And death the waking time;

l not a beam, my Love,
ght had not a rhyme,—
rren, barren world were
his
out one saving gleam;
nly ask that with a kiss
d wake me from the
lream.

ing were the sum of
lays,
ving were the bane;
g for a wreath of bays
oothe a heart in pain,—
corn the meed of battle's
night,
ther aims above
hoose the human's higher
ight,
uffer and to love!

A something in the tender strain
Revived an old, long-conquered
pain,
And as in depths of many seas,
My heart was drowned in mem-
ories.
The tears came welling to my
eyes,
Nor could I ask it otherwise;
For, oh! a sweetness seems to
last
Amid the dregs of sorrows past.

It stirred a chord that here of
late
I 'd grown to think could not vi-
brate.
It brought me back the trust of
youth,
The world again was joy and

Comes silence and she sings no more.
I wake, I breathe, I think again,
And walk the sordid ways of men.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

AIR a-gittin' cool an' coolah,
Frost a-comin' in de night,
Hicka' nuts an' wa'nuts fallin',
Possum keepin' out o' sight.
Tu'key struttin' in de ba'nya'd,
Nary step so proud ez his;
Keep on struttin', Mistah Tu'key,
Yo' do' know whut time it is.

Cidah press commence a-squeakin'
Eatin' apples sto'ed away,
Chillun swa'min' 'roun' lak ho'-nets,
Huntin' aigs ermung de hay.
Mistah Tu'key keep on gobblin'
At de geese a-flyin' souf,
Oomph! dat bird do' know whut 's comin';
Ef he did he 'd shet his mouf.

Pumpkin gittin' good an' yallah
Mek me open up my eyes;
Seems lak it 's a-lookin' at me
Jes' a-la'in' dah sayin' "Pies."
Tu'key gobbler gwine 'roun' blowin',
Gwine 'roun' gibbin' sass an' slack;
Keep on talkin', Mistah Tu'key,
You ain't seed no almanac.

Fa'mer walkin' th'oo de ba'nya'd
Seein' how things is comin' on,
Sees ef all de fowls is fatt'nin' —
Good times comin' sho 's you bo'n.
Hyeahs dat tu'key gobbler braggin',
Den his face break in a smile —
Nebbah min', you sassy rascal,
He 's gwine nab you atter while.

Choppin' suet in de kitchen,
Stonin' raisins in de hall,
Beef a-cookin' fu' de mince meat,
Spices groun' — I smell 'em all.
Look hyeah, Tu'key, stop dat gobblin',
You ain' luned de sense ob feah,
You ol' fool, yo' naik 's in dangah,
Do' you know Thanksgibbin 's hyeah?

WHY FADES A DREAM?

WHY fades a dream?
An iridescent ray
Flecked in between the tryst
Of night and day.
Why fades a dream? —
Of consciousness the shade
Wrought out by lack of light and made
Upon life's stream.
Why fades a dream?

That thought may thrive,
So fades the fleshless dream;

hould learn to trust
ngs that seem.
a dream,
g thought may grow
waxing star-beam glow
fe's stream —
a dream.

IE SPARROW

bird, with plumage
,
window flutters down,
chirps its little strain,
upon my window-pane,
again, and hops along,
notice to its song;
k on, nor heed its lay,
eglect, it flies away.

Not enough to make things white,
But jest sorter siftin' down
So 's to cover up the brown
Of the dark world's rugged ways
'N' make things look like holidays.
Not smoothed over, but jest
specked,
Sorter strainin' fur effect,
An' not quite a-gittin' through
What it started in to do.
Mercy sakes! it does seem queer
Christmas day is 'most nigh here.
Somehow it don't seem to me
Christmas like it used to be,—
Christmas with its ice an' snow,
Christmas of the long ago.
You could feel its stir an' hum
Weeks an' weeks before it come;
Somethin' in the atmosphere
Told you when the day was near

Hale and hearty, strong an' bluff,
That was Christmas, sure enough.
Snow knee-deep an' coastin' fine,
Frozen mill-ponds all ashine,
Seemin' jest to lay in wait,
Beggin' you to come an' skate.
An' you 'd git your gal an' go
Stumpin' cheerily thro' the snow,
Feelin' pleased an' skeert an' warm
'Cause she had a-holt yore arm.
Why, when Christmas come in, we
Spent the whole glad day in glee,
Havin' fun an' feastin' high
An' some courtin' on the sly.
Bustin' in some neighbor's door
An' then suddenly, before
He could give his voice a lift,
Yellin' at him, "Christmas gift."
Now sich things are never heard,
"Merry Christmas" is the word.
But it 's only change o' name,
An' means givin' jest the same.
There 's too many new-styled ways
Now about the holidays.
I 'd jest like once more to see
Christmas like it used to be!

LONESOME

MOTHER 's gone a-visitin' to spend a month er two,
An', oh, the house is lonesome ez a nest whose birds has flew
To other trees to build ag'in; the rooms seem jest so bare
That the echoes run like sperrits from the kitchen to the stair.
The shetters flap more lazy-like 'n what they used to do,
Sence mother 's gone a-visitin' to spend a month er two.

We 've killed the fattest chicken an' we've cooked her to a turn;
We 've made the richest gravy, but I jest don't give a durn
Fur nothin' 'at I drink er eat, er nothin' 'at I see.
The food ain't got the pleasant taste it used to have to me.
They 's somep'n' stickin' in my throat ez tight ez hardened glue,
Sence mother 's gone a-visitin' to spend a month er two.

The hollyhocks air jest ez pink, they 're double ones at that,
An' I wuz prouder of 'em than a baby of a cat.
But now I don't go near 'em, though they nod an' blush at me,
Fur they 's somep'n' seems to gall me in their keerless sort o' glee
An' all their fren'ly noddin' an' their blushin' seems to say:
"You 're purty lonesome, John, old boy, sence mother 's gone away."

hbors ain't so fren'ly ez it
s they 'd ort to be;
n to be a-lookin' kinder
ays like at me,
feared they 'd tech me
z ef I wuz a match,
ecause 'at mother 's gone
'm a-keepin' batch!
re I don't do nothin'
e 'n what I used to do
ther went a-visitin' to
l a month er two.

rers ac's more fearsome
an' won't hop quite so

et's chirp is sadder, an'
ky ain't ha'f so clear;
'nin' comes, I set an'
tell my eyes begin to

Tho' it ought n't to cause me no
su'prise,
Fur there 's many a sun 'at you 've
seen rise
An' many a one you 've seen go
down
Sence yore step was light an' yore
hair was brown,
An' storms an' snows have had
their way —
Hello, ole man, you 're a-gittin'
gray.

Hello, ole man, you 're a-gittin'
gray,
An' the youthful pranks 'at you
used to play
Are dreams of a far past long ago
That lie in a heart where the fires
burn low —

When it does the will of an honest mind;
When it beats with love fur all mankind;
Then the night but leads to a fairer day —
Hello, ole man, you 're a-gittin' gray!

TO THE MEMORY OF MARY YOUNG

God has his plans, and what if we
With our sight be too blind to see
Their full fruition; cannot he,
Who made it, solve the mystery?
One whom we loved has fall'n asleep,
Not died; although her calm be deep,
Some new, unknown, and strange surprise
In Heaven holds enrapt her eyes.

And can you blame her that her gaze
Is turned away from earthly ways,
When to her eyes God's light and love
Have giv'n the view of things above?
A gentle spirit sweetly good,
The pearl of precious womanhood;
Who heard the voice of duty clear,
And found her mission soon and near.

She loved all nature, flowers fair,
The warmth of sun, the kiss of air,
The birds that filled the sky with song,
The stream that laughed its way along.
Her home to her was shrine and throne,
But one love held her not alone;
She sought out poverty and grief,
Who touched her robe and found relief.

So sped she in her Master's work,
Too busy and too brave to shirk,
When through the silence, dusk and dim,
God called her and she fled to him.
We wonder at the early call,
And tears of sorrow can but fall
For her o'er whom we spread the pall;
But faith, sweet faith, is over all.

The house is dust, the voice is dumb,
But through undying years to come,
The spark that glowed within her soul
Shall light our footsteps to the goal.
She went her way; but oh, she trod
The path that led her straight to God.

as this put death to
;
our day to find God's

MALINDY SINGS

n' quit dat noise, Miss
—
music book away;
e use to keep on tryin'?
practise twell you 're

t sta't no notes a-flyin'
ones dat rants and rings
kitchen to be big woods
Malindy sings.

got de nachel o'gans

Ain't you nevah hyeahd Malindy?
Blessed soul, tek up de cross!
Look hyeah, ain't you jokin',
honey?
Well, you don't know whut you
los'.
Y' ought to hyeah dat gal a-wa'b-
lin',
Robins, la'ks, an' all dem things,
Heish dey moufs an' hides dey
face
When Malindy sings.

Fiddlin' man jes' stop his fiddlin',
Lay his fiddle on de she'f;
Mockin'-bird quit tryin' to whistle,
'Cause he jes' so shamed hisse'f.
Folks a-playin' on de banjo
Draps dey fingahs on de

Heish yo' mouf, I hyeah dat music,
  Ez hit rises up an' mounts —
Floatin' by de hills an' valleys,
  Way above dis buryin' sod,
Ez hit makes its way in glory
  To de very gates of God!

Oh, hit 's sweetah dan de music
  Of an edicated band;
An' hit 's dearah dan de battle's
  Song o' triumph in de lan'.
It seems holier dan evenin'
  When de solemn chu'ch bell rings,
Ez I sit an' ca'mly listen
  While Malindy sings.

Towsah, stop dat ba'kin', hyeah me!
  Mandy, mek dat chile keep still;
Don't you hyeah de echoes callin'
  F'om de valley to de hill?
Let me listen, I can hyeah it,
  Th'oo de bresh of angels' wings,
Sof' an' sweet, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,"
  Ez Malindy sings.

THE PARTY

Dey had a gread big pahty down to Tom's de othah night;
Was I dah? You bet! I nevah in my life see sich a sight;
All de folks f'om fou' plantations was invited, an' dey come,
Dey come troopin' thick ez chillun when dey hyeahs a fife an' drum.
Evahbody dressed deir fines'— Heish yo' mouf an' git away,
Ain't seen no sich fancy dressin' sence las' quah'tly meetin' day;
Gals all dressed in silks an' satins, not a wrinkle ner a crease,
Eyes a-battin', teeth a-shinin', hain breshed back ez slick ez grease;
Sku'ts all tucked an' puffed an' ruffled, evah blessed seam an' stitch;
Ef you 'd seen 'em wif deir mistus, could n't swahed to which was which.
Men all dressed up in Prince Alberts, swaller-tails 'u'd tek yo' bref!
I cain't tell you nothin' 'bout it, y' ought to seen it fu' yo'se'f.
Who was dah? Now who you askin'? How you 'spect I gwine to know?
You mus' think I stood an' counted evahbody at de do.'
Ole man Babah's house-boy Isaac, brung dat gal, Malindy Jane,
Huh a-hangin' to his elbow, him a-struttin' wif a cane;
My, but Hahvey Jones was jealous! seemed to stick him lak a tho'n;

ughed with Viney Cah-
ryin' ha'd to not let on,
sson would 'a' noticed
de d'rection of his look,
s watchin' ev'ry step dat
n' Lindy took.
n' a cheer an' asked huh:
n't you set down?" wif
ile,
answe'd up a-bowin',
I reckon 't ain't wuth
."
jes' fu' style, I reckon,
she sot down jes' de

stayed dah 'twell he
d huh fu' to jine some
' game;
eahd huh sayin' propah,
a riz to go away

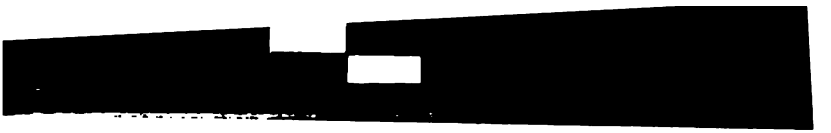
Fa' you well, my dahlin'."
Had to laff at ole man Johnson,
he 's a caution now, you bet —
Hittin' clost onto a hunderd, but
he 's spry an' nimble yet;
He 'lowed how a-so't o' gigglin',
"I ain't ole, I 'll let you see,
D'ain't no use in gittin' feeble, now
you youngstahs jes' watch
me,"
An' he grabbed ole Aunt Marier
— weighs th'ee hunderd mo'
er less,
An' he spun huh 'roun' de cabin
swingin' Johnny lak de res'.
Evahbody laffed an' hollahed:
"Go it! Swing huh, Uncle
Jim!"
An' he swung huh too, I reckon,
lak a youngstah who but

Kep' on blund'rin' 'roun' an' foolin' 'twell he giv' one gread big jump,
Broke de line, an lit head-fo'most in de fiah-place right plump;
Hit 'ad fiah in it, mind you; well, I thought my soul I 'd bust,
Tried my best to keep f'om laffin', but hit seemed like die I must!
Y' ought to seen dat man a-scramblin' f'om de ashes an' de grime.
Did it bu'n him! Sich a question, why he did n't give it time;
Th'ow'd dem ashes and dem cindahs evah which-a-way I guess,
An' you nevah did, I reckon, clap yo' eyes on sich a mess;
Fu' he sholy made a picter an' a funny one to boot,
Wif his clothes all full o' ashes an' his face all full o' soot.
Well, hit laked to stopped de pahty, an' I reckon lak ez not
Dat it would ef Tom's wife, Mandy, had n't happened on de spot,
To invite us out to suppah — well, we scrambled to de table,
An' I 'd lak to tell you 'bout it — what we had — but I ain't able,
Mention jes' a few things, dough I know I had n't orter,
Fu' I know 't will staht a hank'rin' an' yo' mouf 'll 'mence to worter.
We had wheat bread white ez cotton an' a egg pone jes like gol',
Hog jole, bilin' hot an' steamin' roasted shoat an' ham sliced cold —
Look out! What 's de mattah wif you? Don't be fallin' on de flo';
Ef it 's go'n' to 'fect you dat way, I won't tell you nothin' mo'.
Dah now — well, we had hot chittlin's — now you 's tryin' ag'in to fall,
Cain't you stan' to hyeah about it? S'pose you'd been an' seed it all;
Seed dem gread big sweet pertaters, layin' by de possum's side,
Seed dat coon in all his gravy, reckon den you 'd up and died!
Mandy 'lowed "you all mus' 'scuse me, d' wa'n't much upon my she'ves,
But I 's done my bes' to suit you, so set down an' he'p yo'se'ves."
Tom, he 'lowed: "I don't b'lieve in 'pologisin' an' perfessin',
Let 'em tek it lak dey ketch it. Eldah Thompson, ask de blessin'."

u 'd seed dat colo'ed
hah cleah his th'oat an'
his head;
het, an' one eye open,—
evah wud he said:
look down in tendah
y on sich generous hea'ts
se;
truly thankful, amen.
dat possum, ef you
e!"
e eat and drunk ouah
on, 'twell dah was n't
n' lef,
elt jes' like new sausage,
vas mos' nigh stuffed to

knowed how we 'd be
', so he had de fiddlah
',

Jigs, cotillions, reels an' break-
downs, cordrills an' a waltz
er two;
Bless yo' soul, dat music winged
'em an' dem people lak to
flew.
Cripple Joe, de old rheumatic,
danced dat flo' f'om side to
middle,
Th'owed away his crutch an'
hopped it; what 's rheumatics
'ginst a fiddle?
Eldah Thompson got so tickled
dat he lak to los' his grace,
Had to tek bofe feet an' hol' dem
so 's to keep 'em in deir place.
An' de Christuns an' de sinnahs
got so mixed up on dat flo',
Dat I don't see how dey 'd pahted
ef de trump had chanced to



LYRICS OF THE HEARTHSIDE

LOVE'S APOTHEOSIS

Love me. I care not what the circling years
To me may do.
If, but in spite of time and tears,
You prove but true.

Love me — albeit grief shall dim mine eyes,
And tears bedew,
I shall not e'en complain, for then my skies
Shall still be blue.

Love me, and though the winter snow shall pile,
And leave me chill,
Thy passion's warmth shall make for me, meanwhile,
A sun-kissed hill.

And when the days have lengthened into years,
And I grow old,
Oh, spite of pains and griefs and cares and fears,
Grow thou not cold.

Then hand and hand we shall pass up the hill,
I say not down;
That twain go up, of love, who 've loved their fill,—
To gain love's crown.

Love me, and let my life take up thine own,
As sun the dew.
Come, sit, my queen, for in my heart a throne
Awaits for you!

THE PARADOX

I am the mother of sorrows,
I am the ender of grief;
I am the bud and the blossom,
I am the late-falling leaf.

I am thy priest and thy poet,
I am thy serf and thy king;
I cure the tears of the heartsick,
When I come near they shall sing.

White are my hands as the snowdrop;
Swart are my fingers as clay;
Dark is my frown as the midnight,
Fair is my brow as the day.

Battle and war are my minions,
Doing my will as divine;
I am the calmer of passions,
Peace is a nursling of mine.

Speak to me gently or curse me,
Seek me or fly from my sight;
I am thy fool in the morning,
Thou art my slave in the night.

the grave will I take
ee,
rom the noise of the
ife;
lt thou see me and know
—
then, no longer, but life.

lt thou sing at my com-
g,
e with passionate breath,
e and smile to have
ought me
save the foeman of
eath.

me, brother, when weary,
when thy lonely heart
ells;
e thy footsteps and lead

Daytime or night-time, I constantly roving,—
Dearest one, thou art my star.

WITH THE LARK

NIGHT is for sorrow and dawn is for joy,
Chasing the troubles that fret and annoy;
Darkness for sighing and daylight for song,—
Cheery and chaste the strain, heartfelt and strong.
All the night through, though I moan in the dark,
I wake in the morning to sing with the lark.

There my heart will be glad for the pain I have known,
For my hand will be clasped in the hand of mine own;
And though life has been hard and death's pathway been dark,
I shall wake in the morning to sing with the lark.

IN SUMMER

Oh, summer has clothed the earth
In a cloak from the loom of the sun!
And a mantle, too, of the skies' soft blue,
And a belt where the rivers run.

And now for the kiss of the wind,
And the touch of the air's soft hands,
With the rest from strife and the heat of life,
With the freedom of lakes and lands.

I envy the farmer's boy
Who sings as he follows the plow;
While the shining green of the young blades lean
To the breezes that cool his brow.

He sings to the dewy morn,
No thought of another's ear;
But the song he sings is a chant for kings
And the whole wide world to hear.

He sings of the joys of life,
Of the pleasures of work and rest,
From an o'erfull heart, without aim or art;
'T is a song of the merriest.

O ye who toil in the town,
And ye who moil in the mart,
Hear the artless song, and your faith made strong
Shall renew your joy of heart.

Oh, poor were the worth of the world
If never a song were heard,—
If the sting of grief had no relief,
And never a heart were stirred.

So, long as the streams run down,
And as long as the robins trill,
Let us taunt old Care with a merry air,
And sing in the face of ill.

THE MYSTIC SEA

The smell of the sea in my nostrils,
The sound of the sea in mine ears;

ch of the spray on my
ırning face,
ıe mist of reluctant tears.

of the sky above me,
green of the waves be-
eath;
flashing down on a gray-
hite sail
scimitar from its sheath.

r the breaking billows,
ver the rocks' disdain;
r a thrill in mine inmost
eart
reason cannot explain.

to my heart, "Be silent,
ıystery of time is here;
way will be plain when

And a fight at night with the wild
sea-sprite
When the foam has drowned the
stars.
And, pray, what joy can the lands-
man feel
Like the rise and fall of a sliding
keel?

Fair is the mead; the lawn is fair
And the birds sing sweet on the
lea;
But the echo soft of a song aloft
Is the strain that pleases me;
And swish of rope and ring of
chain
Are music to men who sail the
main.

Then, if you love me, let me sail

What is the chief who shall my garments plan?
No garb conventional but I 'll attack it.
(Come, why not don my spangled jacket?)

ABSENCE

GOOD-NIGHT, my love, for I have dreamed of thee
In waking dreams, until my soul is lost —
Is lost in passion's wide and shoreless sea,
Where, like a ship, unruddered, it is tost
Hither and thither at the wild waves' will.
There is no potent Master's voice to still
This newer, more tempestuous Galilee!

The stormy petrels of my fancy fly
In warning course across the darkening green,
And, like a frightened bird, my heart doth cry
And seek to find some rock of rest between
The threatening sky and the relentless wave.
It is not length of life that grief doth crave,
But only calm and peace in which to die.

Here let me rest upon this single hope,
For oh, my wings are weary of the wind,
And with its stress no more may strive or cope.
One cry has dulled mine ears, mine eyes are blind,—
Would that o'er all the intervening space,
I might fly forth and see thee face to face.
I fly; I search, but, love, in gloom I grope.

Fly home, far bird, unto thy waiting nest;
Spread thy strong wings above the wind-swept sea.
Beat the grim breeze with thy unruffled breast
Until thou sittest wing to wing with me.
Then, let the past bring up its tales of wrong;
We shall chant low our sweet connubial song,
Till storm and doubt and past no more shall be!

HER THOUGHT AND HIS

THE gray of the sea, and the gray of the sky,
A glimpse of the moon like a half-closed eye.
The gleam on the waves and the light on the land,

n my heart,— and — my
heart's hand.

d from the sea with a
an's grace,
light fell soft on her
rned face,
ought of the flood-tide of
te bliss
ld flow to my heart from
gle kiss.

weetheart was shy, so I
not ask
oon, so bravely I wore
ask.
her face there came a
: —
could she have been
ing the same?

When they have lived enough.
Men court not death
When there are sweets still left in life to taste.
Nor will a brave man choose to live when he,
Full deeply drunk of life, has reached the dregs,
And knows that now but bitterness remains.
He is the coward who, outfaced in this,
Fears the false goblins of another life.
I honor him who being much harassed
Drinks of sweet courage until drunk of it,—
Then seizing Death, reluctant, by

That mystic curtain o'er the portal death;
Still deeming that behind the arras lies
The lambent way that leads to lasting light.
Poor fooled and foolish soul! Know now that death
Is but a blind, false door that nowhere leads,
And gives no hope of exit final, free.

WHEN THE OLD MAN SMOKES

In the forenoon's restful quiet,
When the boys are off at school,
When the window lights are shaded
And the chimney-corner cool,
Then the old man seeks his armchair,
Lights his pipe and settles back;
Falls a-dreaming as he draws it
Till the smoke-wreaths gather black.

And the tear-drops come a-trickling
Down his cheeks, a silver flow —
Smoke or memories you wonder,
But you never ask him,— no;
For there 's something almost sacred
To the other family folks
In those moods of silent dreaming
When the old man smokes.

Ah, perhaps he sits there dreaming
Of the love of other days
And of how he used to lead her
Through the merry dance's maze;
How he called her "little princess,"
And, to please her, used to twine
Tender wreaths to crown her tresses,
From the "matrimony vine."

Then before his mental vision
Comes, perhaps, a sadder day,
When they left his little princess
Sleeping with her fellow clay.
How his young heart throbbed, and pained him!
Why, the memory of it chokes!
Is it of these things he 's thinking
When the old man smokes?

But some brighter thoughts possess him,
For the tears are dried the while.
And the old, worn face is wrinkled
In a reminiscent smile,
From the middle of the forehead
To the feebly trembling lip,

ancient prank remem-
ed
e long unheard-of quip.

lips relax their tension
e pipe begins to slide,
tle clouds of ashes,
softly at his side;
ead bends low and lower
chin lies on his breast,
ts in peaceful slumber
ittle child at rest.

man, there 's something
'ning,
dreamy moods of yours,
present proves so fleet-
;
past for you endures.
at forgotten sorrows.

My room is rather bleak and bare;
I only have one broken chair,
But then, there 's plenty of fresh air,—
Some light, beside.
What tho' I cannot ask my friends
To share with me my odds and ends,
A liberty my aerie lends,
To most denied.

The bore who falters at the stair
No more shall be my curse and care,
And duns shall fail to find my lair
With beastly bills.
When debts have grown and funds are short,
I find it rather pleasant sport

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

TO E. H. K.

ON THE RECEIPT OF A FAMILIAR POEM

To me, like hauntings of a vagrant breath
From some far forest which I once have known,
The perfume of this flower of verse is blown.
Tho' seemingly soul-blossoms faint to death,
Naught that with joy she bears e'er withereth.
So, tho' the pregnant years have come and flown,
Lives come and gone and altered like mine own,
This poem comes to me a shibboleth:
Brings sound of past communings to my ear,
Turns round the tide of time and bears me back
Along an old and long untraversed way;
Makes me forget this is a later year,
Makes me tread o'er a reminiscent track,
Half sad, half glad, to one forgotten day!

A BRIDAL MEASURE

Come, essay a sprightly measure,
Tuned to some light song of pleasure.
Maidens, let your brows be crowned
As we foot this merry round.

From the ground a voice is singing,
From the sod a soul is springing.
Who shall say 't is but a clod
Quick'ning upward toward its God?

Who shall say it? Who may know it,
That the clod is not a poet
Waiting but a gleam to waken
In a spirit music-shaken?

Phyllis, Phyllis, why be waiting?
In the woods the birds are mating.
From the tree beside the wall,
Hear the am'rous robin call.

Listen to yon thrush's trilling;
Phyllis, Phyllis, are you willing,
When love speaks from cave and tree,
Only we should silent be?

When the year, itself renewing,
All the world with flowers is strewing,
Then through Youth's Arcadian land,
Love and song go hand in hand.

Come, unfold your vocal treasure,
Sing with me a nuptial measure,—
Let this springtime gambol be
Bridal dance for you and me.

EANCE IS SWEET

was young I longed for
e,
his glory far above
earthly things. I cried:
Love, dear Love, with me
e;"
my subtlest art I wooed,
rly the wight pursued.
e was gay and Love was

ed at me and passed me

grew old and I grew gray,
Wealth came wending
n my way.
is golden hand with glee,
rades from that day were

That I may turn my face
Through doubt's obscurity
Toward thine abiding-place,
E'en tho' I cannot see.

For lo, the way is dark;
Through mist and cloud I grope,
Save for that fitful spark,
The little flame of hope.

Lead gently, Lord, and slow,
For fear that I may fall;
I know not where to go
Unless I hear thy call.

My fainting soul doth yearn
For thy green hills afar;
So let thy mercy burn —
My greater, guiding star!

Just whistle a bit, if the night be drear
And the stars refuse to shine:
And a gleam that mocks the starlight clear
Within you glows benign.

Till the dearth of light in the glooming skies
Is lost to the sight of your soul-lit eyes.
What matters the absence of moon or star?
The light within is the best by far.

Just whistle a bit, if there 's work to do,
With the mind or in the soil.
And your note will turn out a talisman true
To exorcise grim Toil.

It will lighten your burden and make you feel
That there 's nothing like work as a sauce for a meal.
And with song in your heart and the meal in — its place,
There 'll be joy in your bosom and light in your face.

Just whistle a bit, if your heart be sore;
'Tis a wonderful balm for pain.
Just pipe some old melody o'er and o'er
Till it soothes like summer rain.

And perhaps 't would be best in a later day,
When Death comes stalking down the way,
To knock at your bosom and see if you 're fit,
Then, as you wait calmly, just whistle a bit.

THE BARRIER

The Midnight wooed the Morning-Star,
And prayed her: "Love come nearer;
Your swinging coldly there afar
To me but makes you dearer!"

The Morning-Star was pale with dole
As said she, low replying:
"Oh, lover mine, soul of my soul,
For you I too am sighing.

"But One ordained when we were born,
In spite of Love's insistence,
That Night might only view the Morn
Adoring at a distance."

But as she spoke the jealous Sun
Across the heavens panted.
"Oh, whining fools," he cried, "have done;
Your wishes shall be granted!"

d his flaming lances far;
ain stood unaffrighted —
night and the Morning-
ar
own in death united!

DREAMS

n, for dreams are sweet:
awaken!
, and at thy feet
anates shall be shaken.

neth the youth
to morning?
he night in truth,
loured dreams adorning.

is soft above,

He set his foot upon Fame's
nether stair.
But ah, his dream,— it had
entranced him so
He could not move. He could
no farther go;
But paused in joy that he was even
there!

He did not wake until one day
there gleamed
Thro' his dark consciousness a
light that racked
His being till he rose, alert to act.
But lo! what he had dreamed, the
while he dreamed,
Another, wedding action unto
thought,
Into the living, pulsing world
had brought.

(And it 's weary, weary waiting, love.)
My eyes are seaward straining
For the coming of a sail;
But void the sea, and void the beach
Far and beyond where gaze can reach!
And it 's weary, weary waiting, love.

I heard the bell-buoy ringing —
How long ago it seems!
(Oh, it 's weary, weary waiting, love.)
And ever still, its knelling
Crashes in upon my dreams.
The banns were read, my frock was sewn;
Since then two seasons' winds have blown —
And it 's weary, weary waiting, love.

The stretches of the ocean
Are bare and bleak to-day.
(Oh, it 's weary, weary waiting, love.)
My eyes are growing dimmer —
Is it tears, or age, or spray?
But I will stay till you come home.
Strange ships come in across the foam!
But it 's weary, weary waiting, love.

THE END OF THE CHAPTER

Ah, yes, the chapter ends to-day;
We even lay the book away;
But oh, how sweet the moments sped
Before the final page was read!

We tried to read between the lines
The Author's deep-concealed designs;
But scant reward such search secures;
You saw my heart and I saw yours.

The Master,— He who penned the page
And bade us read it,— He is sage:
And what he orders, you and I
Can but obey, nor question why.

We read together and forgot
The world about us. Time was not.
Unheeded and unfelt, it fled.
We read and hardly knew we read.

Until beneath a sadder sun,
We came to know the book was done.
Then, as our minds were but new lit,
It dawned upon us what was writ;

And we were startled. In our eyes,

rth the light of great
prise.
deep-toned tocsin tolls,
spoke forth: "Behold
r souls!"

. I cannot look
eyes: so close the book.
ht it grief or brought it
s,
page shall read like this!

SYMPATHY

hat the caged bird feels,
!
he sun is bright on the
and slopes;
wind stirs soft through
springing grass

And they pulse again with a keener
sting —
I know why he beats his wing!

I know why the caged bird sings,
ah me,
When his wing is bruised and
his bosom sore,—
When he beats his bars and he
would be free;
It is not a carol of joy or glee,
But a prayer that he sends from
his heart's deep core,
But a plea, that upward to Heaven
he flings —
I know why the caged bird sings!

LOVE AND GRIEF

Proud of the youth that made him
fresh and fair;
So unto Grief he spake, "What
right hast thou
To part or parcel of this heart?"
Grief's brow
Was darkened with the storm of
inward strife;
Thrice smote he Love as only he
might dare,
And Love, pride purged, was chas-
tened all his life.

MORTALITY

ASHES to ashes, dust unto dust,
What of his loving, what of his
lust?
What of his passion, what of his
pain?
What of his poverty, what of his
pride?
Earth, the great mother, has called
him again:
Deeply he sleeps, the world's ver-
dict defied.
Shall he be tried again? Shall he
go free?
Who shall the court convene?
Where shall it be?
No answer on the land, none from
the sea.
Only we know that as he did, we
must:
You with your theories, you with
your trust,—
Ashes to ashes, dust unto dust!

LOVE

A LIFE was mine full of the close
concern
Of many-voiced affairs. The
world sped fast;
Behind me, ever rolled a preg-
nant past.
A present came equipped with lore
to learn.
Art, science, letters, in their turn,
Each one allured me with its
treasures vast;
And I staked all for wisdom,
till at last
Thou cam'st and taught my soul
anew to yearn.
I had not dreamed that I could
turn away
From all that men with brush
and pen had wrought;
But ever since that memorable
day
When to my heart the truth of
love was brought,
I have been wholly yielded to
its sway,
And had no room for any other
thought.

SHE GAVE ME A ROSE

SHE gave a rose,
And I kissed it and pressed it.
I love her, she knows,
And my action confessed it.
She gave me a rose,
And I kissed it and pressed it.

my heart glows,
I ever have guessed it?
to suppose
might have repressed it:
me a rose,
kissed it and pressed it.

rhyme in life's prose
plifted and blest it.
ture, who knows
ove comes to test it?
me a rose,
kissed it and pressed it.

EAM SONG I

rs ago, within a distant
me,
had touched me with

Be thy far home by mountain, vale, or sea.
My yearning heart may never find its rest
Until thou liest rapt upon my breast.
The wind may bring its perfume from the south,
Is it so sweet as breath from my love's mouth?
Oh, naught that surely is, and naught that seems
May turn me from the lady of my dreams.

DREAM SONG II

PRAY, what can dreams avail

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

CHRISTMAS IN THE HEART

THE snow lies deep upon the ground,
And winter's brightness all around
Decks bravely out the forest sere,
With jewels of the brave old year.
The coasting crowd upon the hill
With some new spirit seems to thrill;
And all the temple bells achime.
Ring out the glee of Christmas time.

In happy homes the brown oak-bough
Vies with the red-gemmed holly now;
And here and there, like pearls, there show
The berries of the mistletoe.
A sprig upon the chandelier
Says to the maidens, "Come not here!"
Even the pauper of the earth
Some kindly gift has cheered to mirth!

Within his chamber, dim and cold,
There sits a grasping miser old.
He has no thought save one of gain,—
To grind and gather and grasp and drain.
A peal of bells, a merry shout
Assail his ear: he gazes out
Upon a world to him all gray,
And snarls, "Why, this is Christmas Day!"

No, man of ice,— for shame, for shame!
For "Christmas Day" is no mere name.
No, not for you this ringing cheer,
This festal season of the year.
And not for you the chime of bells
From holy temple rolls and swells.
In day and deed he has no part —
Who holds not Christmas in his heart!

THE KING IS DEAD

AYE, lay him in his grave, the old dead year!
His life is lived — fulfilled his destiny.
Have you for him no sad, regretful tear
To drop beside the cold, unfollowed bier?
Can you not pay the tribute of a sigh?

Was he not kind to you, this dead old year?
Did he not give enough of earthly store?
Enough of love, and laughter, and good cheer?
Have not the skies you scanned sometimes been clear?

n, of him who dies, could
ı ask more?

vell to hate him for the
n
nt you, and the sorrows
nifold.
him these hurts still I
fain;
e panting period of his
gn,
nt me new wounds, but
healed the old.

sigh for thee, my poor,
d friend —
sigh while my com-
ions sing.
so soon forgotten in the
;

RESIGNATION

LONG had I grieved at what I deemed abuse;
But now I am as grain within the mill.
If so be thou must crush me for thy use,
Grind on, O potent God, and do thy will!

LOVE'S HUMILITY

As some rapt gazer on the lowly earth,
Looks up to radiant planets, ranging far,
So I, whose soul doth know thy wondrous worth
Look longing up to thee as to a star.

Slipt o'er th' insensate ivories,
My rapt soul followed, spaniel-wise.
Ah, many were the beads she wore;
But as she told them o'er and o'er,
They did not number all my sighs.
My heart was filled with unvoiced cries
And prayers and pleadings unexpressed;
But while I burned with Love's unrest,
She told her beads with downcast eyes.

LITTLE LUCY LANDMAN

Oh, the day has set me dreaming
In a strange, half solemn way
Of the feelings I experienced
On another long past day,—
Of the way my heart made music
When the buds began to blow,
And o' little Lucy Landman
Whom I loved long years ago.

It 's in spring, the poet tells us,
That we turn to thoughts of love,
And our hearts go out a-wooing
With the lapwing and the dove.
But whene'er the soul goes seeking
Its twin-soul, upon the wing,
I 've a notion, backed by mem'ry,
That it 's love that makes the spring.

I have heard a robin singing
When the boughs were brown and bare,
And the chilling hand of winter
Scattered jewels through the air.
And in spite of dates and seasons,
It was always spring, I know,
When I loved Lucy Landman
In the days of long ago.

Ah, my little Lucy Landman,
I remember you as well
As if 't were only yesterday
I strove your thoughts to tell,—
When I tilted back your bonnet,
Looked into your eyes so true,
Just to see if you were loving
Me as I was loving you.

Ah, my little Lucy Landman
It is true it was denied
You should see a fuller summer
And an autumn by my side.
But the glance of love's sweet sunlight
Which your eyes that morning gave
Has kept spring within my bosom,
Though you lie within the grave.

THE GOURD

In the heavy earth the miner
Toiled and laboured day by day,
Wrenching from the miser mountain
Brilliant treasure where it lay.

rtist worn and weary
t with labour manifold
king might drink his
tar
goblet made of gold.

ince's groaning table
silver gleaming bright
the happy faces
back the flaming light,
cups of priceless crystal
with many a lovely line,
ow with warmer colour,
ed by the ruby wine.

sweet with sunlight,
with the dew and rain,
miner's daily labour,
artist's nightly pain,
e grows the cup I drink

When he rests inviting kisses
In his place beside the spring.
Give the king his golden goblets,
Give the prince his crystal hoard;
But for me the sparkling water
From a brown and brimming gourd!

THE KNIGHT

Our good knight, Ted, girds his broadsword on
(And he wields it well, I ween);
He 's on his steed, and away has gone
To the fight for king and queen.
What tho' no edge the broadsword hath?

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

THOU ART MY LUTE

THOU art my lute, by thee I sing,—
My being is attuned to thee.
Thou settest all my words a-wing,
And meltest me to melody.

Thou art my life, by thee I live,
From thee proceed the joys I know;
Sweetheart, thy hand has power to give
The meed of love — the cup of woe.

Thou art my love, by thee I lead
My soul the paths of light along,
From vale to vale, from mead to mead,
And home it in the hills of song.

My song, my soul, my life, my all,
Why need I pray or make my plea,
Since my petition cannot fall;
For I 'm already one with thee!

THE PHANTOM KISS

ONE night in my room, still and beamless,
With will and with thought in eclipse,
I rested in sleep that was dreamless;
When softly there fell on my lips
A touch, as of lips that were pressing
Mine own with the message of bliss —
A sudden, soft, fleeting caressing,
A breath like a maiden's first kiss.

I woke — and the scoffer may doubt me —
I peered in surprise through the gloom;
But nothing and none were about me,
And I was alone in my room.

Perhaps 't was the wind that caressed me
And touched me with dew-laden breath;
Or, maybe, close-sweeping, there passed me
The low-winging Angel of Death.

Some sceptic may choose to disdain it,
Or one feign to read it aright;
Or wisdom may seek to explain it —
This mystical kiss in the night.

But rather let fancy thus clear it:
That, thinking of me here alone,
The miles were made naught, and, in spirit,
Thy lips, love, were laid on mine own.

OMMUNION

ence of my heart,
pend an hour with thee,
love shall rend apart
veil of mystery:

im and misty veil
ut in between our souls
ath cried, " Ho, maiden,
l!"
ur barque sped on the
als.

shoals? Nay, wrongly
d.
breeze of Death that
eps
life, thy soul has sped
to unsounded deeps.

For the petty beads of thought
Which thine eyes alone could see.

Ah, those eyes, love-blind, but keen
For my welfare and my weal!
Tho' the grave-door shut between,
Still their love-lights o'er me steal.

I can see thee thro' my tears,
As thro' rain we see the sun.
What tho' cold and cooling years
Shall their bitter courses run,—

I shall see thee still and be
Thy true lover evermore,
And thy face shall be to me
Dear and helpful as before.

Death may vaunt and Death may

Which long ago the men of Israel heard,
When Pharaoh's host behind them, fierce and fleet,
Raged on, consuming with revengeful heat.
Why are the barrier waters still unstirred? —
That struggling faith may die of hope deferred?
Is God not sitting in His ancient seat?

The billows swirl above my trembling limbs,
And almost chill my anxious heart to doubt
And disbelief, long conquered and defied.
But tho' the music of my hopeful hymns
Is drowned by curses of the raging rout,
No voice yet bids th' opposing waves divide!

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN

In this old garden, fair, I walk to-day
Heart-charmed with all the beauty of the scene:
The rich, luxuriant grasses' cooling green,
The wall's environ, ivy-decked and gray,
The waving branches with the wind at play,
The slight and tremulous blooms that show between,
Sweet all: and yet my yearning heart doth lean
Toward Love's Egyptian fleshpots far away.

Beside the wall, the slim Laburnum grows
And flings its golden flow'rs to every breeze.
But e'en among such soothing sights as these,
I pant and nurse my soul-devouring woes.
Of all the longings that our hearts wot of,
There is no hunger like the want of love!

THE CRISIS

A man of low degree was sore oppressed,
Fate held him under iron-handed sway,
And ever, those who saw him thus distressed
Would bid him bend his stubborn will and pray.
But he, strong in himself and obdurate,
Waged, prayerless, on his losing fight with Fate.

ave his proffered hand
ir coldest clasp,
it not at all; and Pov-
y,
ed his body with relent-
grasp,
, taunting, when he
ggled to be free.
h with helpless hands he
t the air,
extreme yet found no
ce in prayer.

prevailed; and forthwith
bbish Fate,
me whipped cur, came
vning at his feet;
o had scorned forgave
l called him great —
iends found out that

THE CONQUERORS

THE BLACK TROOPS IN CUBA

ROUND the wide earth, from the red field your valour has won,
Blown with the breath of the far-speaking gun,
Goes the word.
Bravely you spoke through the battle cloud heavy and dun.
Tossed though the speech toward the mist-hidden sun,
The world heard.

Hell would have shrunk from you seeking it fresh from the fray,
Grim with the dust of the battle, and gray
From the fight.
Heaven would have crowned you, [illegible]

All for their love of you, not for your woes,
There shall lie
Tears that shall be to your souls as the dew to the rose;
Afterward thanks, that the present yet knows
Not to ply!

ALEXANDER CRUMMELL — DEAD

Back to the breast of thy mother,
Child of the earth!
E'en her caress can not smother
What thou hast done.
Follow the trail of the westering sun
Over the earth.
Thy light and his were as one —
Sun, in thy worth.
Unto a nation whose sky was as night,
Camest thou, holily, bearing thy light:
And the dawn came,
In it thy fame
Flashed up in a flame.

Back to the breast of thy mother —
To rest.
Long hast thou striven;
Dared where the hills by the lightning of heaven were riven;
Go now, pure shriven.
Who shall come after thee, out of the clay —
Learned one and leader to show us the way?
Who shall rise up when the world gives the test?
Think thou no more of this —
Rest!

WHEN ALL IS DONE

When all is done, and my last word is said,
And ye who loved me murmur, "He is dead,"
Let no one weep, for fear that I should know,
And sorrow too that ye should sorrow so.

When all is done and in the oozing clay,
Ye lay this cast-off hull of mine away,
Pray not for me, for, after long despair,
The quiet of the grave will be a prayer.

For I have suffered loss and grievous pain,
The hurts of hatred and the world's disdain,
And wounds so deep that love, well-tried and pure,
Had not the pow'r to ease them or to cure.

When all is done, say not my day is o'er,

thro' night I seek a dim-
shore:
er that my morn has just
n,—
he dawn and not a setting

When all is done.

POET AND THE BABY

man to write a sonnet,
n you tell,—
e going to weave the dim,
etic spell,—
a-toddling on the floor
muse he must adore,
is muse he loves, not
That I wonder what 's the use of writing mine.

DISTINCTION

"I AM but clay," the sinner plead,
Who fed each vain desire.
"Not only clay," another said,
"But worse, for thou art mire."

THE SUM

A LITTLE dreaming by the way,
A little toiling day by day;
A little pain, a little strife,
A little joy,—and that is life.

A little short-lived summer's

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

SONNET

ON AN OLD BOOK WITH UNCUT LEAVES

EMBLEM of blasted hope and lost desire,
No finger ever traced thy yellow page
Save Time's. Thou hast not wrought to noble rage
The hearts thou wouldst have stirred. Not any fire
Save sad flames set to light a funeral pyre
Dost thou suggest. Nay,— impotent in age,
Unsought, thou holdst a corner of the stage
And ceasest even dumbly to aspire.

How different was the thought of him that writ.
What promised he to love of ease and wealth,
When men should read and kindle at his wit.
But here decay eats up the book by stealth,
While it, like some old maiden, solemnly,
Hugs its incongruous virginity!

ON THE SEA WALL

I SIT upon the old sea wall,
And watch the shimmering sea,
Where soft and white the moonbeams fall,
Till, in a fantasy,
Some pure white maiden's funeral pall
The strange light seems to me.

The waters break upon the shore
And shiver at my feet,
While I dream old dreams o'er and o'er,
And dim old scenes repeat;
Tho' all have dreamed the same before,
They still seem new and sweet.

The waves still sing the same old song
That knew an elder time;
The breakers' beat is not more strong,
Their music more sublime;
And poets thro' the ages long
Have set these notes to rhyme.

But this shall not deter my lyre,
Nor check my simple strain;
If I have not the old-time fire,
I know the ancient pain:
The hurt of unfulfilled desire,—
The ember quenched by rain.

I know the softly shining sea
That rolls this gentle swell
Has snarled and licked its tongues at me
And bared its fangs as well;
That 'neath its smile so heavenly,
There lurks the scowl of hell!

t of that? I strike my
ring
ongs in youth are sweet);
t and hear the waters
ring
loud resounding beat;
her own bold numbers
ng
Ocean's dear deceit!

ADY PLAYING THE HARP

es are silver melted into
und,
I dream
walls around,
em to hear
lelies

But far and strange, thou still
dost make them fair.

Now thou dost sing, and I am lost
in thee
As one who drowns
In floods of melody.
Still in thy art
Give me this part,
Till perfect love, the love of lov-
ing crowns.

CONFESSIONAL

SEARCH thou my heart;
If there be guile,
It shall depart
Before thy smile.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

MISAPPREHENSION

OUT of my heart, one day, I wrote a song,
With my heart's blood imbued,
Instinct with passion, tremulously strong,
With grief subdued;
Breathing a fortitude
Pain-bought.
And one who claimed much love for what I wrought,
Read and considered it,
And spoke:
"Ay, brother,—'t is well writ,
But where 's the joke?"

PROMETHEUS

PROMETHEUS stole from Heaven the sacred fire
And swept to earth with it o'er land and sea.
He lit the vestal flames of poesy,
Content, for this, to brave celestial ire.

Wroth were the gods, and with eternal hate
Pursued the fearless one who ravished Heaven
That earth might hold in fee the perfect leaven
To lift men's souls above their low estate.

But judge you now, when poets wield the pen,
Think you not well the wrong has been repaired?
'T was all in vain that ill Prometheus fared:
The fire has been returned to Heaven again!

We have no singers like the ones whose note
Gave challenge to the noblest warbler's song.
We have no voice so mellow, sweet, and strong
As that which broke from Shelley's golden throat.

The measure of our songs is our desires:
We tinkle where old poets used to storm.
We lack their substance tho' we keep their form:
We strum our banjo-strings and call them lyres.

LOVE'S PHASES

LOVE hath the wings of the butterfly,
Oh, clasp him but gently,
Pausing and dipping and fluttering by
Inconsequently.
Stir not his poise with the breath of a sigh;
Love hath the wings of the butterfly.

wings of the eagle

m strongly —
k of the world be

wrongly?
ions, for broad is
d;
wings of the eagle

oice of the nightin-

trilling —
g when the moon-
ale,—
thrilling.
, ere the lilt of it

oice of the nightin-

Is the chap for its money's worth:
And the lust for success causes half of the sins
That are cursing this brave old earth.
For it 's fine to go up, and the world's applause
Is sweet to the mortal ear;
But the man who fails in a noble cause
Is a hero that 's no less dear.

'T is true enough that the laurel crown
Twines but for the victor's brow;
For many a hero has lain him down
With naught but the cypress

Than breathes in these fame-wrought gales,—
An ode to the noble heart and mind
Of the gallant man who fails!

The man who is strong to fight his fight,
And whose will no front can daunt,
If the truth be truth and the right be right,
Is the man that the ages want.
Tho' he fail and die in grim defeat,
Yet he has not fled the strife,
And the house of Earth will seem more sweet
For the perfume of his life.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

She told the story, and the whole world wept
At wrongs and cruelties it had not known
But for this fearless woman's voice alone.
She spoke to consciences that long had slept:
Her message, Freedom's clear reveille, swept
From heedless hovel to complacent throne.
Command and prophecy were in the tone
And from its sheath the sword of justice leapt.
Around two peoples swelled a fiery wave,
But both came forth transfigured from the flame.
Blest be the hand that dared be strong to save,
And blest be she who in our weakness came —
Prophet and priestess! At one stroke she gave
A race to freedom and herself to fame.

VAGRANTS

Long time ago, we two set out,
My soul and I.
I know not why,
For all our way was dim with doubt.
I know not where
We two may fare:
Though still with every changing weather,
We wander, groping on together.

We do not love, we are not friends,
My soul and I.
He lives a lie;
Untruth lines every way he wends.
A scoffer he
Who jeers at me:

my comrade and my
brother,
der on and hate each
other.

be taverns and to spare,
le the road;
some strange goad
not stop to taste their
fare.
v I the goal
ard which my soul
ade way, hope made life
fragrant:
We wander, aimless, va-
grant!

O icy mantle, and deceitful snow!
What world-old liars in your hearts ye are!
Are there not still the darkened seam and scar
Beneath the brightness that you fain would show?
Come from the cover with thy blot and blur,
O reeking Earth, thou whited sepulchre!

MY LITTLE MARCH GIRL

COME to the pane, draw the curtain apart,
There she is passing, the girl of
my heart:

How can the wind help from kissing her face,—
Wrapping her round in his stormy embrace?
But still serenely she laughs at his rout,
She is the victor who wins in the bout.
So may life's passions about her soul swirl,
Leaving it placid,—my little March girl.

What self-possession looks out of her eyes!
What are the wild winds, and what are the skies,
Frowning and glooming when, brimming with life,
Cometh the little maid ripe for the strife?
Ah! Wind, and bah! Wind, what might have you now?
What can you do with that innocent brow?
Blow, Wind, and grow, Wind, and eddy and swirl,
But bring her to me, Wind,—my little March girl.

REMEMBERED

She sang, and I listened the whole song thro'.
(It was sweet, so sweet, the singing.)
The stars were out and the moon it grew
From a wee soft glimmer way out in the blue
To a bird thro' the heavens winging.

She sang, and the song trembled down to my breast,—
(It was sweet, so sweet the singing.)
As a dove just out of its fledgling nest,
And, putting its wings to the first sweet test,
Flutters homeward so wearily winging.

She sang and I said to my heart,
"That song,
That was sweet, so sweet i' the singing,
Shall live with us and inspire us long,
And thou, my heart, shalt be brave and strong
For the sake of those words a-winging.

The woman died and the song was still.
(It was sweet, so sweet, the singing.)
But ever I hear the same low trill,
Of the song that shakes my heart with a thrill,
And goes forever winging.

VE DESPOILED

sat one summer's day,
mien dejected, Love
ne by;
distraught, his locks
ray,
his gait, so sad his eye,
him with a pitying cry:

ove, what has disturbed
e so?"
amazed. "Thou seem'st
eft;
thy quiver hanging
v,—
not a single arrow left?
who is guilty of this
ft?"

e looked in my face and

My half-defection, if I go
Into the garden.
It must be better working there,—
I 'm sure it 's sweeter:
And something in the balmy air
May clear my metre.

[*In the Garden.*]

Ah this is noble, what a sky!
What breezes blowing!
The very clouds, I know not why,
Call one to rowing.
The stream will be a paradise
To-day, I 'll warrant.
I know the tide that 's on the rise
Will seem a torrent;
I know just how the leafy boughs
Are all a-quiver;
I know how many skiffs and scows

I don't know what I did it for,—
This air 's a poppy.
I 'm sorry for my editor,—
He 'll get no copy!

THE WARRIOR'S PRAYER

LONG since, in sore distress, I heard one pray,
"Lord, who prevailest with resistless might,
Ever from war and strife keep me away,
My battles fight!"

I know not if I play the Pharisee,
And if my brother after all be right;
But mine shall be the warrior's plea to thee —
Strength for the fight.

I do not ask that thou shalt front the fray,
And drive the warring foeman from my sight;
I only ask, O Lord, by night, by day,
Strength for the fight!

When foes upon me press, let me not quail
Nor think to turn me into coward flight.
I only ask, to make mine arms prevail,
Strength for the fight!

Still let mine eyes look ever on the foe,
Still let mine armor case me strong and bright;
And grant me, as I deal each righteous blow,
Strength for the fight!

And when, at eventide, the fray is done,
My soul to Death's bedchamber do thou light,
And give me, be the field or lost or won,
Rest from the fight!

FAREWELL TO ARCADY

WITH sombre mien, the Evening gray
Comes nagging at the heels of Day,
And driven faster and still faster
Before the dusky-mantled Master,
The light fades from her fearful eyes,
She hastens, stumbles, falls, and dies.

Beside me Amaryllis weeps;
The swelling tears obscure the deeps
Of her dark eyes, as, mistily,
The rushing rain conceals the sea.
Here, lay my tuneless reed away,—
I have no heart to tempt a lay.

e perfume of the rose
y my crystal fountain
s.
d time, are roses blow-

, my fountain, art thou
ng,

who watched thy waters
g
o sad to smile or sing?
me back my pipe again,
all breathe this single
:
rewell to Arcady!

VOICE OF THE BANJO

ll and lonely cabin out

"For I speak to you of summer
nights upon the yellow sand,
When the Southern moon was
sailing high and silvering all
the land;
And if love tales were not sacred,
there's a tale that I could
tell
Of your many nightly wanderings
with a dusk and lovely belle.

"And I speak to you of care-free
songs when labour's hour was
o'er,
And a woman waiting for your
step outside the cabin door,
And of something roly-poly that
you took upon your lap,
While you listened for the stum-
bling, hesitating words, 'Pap,
pap.'

Time may leave us poor and stranded, circumstance may make us bend;
But they 'll only find us mellower, won't they, comrade? — in the end."

THE STIRRUP CUP

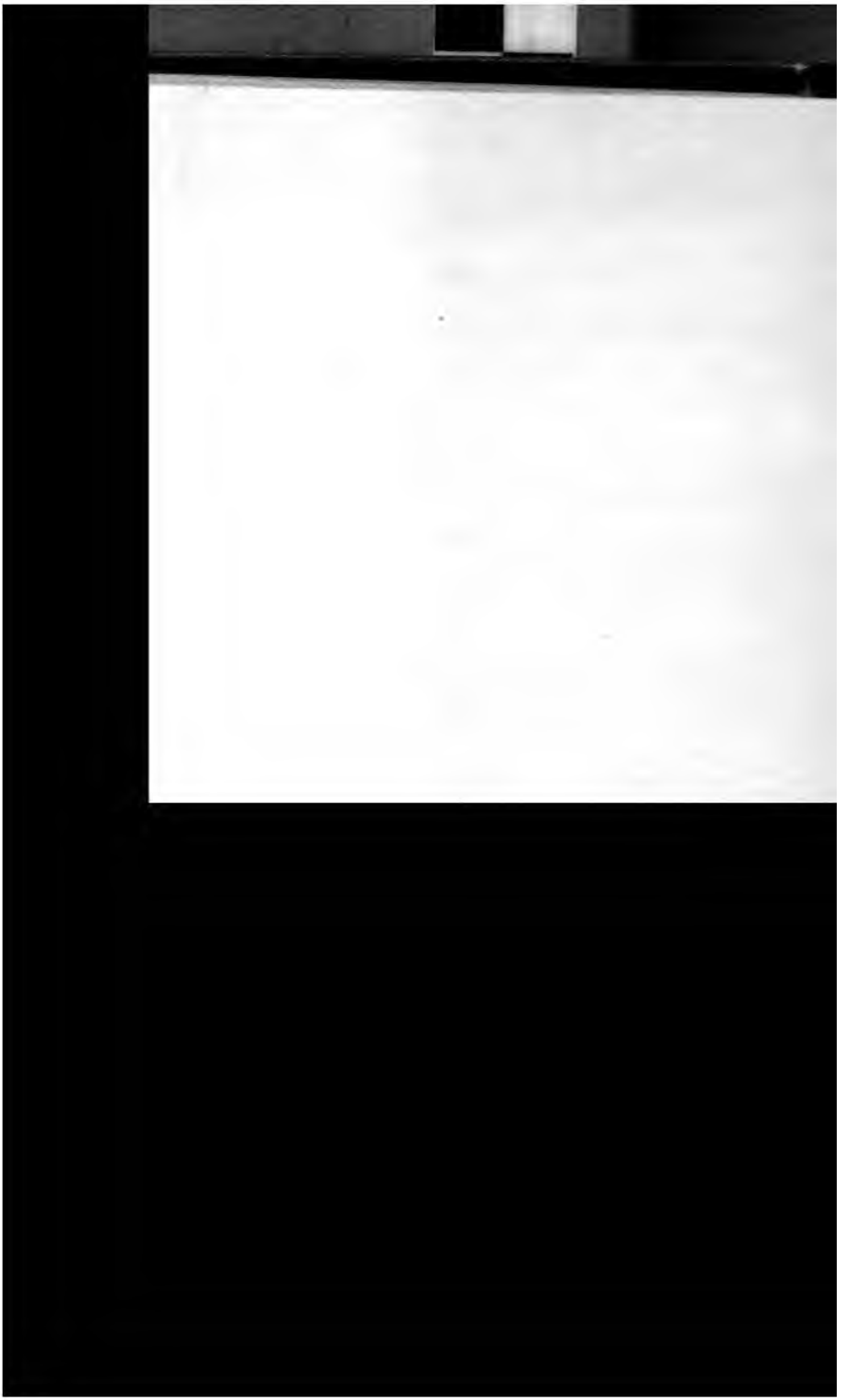
COME, drink a stirrup cup with me,
Before we close our rouse.
You 're all aglow with wine, I know:
The master of the house,
Unmindful of our revelry,
Has drowned the carking devil care,
And slumbers in his chair.

Come, drink a cup before we start;
We 've far to ride to-night.
And Death may take the race we make,
And check our gallant flight:
But even he must play his part,
And tho' the look he wears be grim,
We 'll drink a toast to him!

For Death,— a swift old chap is he,
And swift the steed He rides.
He needs no chart o'er main or mart,
For no direction bides.
So, come, a final cup with me,
And let the soldiers' chorus swell,—
To hell with care, to hell!

A CHOICE

THEY please me not — these solemn songs
That hint of sermons covered up.
'T is true the world should heed its wrongs,
But in a poem let me sup,
Not simples brewed to cure or ease
Humanity's confessed disease,
But the spirit-wine of a singing line,
Or a dew-drop in a honey cup!



HUMOUR AND DIALECT

THEN AND NOW

THEN

He loved her, and through many years,
Had paid his fair devoted court,
Until she wearied, and with sneers
Turned all his ardent love to sport.

That night within his chamber lone,
He long sat writing by his bed
A note in which his heart made moan
For love; the morning found him dead.

NOW

Like him, a man of later day
Was jilted by the maid he sought,
And from her presence turned away,
Consumed by burning, bitter thought.

He sought his room to write — a curse
Like him before and die, I ween.
Ah no, he put his woes in verse,
And sold them to a magazine.

AT CHESHIRE CHEESE

When first of wise old Johnson taught,
My youthful mind its homage brought,
And made the pond'rous crusty sage
The object of a noble rage.

Nor did I think (How dense we are!)
That any day, however far,
Would find me holding, unrepelled,
The place that Doctor Johnson held!

But change has come and time has moved,
And now, applauded, unreproved,
I hold, with pardonable pride,
The place that Johnson occupied.

Conceit! Presumption! What is this?
You surely read my words amiss;
Like Johnson I,— a man of mind!
How could you ever be so blind?

No. At the ancient "Cheshire Cheese,"
Blown hither by some vagrant breeze,
To dignify my shallow wit,
In Doctor Johnson's seat I sit!

MY CORN-COB PIPE

Men may sing of their Havanas, elevating to the stars
The real or fancied virtues of their foreign-made cigars;

orship Nicotina at a dif-
nt sort of shrine,
sits enthroned in glory in
corn-cob pipe of mine.

fragrant as the meadows
n the clover is in bloom;
ainty as the essence of the
tiest perfume;
weet as are the orchards
n the fruit is hanging ripe,
e sun's warm kiss upon
— is this corn-cob pipe.

e smoke about it clinging,
light its form to trace,
riental beauty with a veil
her face;
room is dim with vapour

I 'd rather fish than feast or fly
In airy realms serene and high.

I 'd take a suit not made for looks,
Some easily digested books,
Some flies, some lines, some bait, some hooks,
Then would I seek the bays and brooks.

I would eschew mine every task,
In Nature's smiles my soul should bask,
And I methinks no more could ask,
Except — perhaps — one little flask.

In case of accident, you know,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

THE DISTURBER

Oh, what shall I do? I am wholly upset;
I am sure I 'll be jailed for a lunatic yet.
I 'll be out of a job — it 's the thing to expect
When I 'm letting my duty go by with neglect.
You may judge the extent and degree of my plight
When I 'm thinking all day and a-dreaming all night,
And a-trying my hand at a rhyme on the sly,
All on account of a sparkling eye.

There are those who say men should be strong, well-a-day!
But what constitutes strength in a man? Who shall say?
I am strong as the most when it comes to the arm.
I have aye held my own on the playground or farm.
And when I 've been tempted, I have n't been weak;
But now — why, I tremble to hear a maid speak.
I used to be bold, but now I 've grown shy,
And all on account of a sparkling eye.

There once was a time when my heart was devout,
But now my religion is open to doubt.
When parson is earnestly preaching of grace,
My fancy is busy with drawing a face,
Thro' the back of a bonnet most piously plain;
'I draw it, redraw it, and draw it again.'
While the songs and the sermon unheeded go by,—
All on account of a sparkling eye.

Oh, dear little conjurer, give o'er your wiles,
It is easy for you, you 're all blushes and smiles:
But, love of my heart, I am sorely perplexed;
I am smiling one minute and sighing the next;
And if it goes on, I 'll drop hackle and flail,
And go to the parson and tell him my tale.
I warrant he 'll find me a cure for the sigh
That you 're aye bringing forth with the glance of your eye.

EXPECTATION

You 'll be wonderin' whut 's de reason
I 's a grinnin' all de time,
An' I guess you t'ink my sperits
Mus' be feelin' mighty prime.

'fess up, I is tickled
puppy at his paws.
need n't think I 's crazy,
laffin' 'dout a cause.

wonderin' too, I reckon,
I does n't seem to eat,
tice you a lookin'
ou felt completely beat
'fuse to tek de bacon,
n' settle on de ham.
feel no feah erbout me,
ep eatin', an' be ca'm.

vaitin' an' I 's watchin'
a little t'ing I see —
night I 's out a walkin'
passed a 'simmon tree.
whettin' up my hongry,
We jes' drap in onexpected
Fu' to shek yo' han', dat 's all.
Oh, I knows dat you 'll be tickled,
Seems lak I kin see you smile,
So pu'haps I mought pu'suade you
Fu' to visit us a while.

LOVER'S LANE

SUMMAH night an' sighin' breeze,
'Long de lovah's lane;
Frien'ly, shadder-mekin' trees,
'Long de lovah's lane.
White folks' wo'k all done up gran'—
Me an' 'Mandy han'-in-han'
Struttin' lak we owned de lan',
'Long de lovah's lane.

Whut I keer ef day is long,
  Down in lovah's lane.
I kin allus sing a song
  'Long de lovah's lane.
An' de wo'ds I hyeah an' say
Meks up fu' de weary day
W'en I 's strollin' by de way,
  Down in lovah's lane.

An' dis t'ought will allus rise
  Down in lovah's lane;
Wondah whethah in de skies
  Dey 's a lovah's lane.
Ef dey ain't, I tell you true,
'Ligion do look mighty blue,
'Cause I do' know whut I 'd do
  'Dout a lovah's lane.

PROTEST

Who say my hea't ain't true to you?
  Dey bettah heish dey mouf.
I knows I loves you thoo an' thoo
  In watah time er drouf.
I wush dese people 'd stop dey talkin',
Don't mean no mo' dan chicken's squawkin':
I guess I knows which way I 's walkin',
  I knows de norf f'om souf.

I does not love Elizy Brown,
  I guess I knows my min'.
You allus try to tek me down
  Wid evaht'ing you fin'.
Ef dese hyeah folks will keep on fillin'
Yo' haid wid nonsense, an' you 's willin'
I bet some day dey 'll be a killin'
  Somewhaih along de line.

O' cose I buys de gal ice-cream,
  Whut else I gwine to do?
I knows jes' how de t'ing 'u'd seem
  Ef I 'd be sho't wid you..
On Sunday, you 's at chu'ch a-shoutin',
Den all de week you go 'roun' poutin'—
I 's mighty tiahed o' all dis doubtin',
  I tell you cause I 's true.

HYMN

O li'l' lamb out in de col',
De Mastah call you to de fol',
  O li'l' lamb!
He hyeah you bleatin' on de hill;
Come hyeah an' keep yo' mou'nin' still,
  O li'l' lamb!

De Mastah sen' de Shepud fo'f;
He wandah souf, he wandah no'f,
  O li'l' lamb!
He wandah eas', he wandah wes';
De win' a-wrenchin' at his breas',
  O li'l' lamb!

de Shepud whaih you hide;
t you walkin' by his side,
O li'l' lamb!
y you weak, he know you

e, don' stay away no mo',
O li'l' lamb!

n while de lamb he hyeah
d's voice a-callin' cleah —
Sweet li'l' lamb!
ah f'om de brambles thick,
ud, I 's a-comin' quick "—
O li'l' lamb!

LE BROWN BABY

brown baby wif spa'klin'
yes,

Who is it all de day nevah once tries
Fu' to be cross, er once loses dat smile?
Whah did you git dem teef? My, you 's a scamp!
Whah did dat dimple come f'om in yo' chin?
Pappy do' know you — I b'lieves you 's a tramp;
Mammy, dis hyeah 's some ol' straggler got in!

Let 's th'ow him outen de do' in de san',
We do' want stragglers a-layin' 'roun' hyeah;
Let's gin him 'way to de big buggah-man;
I know he 's hidin' erroun'

Come to you' pallet now — go to
yo' res';
Wisht you could allus know
ease an' cleah skies;
Wisht you could stay jes' a chile
on my breas'—
Little brown baby wif spa'klin'
eyes!

TIME TO TINKER 'ROUN'!

SUMMAH 's nice, wif sun a-shinin',
Spring is good wif greens and
grass,
An' dey 's some t'ings nice 'bout
wintah,
Dough hit brings de freezin'
blas;
But de time dat is de fines',
Whethah fiel's is green er brown,
Is w'en de rain 's a-po'in'
An' dey 's time to tinker 'roun.

Den you men's de mule's ol' ha'ness,
An' you men's de broken chair.
Hummin' all de time you 's wo'kin'
Some ol' common kind o' air.
Evah now an' then you looks out,
Tryin' mighty ha'd to frown,
But you cain't, you 's glad hit 's
rainin',
An' dey 's time to tinker 'roun'.

Oh, you 'ten's lak you so anxious
Evah time it so't o' stops.
W'en hit goes on, den you reckon
Dat de wet 'll he'p de crops.
But hit ain't de crops you 's aftah;
You knows w'en de rain comes
down
Dat 's hit 's too wet out fu'
wo'kin',
An' dey 's time to tinker roun'.

Oh, dey 's fun inside de co'n-crib,
An' dey 's laffin' at de ba'n;
An' dey 's allus some one jokin',
Er some one to tell a ya'n.
Dah 's a quiet in yo' cabin,
Only fu' de rain's sof' soun';
So you 's mighty blessed happy
W'en dey 's time to tinker
'roun'!

THE REAL QUESTION

FOLKS is talkin' 'bout de money,
'bout de silvah an' de gold;
All de time de season 's changin'
an' de days is gittin' cold.
An' dey 's wond'rin' 'bout de
metals, whethah we'll have
one er two.
While de price o' coal is risin' an'
dey 's two months' rent
dat 's due.

Some folks says dat gold 's de only
money dat is wuff de name,
Den de othahs rise an' tell 'em
dat dey ought to be ashame,

silvah is de only thing to
ave us f'om de powah
old-bug ragin' 'roun' an'
ekin' who he may de-
owah.

ou folks kin keep on
outin' wif yo' gold er
lvah cry,
ell you people hams is
eerce an' fowls is roostin'
gh.
in't de so't o' money dat
pesterin' my min',
uestion I want answehed 's
w to get at any kin'!

JILTED

Somep'n's wrong erbout my lung,
An' I 's glad hit 's so.
Doctah says 'at I 'll die young,
Well, I wants to go!
Whut 's de use o' livin' hyeah,
W'en de gal you loves so deah,
Goes back on you clean an' cleah —
I sh'd like to know?

THE NEWS

WHUT dat you whisperin' keepin'
f'om me?
Don't shut me out 'cause I 's ol'
an' can't see.
Somep'n's gone wrong dat 's
a-causin' you dread,—
Don't be afeared to tell — Whut!
mastah dead?

Mastah, my mastah, dead dah in de fiel'?
Lif' me up some,— dah, jes' so I kin kneel.
I was too weak to go wid him, dey said,
Well, now I 'll — fin' him — so — mastah is dead.

Yes, suh, I 's comin' ez fas' ez I kin,—
'T was kin' o' da'k, but hit 's lightah agin:
P'omised yo' pappy I 'd allus tek keer
Of you,— yes, mastah,— I 's follerin',— hyeah!

CHRISMUS ON THE PLANTATION

It was Chrismus Eve, I mind hit fu' a mighty gloomy day —
Bofe de weathah an' de people — not a one of us was gay;
Cose you 'll t'ink dat 's mighty funny 'twell I try to mek hit cleah,
Fu' a da'ky 's allus happy when de holidays is neah.

But we was n't, fu' dat mo'nin' Mastah 'd tol' us we mus' go,
He 'd been payin' us sence freedom, but he could n't pay no mo';
He wa'n't nevah used to plannin' 'fo' he got so po' an' ol',
So he gwine to give up tryin', an' de homestead mus' be sol'.

I kin see him stan'in' now erpon de step ez cleah ez day,
Wid de win' a-kind o' fondlin' thoo his haih all thin an' gray;
An' I 'membah how he trimbled when he said, " It 's ha'd fu' me,
Not to mek yo' Chrismus brightah, but I 'low it wa'n't to be."

All de women was a-cryin', an' de men, too, on de sly,
An' I noticed somep'n shinin' even in ol' Mastah's eye.
But we all stood still to listen ez ol' Ben come f'om de crowd
An' spoke up, a-try'n' to steady down his voice and mek it loud: —

" Look hyeah, Mastah, I 's been servin' you' fu' lo! dese many yeahs,
An' now, sence we 's got freedom an' you 's kind o' po', hit 'pears
Dat you want us all to leave you 'cause you don't t'ink you can pay.
Ef my membry has n't fooled me, seem dat whut I hyead you say.

hah wo'ds, you wants us
'git dat you 's been kin',
n ez you is he'pless, we 's
ve you hyeah behin'.
lat 's de way dis freedom
n people, white er black,
jes' tell Mistah Lincum
tek his freedom back.

ne wo'k dis ol' planta-
u' whatevah we kin git,
w hit did suppo't us, an'
ce kin do it yit.
and is yo's, de hands is
, an' I reckon we 'll be

bah ez much ez you do
we has to scrape an'

ah stood dah trimblin',

ANGELINA

When de fiddle gits to singin' out
a ol' Vahginny reel,
An' you 'mence to feel a ticklin' in
yo' toe an' in yo' heel;
Ef you t'ink you got 'uligion an'
you wants to keep it, too,
You jes' bettah tek a hint an' git
yo'self clean out o' view.
Case de time is mighty temptin'
when de chune is in de
swing,
Fu' a darky, saint or sinner man,
to cut de pigeon-wing.
An' you could n't he'p f'om danc-
in' ef yo' feet was boun' wif
twine,
When Angelina Johnson comes
a-swingin' down de line.

Some folks say dat dancin 's sinful, an' de blessed Lawd, dey say,
Gwine to punish us fu' steppin' w'en we hyeah de music play.
But I tell you I don' b'lieve it, fu' de Lawd is wise and good,
An' he made de banjo's metal an' he made de fiddle's wood,
An' he made de music in dem, so I don' quite t'ink he 'll keer
Ef our feet keeps time a little to de melodies we hyeah.
W'y, dey 's somep'n' downright holy in de way our faces shine,
When Angelina Johnson comes a-swingin' down de line.

Angelina steps so gentle, Angelina bows so low,
An' she lif' huh sku't so dainty dat huh shoetop skacely show:
An' dem teef o' huh'n a-shinin', ez she tek you by de han'—
Go 'way, people, d' ain't anothah sich a lady in de lan'!
When she 's movin' thoo de figgers er a-dancin' by huhse'f,
Folks jes' stan' stock-still a-sta'-in', an' dey mos' nigh hol's dey bref;
An' de young mens, dey 's a-sayin', "I 's gwine mek dat damsel mine,"
When Angelina Johnson comes a-swingin' down de line.

FOOLIN' WID DE SEASONS

Seems lak folks is mighty curus
In de way dey t'inks an' ac's.
Dey jes' spen's dey days a-mixin'
Up de t'ings in almanacs.
Now, I min' my nex' do' neighbour,—
He 's a mighty likely man,
But he nevah t'inks o' nuffin
'Ceptin' jes' to plot an' plan.

All de wintah he was plannin'
How he 'd gethah sassafras
Jes' ez soon ez evah Springtime
Put some greenness in de grass.
An' he 'lowed a little soonah
He could stan' a coolah breeze
So 's to mek a little money
F'om de sugah-watah trees.

In de summah, he 'd be waihin'
Out de linin' of his soul,
Try 'n' ca'ci'late an' fashion
How he 'd git his wintah coal;
An' I b'lieve he got his jedgement
Jes' so tuckahed out an' thinned
Dat he t'ought a robin's whistle
Was de whistle of de wind.

Why won't folks gin up dey plannin',
An' jes' be content to know
Dat dey 's gittin' all dat 's fu' dem
In de days dat come an' go?
Why won't folks quit movin' forrard?
Ain't hit bettah jes' to stan'

sfied wid livin'
ason dat 's at han'?

gh fu' me to listen
birds is singin' 'roun',
essin' whut 'll happen
snow is on de groun'.
ngtime an' de summah,
rrer on de she'f;
s ol' Mistah Wintah
hustle fu' hisse'f.

ut hyeah fu' a pu'pose,
uestun dat has riz
ots o' people diffah
hut dat pu'pose is.
rdin' to my reas'nin',
de p'int whaih I 's
v,
awd put life into us,

Who want to be so awful nice
They overdo the thing.
That 's jest the thing that makes me sick,
An' quicker 'n a wink
I set it down that them same folks
Ain't half so good 's you think.

I like to see a man dress nice,
In clothes becomin' too;
I like to see a woman fix
As women orter to do;
An' boys an' gals I like to see
Look fresh an' young an' spry,—
We all must have our vanity
An' pride before we die.

For he who has not labored here
Life's greatest pride has missed:

The pride to feel that yore own strength
Has cleaved fur you the way
To heights to which you were not born,
But struggled day by day.
What though the thousands sneer an' scoff,
An' scorn yore humble birth?
Kings are but puppets; you are king
By right o' royal worth.

The man who simply sits an' waits
Fur good to come along,
Ain't worth the breath that one would take
To tell him he is wrong.
Fur good ain't flowin' round this world
Fur every fool to sup;
You 've got to put yore see-ers on,
An' go an' hunt it up.

Good goes with honesty, I say,
To honour an' to bless;
To rich an' poor alike it brings
A wealth o' happiness.
The 'ristercrats ain't got it all,
Fur much to their su'prise,
That 's one of earth's most blessed things
They can't monopolize.

POSSUM

Ef dey 's anyt'ing dat riles me
An' jes' gits me out o' hitch,
Twell I want to tek my coat off,
So 's to r'ar an' t'ar an' pitch,
Hit 's to see some ign'ant white man
'Mittin' dat owdacious sin —
W'en he want to cook a possum
Tekin' off de possum's skin.

W'y dey ain't no use in talkin',
Hit jes' hu'ts me to de hea't
Fu' to see dem foolish people
Th'owin' 'way de fines' pa't.
W'y, dat skin is jes' ez tendah
An' ez juicy ez kin be;
I knows all erbout de critter —
Hide an' hain — don't talk to me!

Possum skin is jes lak shoat skin;
Jes' you swinge an' scrope it down,
Tek a good sha'p knife an' sco' it,
Den you bake it good an' brown.
Huh-uh! honey, you 's so happy
Dat yo' thoughts is 'mos' a sin
When you 's settin' dah a-chawin'
On dat possum's cracklin' skin.

White folks t'ink dey know 'bout eatin',
An' I reckon dat dey do
Sometimes git a little idee
Of a middlin' dish er two;

n't a t'ing dey knows of
eckon cain't be beat
et down at de table
skun possum's meat!

N THE ROAD

o see my gal to-night —
de way, my dearie!
ain't out, de stars ain't
ht —
de way, my dearie!
' mine is pow'ful slow,
I does git to yo' do'
pay me back, an' mo',
one de way, my dearie.

s skeery-lak an' still —
I whistles so 's I won't be feared —
Oh lone de way, my dearie!
But anyhow I 's kin' o' skeered,
Fu' lone de way, my dearie.
De sky been lookin' mighty glum,
But you kin mek hit lighten some,
Ef you 'll jes' say you 's glad I come,
Dough lone de way, my dearie.

A DEATH SONG

LAY me down beneaf de willers in de grass,
Whah de branch 'll go a-singin' as it pass.
An' w'en I 's a-layin' low,
I kin hyeah it as it go
Singin', " Sleep, my honey, tek yo'

A BACK-LOG SONG

De axes has been ringin' in de
woods de blessid day,
An' de chips has been a-fallin'
fa' an' thick;
Dey has cut de bigges' hick'ry dat
de mules kin tote away,
An' dey 's laid hit down and
soaked it in de crik.
Den dey tuk hit to de big house an'
dey piled de wood erroun'
In de fiah-place f'om ash-flo' to
de flue,
While ol' Ezry sta'ts de hymn dat
evah yeah has got to soun'
When de back-log fus' com-
mence a-bu'nin' thoo.

Ol' Mastah is a-smilin' on de
da'kies f'om de hall,
Ol' Mistus is a-stannin' in de do',
An' de young folks, males an'
misses, is a-tryin', one an'
all,
Fu' to mek us feel hit 's Chris-
mus time fu' sho'.
An' ouah hea'ts are full of pleasure,
fu' we know de time is
ouahs
Fu' to dance er do jes' whut we
wants to do.
An' dey ain't no ovahseer an' no
othah kind o' powahs
Dat kin stop us while dat log
is bu'nin thoo.

Dey 's a-wokin' in de qua'tahs a-
preparin' fu' de feas',
So de little pigs is feelin' kind o'
shy.
De chickens ain't so trus'ful ez
dey was, to say de leas',
An' de wise ol' hens is roostin'
mighty high.
You could n't git a gobblah fu' to
look you in de face —
I ain't sayin' whut de tu'ky
'spects is true;
But hit 's mighty dange'ous trav'-
lin' fu' de critters on de
place
F'om de time dat log commence a
bu'nin' thoo.

Some one 's tunin' up his fiddle
dah, I hyeah a banjo's ring,
An', bless me, dat 's de tootin' of
a ho'n!
Now dey 'll evah one be runnin'
dat has got a foot to fling,
An' dey 'll dance an' frolic on
f'om now 'twell mo'n.
Plunk de banjo, scrap de fiddle,
blow dat ho'n yo' level bes',
Keep yo' min' erpon de chune
an' step it true.
Oh, dey ain't no time fu' stoppin'
an' dey ain't no time fu'
res',
Fu' hit 's Chrismus an' de back-
log 's bu'nin' thoo!

LULLABY

's come fu' little boys.
o' little lamb.
ed out to make a noise,
o' little lamb.
ne t' have to-morrer sho'?
tole me dat befo',
u fool me, chile, no mo',
o' little lamb.

bad de livelong day,
o' little lamb.
stones an' runnin' 'way,
o' little lamb.
you 's a-runnin' wil',
lak some po' folks chile;
ine whup you atter while,
o' little lamb.

Lay yo' haid down in my lap,
Po' little lamb.
Y' ought to have a right good slap,
Po' little lamb.
You been runnin' roun' a heap.
Shet dem eyes an' don't you peep,
Dah now, dah now, go to sleep,
Po' little lamb.

THE PHOTOGRAPH

See dis pictyah in my han'?
Dat 's my gal;
Ain't she purty? goodness lan'!
Huh name Sal.
Dat 's de very way she be —
Kin' o' tickles me to see
Huh a-smilin' back at me.

An' ez sho' 's my face is black,
  Ax huh pa
Fu' de blessed little miss
Who 's a-smilin' out o dis
Pictyah, lak she wan'ed a kiss!

JEALOUS

Hyeah come Cæsar Higgins,
Don't he think he 's fine?
Look at dem new riggin's
Ain't he tryin' to shine?
Got a standin' collar
An' a stove-pipe hat,
I 'll jes' bet a dollar
Some one gin him dat.

Don't one o' you mention,
Nothin' 'bout his cloes,
Don't pay no attention,
Er let on you knows
Dat he 's got 'em on him,
Why, 't 'll mek him sick,
Jes go on an' sco'n him,
My, ain't dis a trick!

Look hyeah, whut 's he doin'
Lookin' t' othah way?
Dat ere move 's a new one,
Some one call him, " Say! "
Can't you see no pusson —
Puttin' on you' airs,
Sakes alive, you 's wuss'n
Dese hyeah millionaires.

Need n't git so flighty,
Case you got dat suit.
Dem cloes ain't so mighty,—
Second hand to boot,
I 's a-tryin' to spite you!
Full of jealousy!
Look hyeah, man, I 'll fight
  you,
Don't you fool wid me!

PARTED

De breeze is blowin' 'cross de bay.
  My lady, my lady;
De ship hit teks me far away,
  My lady, my lady;
Ole Mas' done sol' me down de
  stream;
Dey tell me 't ain't so bad 's hit
  seem,
  My lady, my lady.

O' co'se I knows dat you 'll be
  true,
  My lady, my lady;
But den I do' know whut to do,
  My lady, my lady;
I knowed some day we 'd have to
  pa't,
But den hit put' nigh breaks my
  hea't,
  My lady, my lady.

De day is long, de night is black,
  My lady, my lady;
I know you 'll wait twell I come
  back,
  My lady, my lady;
I 'll stan' de ship, I 'll stan' de
  chain,

come back, my darlin' Jane,
lady, my lady.

, jes' b'lieve in whut I say,
lady, my lady;
nothin' dat kin keep me 'way,
lady, my lady;
a man, an' love is love;
ws ouah hea'ts, my little dove;
e'p us f'om his th'one above,
lady, my lady.

TEMPTATION

Talk erbout a man backslidin' w'en he 's on de gospel way;
No, suh, I done beat de debbil, an' Temptation 's los' de day.
Gwine to keep my eyes right straight up, gwine to shet my eahs, an' see
Whut ole projick Mistah Satan 's gwine to try to wuk on me.

Listen, whut dat soun' I hyeah dah? 'tain't no one commence to sing;
It 's a fiddle; git erway dah! don' you hyeah dat blessid thing?
W'y, dat 's sweet ez drippin' honey, 'cause, you knows, I draws de bow,

Cleah out wif dat dah ole fiddle,
don' you try dat trick agin;
Did n't think I could be tempted,
but you lak to made me sin!

POSSUM TROT

I 'VE journeyed 'roun' consid'able,
a-seein' men an' things,
An' I 've learned a little of the
sense that meetin' people
brings;
But in spite of all my travellin',
an' of all I think I know,
I 've got one notion in my head,
that I can't git to go;
An' it is that the folks I meet in
any other spot
Ain't half so good as them I
knowed back home in Possum
Trot.

I know you 've never heerd the
name, it ain't a famous
place,
An' I reckon ef you 'd search the
map you could n't find a trace
Of any sich locality as this I 've
named to you;
But never mind, I know the place,
an' I love it dearly too.
It don't make no pretensions to
bein' great or fine,
The circuses don't come that way,
they ain't no railroad line.
It ain't no great big city, where
the schemers plan an' plot,
But jest a little settlement, this
place called Possum Trot.

But don't you think the folks that
lived in that outlandish place
Were ignorant of all the things
that go for sense or grace.
Why, there was Hannah Dyer, you
may search this teemin' earth
An' never find a sweeter girl, er
one o' greater worth;
An' Uncle Abner Williams, a-
leanin' on his staff,
It seems like I kin hear him talk,
an' hear his hearty laugh.
His heart was big an' cheery as a
sunny acre lot,
Why, that 's the kind o' folks we
had down there at Possum
Trot.

Good times? Well, now, to suit
my taste,— an' I 'm some hard
to suit,—
There ain't been no sich pleasure
sence, an' won't be none to
boot,
With huskin' bees in Harvest time,
an' dances later on,
An' singin' school, an taffy pulls,
an' fun from night till
dawn.
Revivals come in winter time, bap-
tizin's in the spring,
You 'd ought to seen those people
shout, an' heerd 'em pray an'
sing;

ought to 've heard ole Par-
Brown a-throwin' gospel
t
the saints an' sinners in
days of Possum Trot.

up in the city now, my
e was bound to come;
aroun' me day by day the
less stir an' hum.
that it done me good, an'
it done me harm,
l was found so plentiful
vn there on my ole farm.
got a new-styled preacher,
church is new-styled too,
e come down from what I
wed to rent a cushioned
v.

That holds the dust of some I
loved, down there at Possum
Trot.

DELY

Jes' lak toddy wahms you thoo'
Sets yo' haid a reelin',
Meks you ovah good and new,
Dat 's de way I 's feelin'.
Seems to me hit's summah time,
Dough hit 's wintah reely,
I 's a feelin' jes' dat prime —
An' huh name is Dely.

Dis hyeah love 's a cu'rus thing,
Changes 'roun' de season,
Meks you sad or meks you sing,

But I 'd let you have 'em all,
  Give 'em to you freely,
Good an' bad ones, great an' small,
  So 's you leave me Dely.

Dely got dem meltin' eyes,
  Big an' black an' tendah.
Dely jes' a lady-size,
  Delikit an' slendah.
Dely brown ez brown kin be
  An' huh haih is curly;
Oh, she look so sweet to me,—
  Bless de precious girlie!

Dely brown ez brown kin be,
  She ain' no mullatter;
She pure cullud,— don' you see
  Dat 's jes' whut 's de mattah?
Dat 's de why I love huh so,
  D' ain't no mix about huh,
Soon 's you see huh face you know
  D' ain't no chanst to doubt huh.

Folks dey go to chu'ch an' pray
  So 's to git a blessin'.
Oomph, dey bettah come my way,
  Dey could lu'n a lesson.
Sabbaf day I don' go fu',
  Jes' to see my pigeon;
I jes' sets an' looks at huh,
  Dat 's enuff 'uligion.

BREAKING THE CHARM

CAUGHT Susanner whistlin'; well,
It 's most nigh too good to tell.
'Twould 'a' b'en too good to see
Ef it had n't b'en fur me,
Comin' up so soft an' sly
That she didn' hear me nigh.
I was pokin' 'round that day,
An' ez I come down the way,
First her whistle strikes my ears,—
Then her gingham dress appears;
So with soft step up I slips.
Oh, them dewy, rosy lips!
Ripe ez cherries, red an' round,
Puckered up to make the sound.
She was lookin' in the spring,
Whistlin' to beat anything,—
"Kitty Dale" er "In the Sweet."
I was jest so mortal beat
That I can't quite ricoleck
What the toon was, but I 'speck
'T was some hymn er other, fur
Hymny things is jest like her.
Well she went on fur awhile
With her face all in a smile,
An' I never moved, but stood
Stiller 'n a piece o' wood —
Would n't wink ner would n't stir,
But a-gazin' right at her,
Tell she turns an' sees me — my!
Thought at first she 'd try to fly.
But she blushed an' stood her ground.
Then, a-slyly lookin' round,
She says: "Did you hear me, Ben?"
"Whistlin' woman, crowin' hen,"
Says I, lookin' awful stern.
Then the red commenced to burn
In them cheeks o' hern. Why, la!
Reddest red you ever saw —
Pineys wa'n't a circumstance.

noticed in a glance
pow'rful shamed an'
;
ooked so sweet an' peart,
e struck my head;
' slowly said:
whistlin' brings shore
ing 'll break the charm."
what 's that?" "Oh,
says I,
like to tell you."
y?"
nner. "Well, you see
kinder fall on me."
knowed that she 'd in-
"You must be kissed
n that heard you whistle;
says that this 'll

I most break my neck to see
Ef it 's Susy; but, dear me,
I jest find I 've b'en to chase
Some blamed boy about the place.
Dad 's b'en noticin' my way,
An' last night I heerd him say:
"We must send fur Dr. Glenn,
Mother; somethin 's wrong with
Ben!"

HUNTING SONG

TEK a cool night, good an' cleah,
Skiff o' snow upon de groun';
Jes' 'bout fall-time o' de yeah
W'en de leaves is dry an brown;
Tek a dog an' tek a axe,

Blow it twell de hills an' trees
Sen's de echoes tumblin' back;
Blow it twell de back'ard breeze
Tells de folks we 's on de track.
Coons is a-ramblin' an' 'possums is out;
Look at dat dog; you could set on his tail!
Watch him now — steady,— min' — what you 's about,
Bless me, dat animal 's got on de trail!

Listen to him ba'kin now!
Dat means bus'ness, sho 's you bo'n;
Ef he 's struck de scent I 'low
Dat ere 'possum 's sholy gone.
Knowed dat dog fu' fo'teen yeahs,
An' I nevah seed him fail
W'en he sot dem flappin' eahs
An' went off upon a trail.
Run, Mistah 'Possum, an' run, Mistah Coon,
No place is safe fu' yo' ramblin' to-night;
Mas' gin' de lantu'n an' God gin de moon,
An' a long hunt gins a good appetite.

Look hyeah, folks, you hyeah dat change?
Dat ba'k is sha'per dan de res'.
Dat ere soun' ain't nothin' strange,—
Dat dog 's talked his level bes'.
Somep'n' 's treed, I know de soun'.
Dah now,— wha 'd I tell you? see!
Dat ere dog done run him down;
Come hyeah, he'p cut down dis tree.
Ah, Mistah 'Possum, we got you at las'—
Need n't play daid, laying dah on de groun';
Fros' an' de 'simmons has made you grow fas',—
Won't he be fine when he 's roasted up brown!

A LETTER

Dear Miss Lucy: I been t'inkin' dat I 'd write you long fo' dis,
But dis writin' 's mighty tejous, an' you know jes' how it is.
But I 's got a little lesure, so I teks my pen in han'
Fu' to let you know my feelin's since I retched dis furrin' lan'.
I 's right well, I 's glad to tell you (dough dis climate ain't to blame),
An' I hopes w'en dese lines reach you, dat dey 'll fin' yo' se'f de same.
Cose I 'se feelin kin' o' homesick — dat 's ez nachul ez kin be.

eller 's mo'n th'ee thou-
miles across dat awful

ou let nobidy fool you
de ocean bein' gran';
nt to see de billers, you
iew dem f'om de lan'.)
eople? We been t'inkin'
ll white folks was alak;
Englishmen is diffunt,
ey 's curus fu' a fac'.
's heavier an' redder in
nake-up an' dey looks,
on't put salt nor pepper
blessed t'ing dey cooks!
gin you good ol' tu'nips,
pa'snips, beets, an'

't some one to tell you,
ain't 'stinguish which is

But I has n't seen no banjos layin'
nowhahs roun' dis way.
Jes' gin ol' Jim Bowles a banjo,
an' he 'd not go very fu',
'Fo' he 'd outplayed all dese fid-
dlers, wif dey flourish and
dey stir.
Evahbiddy dat I 's met wif has
been monst'ous kin an' good;
But I t'ink I 'd lak it better to be
down in Jones's wood,
Where we ust to have sich frolics,
Lucy, you an' me an' Nelse,
Dough my appetite 'ud call me, ef
dey was n't nuffin else.
I 'd jes' lak to have some sweet-
pertaters roasted in de skin;
I 's a-longin' fu' my chittlin's an'
my mustard greens ergin;
I 's a-wishin' fu' some buttermilk

P. S. Ef you cain't mek out dis
letter, lay it by erpon de she'f,
An' when I git home, I 'll read
it, darlin', to you my own se'f.

CHRISMUS IS A-COMIN'

Bones a-gittin' achy,
Back a-feelin' col',
Han's a-growin' shaky,
Jes' lak I was ol'.
Fros' erpon de meddah
Lookin' mighty white;
Snowdraps lak a feddah
Slippin' down at night.
Jes' keep t'ings a-hummin'
Spite o' fros' an' showahs,
Chrismus is a-comin'
An' all de week is ouahs.

Little mas' a-axin',
"Who is Santy Claus?"
Meks it kin' o' taxin'
Not to brek de laws.
Chillun 's pow'ful tryin'
To a pusson's grace
W'en dey go a pryin'
Right on th'oo you' face
Down ermong yo' feelin's;
Jes' 'pears lak dat you
Got to change you' dealin's
So 's to tell 'em true.

An' my pickaninny —
Dreamin' in his sleep!
Come hyeah, Mammy Jinny,
Come an' tek a peep.
Ol' Mas' Bob an' Missis
In dey house up daih
Got no chile lak dis is,
D' ain't none anywhaih.
Sleep, my little lammy,
Sleep, you little limb,
He do' know whut mammy
Done saved up fu' him.

Dey 'll be banjo pickin',
Dancin' all night thoo.
Dey 'll be lots o' chicken,
Plenty tukky, too.
Drams to wet yo' whistles
So 's to drive out chills.
Whut I keer fu' drizzles
Fallin' on de hills?
Jes' keep t'ings a-hummin'
Spite o' col' an' showahs,
Chrismus day 's a-comin',
An' all de week is ouahs.

A CABIN TALE

THE YOUNG MASTER ASKS FOR A STORY

Whut you say, dah? huh, uh! chile,
You 's enough to dribe me wile.
Want a sto'y; jes' hyeah dat!
Whah' 'll I git a sto'y at?
Di'n' I tell you th'ee las' night?
Go 'way, honey, you ain't right.
I got somep'n' else to do,
'Cides jes' tellin' tales to you.
Tell you jes' one? Lem me see
Whut dat one 's a-gwine to be.

u 's ole, yo membry fails;
k I do' know no tales.
down dah in dat cheer,
l ef you wants to hyeah.
chin up off yo' han's,
ce now. Goodness lan's!
e'f up lak yo' pa.
ly evah saw
nched down lak you was

—

e boys meks high-tone

ey was a ole black bah,
live 'roun' hyeah some-
n
. He was so big
l ca'y off a pig
picks a chicken up,
etles' bit o' pup.

And dey could n't ketch de scamp.
Anywhah he wan'ed to tramp.
Dah de scoun'el 'd mek his track,
Do his du't an' come on back.
He was sich a sly ole limb,
Traps was jes' lak fun to him.

Now, down neah whah Mistah Bah
Lived, dey was a weasel dah;
But dey was n't fren's a-tall
Case de weasel was so small.
An' de bah 'u'd, jes' fu' sass,
Tu'n his nose up w'en he 'd pass.
Weasels 's small o' cose, but my!
Dem air animiles is sly.
So dis hyeah one says, says he,
"I 'll jes' fix dat bah, you see."
So he fixes up his plan
An' hunts up de fa'merman.

Den he ups an' goes to see
Mistah Bah, an' says, says he:
"Well, fren' Bah, we *ain't* been
fren's,
But ternight ha'd feelin' 'en's.
Ef you ain't too proud to steal,
We kin git a splendid meal.
Cose I would n't come to you,
But it mus' be done by two;
Hit 's a trap, but we kin beat
All dey tricks an' git de meat."
"Cose I 's wif you," says de bah,
"Come on, weasel, show me
whah."
Well, dey trots erlong ontwell
Dat air meat beginned to smell
In de trap. Den weasel say:
"Now you put yo' paw dis way
While I hol' de spring back so,
Den you grab de meat an' go."
Well, de bah he had to grin
Ez he put his big paw in,
Den he juked up, but — kerbing!
Weasel done let go de spring.
"Dah now," says de weasel, "dah,
I done cotched you, Mistah Bah!"
O, dat bah did sno't and spout,
Try'n' his bestes' to git out,
But de weasel say, "Goo'-bye!
Weasel small, but weasel sly."
Den he tu'ned his back an' run
Tol' de fa'mer whut he done.
So de fa'mer come down dah,
Wif a axe and killed de bah.

Dah now, ain't dat sto'y fine?
Run erlong now, nevah min'.
Want some mo', you rascal, you?
No, suh! no, suh! dat 'll do.

AT CANDLE-LIGHTIN' TIME

WHEN I come in f'om de co'n-fiel'
aftah wo'kin' ha'd all day,
It 's amazin' nice to fin' my sup-
pah all erpon de way;
An' it 's nice to smell de coffee
bubblin' ovah in de pot,
An' it 's fine to see de meat a-
sizzlin' teasin'-lak an' hot.

But when suppah-time is ovah, an'
de t'ings is cleahed away;
Den de happy hours dat foller are
de sweetes' of de day.
When my co'ncob pipe is sta'ted,
an' de smoke is drawin'
prime,
My ole 'ooman says, "I reckon,
Ike, it 's candle-lightin' time."

Den de chillun snuggle up to me,
an' all commence to call,
"Oh, say, daddy, now it 's time
to mek de shadders on de
wall."
So I puts my han's togethah —
evah daddy knows de way,—
An' de chillun snuggle closer roun'
ez I begin to say: —

"Fus' thing, hyeah come Mistah
Rabbit; don' you see him wo'k
his eahs?

dis mus' be a donkey,—
how innercent he 'pears!
ole black swan a-swim-
- ain't she got a' awful

feller dat 's a-comin'?
dat 's ole dog Tray, I
"

way I run on, tryin' fu'
ase 'em all I can;
lahs, "Now be keerful
hyeah las' 's de buga-
"
ns an' hides dey faces;
n't skeered — dey 's let-
n:
y ain't raaly ovah twell
ga-man is gone.

But of all de whistlin' da'kies dat
have lived an' died since Ham,
De whistlin'est I evah seed was
ol' Ike Bates's Sam.
In de kitchen er de stable, in de
fiel' er mowin' hay,
You could hyeah dat boy a-whis-
tlin' pu'ty nigh a mile er-
way,—
Puck'rin' up his ugly features
'twell you could n't see his
eyes,
Den you 'd hyeah a soun' lak dis
un f'om dat awful puckah
rise:

At de call fu' colo'ed soldiers,
Sam enlisted 'mong de res'
Wid de blue o' Gawd's great ahmy
wropped about his swellin'
breas',
An' he laffed an' whistled loudah
in his youfful joy an' glee
Dat de govament would let him
he'p to mek his people free.
Daih was lots o' ties to bin' him,
pappy, mammy, an' his
Dinah,—
Dinah, min' you, was his sweet-
hea't, an' dey was n't nary
finah;
But he lef' 'em all, I tell you, lak
a king he ma'ched away,
Try'n' his level bes' to whistle,
happy, solemn, choky, gay:

To de front he went an' bravely
fought de foe an' kep' his
sperrit,
An' his comerds said his whistle
made 'em strong when dey
could hyeah it.
When a saber er a bullet cut some
frien' o' his'n down,
An' de time 'u'd come to trench
him an' de boys 'u'd gethah
'roun',
An' dey could n't sta't a hymn-
tune, mebbe none o' dem
'u'd keer,
Sam 'u'd whistle "Sleep in Jesus,"
an' he knowed de Mastah 'd
hyeah.
In de camp, all sad discouraged,
he would cheer de hea'ts of
all,
When above de soun' of labour
dey could hyeah his whistle
call:

When de cruel wah was ovah an'
de boys come ma'chin' back,
Dey was shouts an' cries an'
blessin's all erlong dey happy
track,
An' de da'kies all was happy; souls
an' bodies bofe was freed.
Why, hit seemed lak de Redeemah
mus' 'a' been on earf indeed.
Dey was gethahed all one evenin'
jes' befo' de cabin do',
When dey hyeahd somebody
whistlin' kin' o' sof' an' sweet
an' low.
Dey could n't see de whistlah, but
de hymn was cleah and
ca'm,
An' dey all stood daih a-listenin'
ontwell Dinah shouted,
"Sam!"

eed a little da'ky way off
ah thoo de trees
ice all in a puckah mekin'
ich soun's ez dese:

LUCY BACKSLID

is mighty stirrin' 'mong
ople up ouah way,
in' an' dey argyin' an'
' night an' day;
s monst'ous trouble dat
eks me tiahed to tell
at Lucy Jackson dat was
mighty belle.

Cose you know w'en women argy,
dey is mighty easy led
By dey hea'ts an' don't go foolin'
'bout de reasons of de haid.
So huh mammy laid de law down
(she ain' reckernizin' wrong),
But you got to mek erlowance fu'
de cause dat go along.

Now de cause dat made Miss Lucy
fu' to th'ow huh grace away
I 's afeard won't baih no 'spection
w'en hit come to jedgement
day;
Do' de same t'ing been a-wo'kin'
evah sence de worl' began,—
De ooman disobeyin' fu' to 'tice
along a man.

Ef you 'tended de revivals which

I has 'tended some revivals dat
was lively in my day,
An' I 's seed folks git 'uligion in
mos' evah kin' o' way;
But I tell you, an' you b'lieve me
dat I 's speakin' true indeed,
Dat gal tuk huh 'ligion ha'dah dan
de ha'dest yit I 's seed.

Well, f'om dat, 't was "Sistah
Jackson, won't you please do
dis er dat?"
She mus' allus sta't de singin'
w'en dey 'd pass erroun' de
hat,
An' hit seemed dey was n't nuffin'
in dat chu'ch dat could go by
'Dout sistah Lucy Jackson had a
finger in de pie.

But de sayin' mighty trufeful dat
hit easiah to sail
W'en de sea is ca'm an' gentle dan
to weathah out a gale.
Dat 's whut made dis ooman's
trouble; ef de sto'm had kep'
away,
She 'd 'a' had enough 'uligion fu'
to lasted out huh day.

Lucy went wid 'Lishy Davis, but
w'en she jined chu'ch, you
know
Dah was lots o' little places dat, of
cose, she could n't go;
An' she had to gin up dancin' an'
huh singin' an' huh play.—
Now hit 's nachul dat sich goin's-
on 'u'd drive a man away.

So, w'en Lucy got so solemn, Ike
he sta'ted fu' to go
Wid a gal who was a sinnah an'
could mek a bettah show.
Lucy jes' went on to meetin' lak
she did n't keer a rap,
But my 'sperunce kep' me t'inkin'
dah was somep'n' gwine to
drap.

Fu' a gal won't let 'uligion er no
othah so't o' t'ing
Stop huh w'en she teks a notion
dat she wants a weddin' ring.
You kin p'omise huh de blessin's
of a happy aftah life
(An' hit 's nice to be a angel), but
she 'd ravah be a wife.

So w'en Chrismus come an' mas-
tah gin a frolic on de lawn,
Did n't 'sprise me not de littlest
seein' Lucy lookin' on.
An' I seed a wa'nin' lightnin' go
a-flashin' f'om huh eye
Jest ez 'Lishy an' his new gal went
a-gallivantin' by.

An' dat Tildy, umph! she giggled,
an' she gin huh dress a flirt
Lak de people she was passin' was
ez common ez de dirt;
An' de minit she was dancin', w'y
dat gal put on mo' aihs
Dan a cat a-tekin' kittens up a
paih o' windin' staihs.

ld 'fo'd to show huh
tness, fu' she could n't
but know
jes' de present dancahs
was ownah of de flo';
ink she 'd kin' o' cooled
n ef she happened on de

oticed dat 'ere lightnin'
seed in Lucy's eye.

would n't been so 'ston-
w'en de people gin a
,
y th'owed huh mantle
an' come a-glidin' out.
s was dah to tek huh an'
uttahed down de flo'
dah f'om a bedtick w'en
in' commence to blow

Lucy's mammy groaned to see huh,
an' huh pappy sto'med an' to',
But she kep' right on a-hol'in' to
de centah of de flo'.
So dey went an' ast de pastoh ef he
could n't mek huh quit,
But de tellin' of de sto'y th'owed
de preachah in a fit.

Tildy Taylor chewed huh hank'-
cher twell she 'd chewed it in
a hole,—
All de sinnahs was rejoicin' 'cause
a lamb had lef' de fol',
An' de las' I seed o' Lucy, she an'
'Lish was side an' side:
I don't blame de gal fu' dancin',
an' I could n't ef I tried.

LYRICS OF LOVE AND LAUGHTER

TWO LITTLE BOOTS

Two little boots all rough an' wo',
Two little boots!
Law, I 's kissed 'em times befo',
Dese little boots!
Seems de toes a-peepin' thoo
Dis hyeah hole an' sayin' "Boo!"
Evah time dey looks at you —
Dese little boots.

Membah de time he put 'em on,
Dese little boots;
Riz an' called fu' 'em by dawn,
Dese little boots;
Den he tromped de livelong day,
Laffin' in his happy way,
Evaht'ing he had to say,
"My little boots!"

Kickin' de san' de whole day long,
Dem little boots;
Good de cobblah made 'em strong,
Dem little boots!
Rocks was fu' dat baby's use,
I'on had to stan' abuse
W'en you tu'ned dese champeens loose,
Dese little boots!

Ust to make de ol' cat cry,
Dese little boots;
Den you walked it mighty high,
Proud little boots!
Ahms akimbo, stan'in' wide,
Eyes a-sayin' "Dis is pride!"
Den de manny-baby stride!
You little boots.

Somehow, you don' seem so gay,
Po' little boots,
Sence yo' ownah went erway,
Po' little boots!
Yo' bright tops don' look so red,
Dese brass tips is dull an' dead;
"Goo'-by," whut de baby said;
Deah little boots!

Ain't you kin' o' sad yo'se'f,
You little boots?
Dis is all his mammy 's lef',
Two little boots.
Sence huh baby gone an' died.
Heav'n itse'f hit seem to hide
Des a little bit inside
Two little boots.

TO THE ROAD

Cool is the wind, for the summer is waning,
Who 's for the road?
Sun-flecked and soft, where the dead leaves are raining,
Who 's for the road?
Knapsack and alpenstock press hand and shoulder,
Prick of the brier and roll of the boulder;

your lot till the season
grow older;
no 's for the road?

away in the hush of the
morning,
no 's for the road?
nd he, all conventions a-
scorning,
no 's for the road?
f warblers so merrily sing-
ing,
s from the rill from the
roadside up-springing,
of grapes from the vines
lowly swinging,
ese on the road.

very house is a hut or a
hovel,

W'en de sunshine 's shoutin'
glory in de sky,
An' de little Johnny-Jump-Ups 's
jes' a-springin' f'om de
groun',
Den a-lookin' roun' to ax each
othah w'y.
Don' you hyeah dem cows a-
mooin'? Dat 's dey howdy
to de spring;
Ain' dey lookin' most oncom-
mon satisfied?
Hit 's enough to mek a body want
to spread dey mouf an'
sing
Jes' to see de critters all so
spa'klin'-eyed.

W'y dat squir'l dat jes' run past

Robin whistlin' ovah yandah ez he
buil' his little nes';
Whut you reckon dat he sayin'
to his mate?
He 's a-sayin' dat he love huh in de
wo'ds she know de bes',
An' she lookin' moughty pleased
at whut he state.
Now, Miss Lucy, dat ah robin
sholy got his sheer o' sense,
An' de hen-bird got huh
mothah-wit fu' true;
So I t'ink ef you 'll ixcuse me, fu'
I do' mean no erfence,
Dey 's a lesson in dem birds fu'
me an' you.

I 's a-buil'in' o' my cabin, an' I 's
vines erbove de do'
Fu' to kin' o' gin it sheltah f'om
de sun;
Gwine to have a little kitchen wid
a reg'lar wooden flo',
An' dey 'll be a back verandy
w'en hit 's done.
I 's a-waitin' fu' you, Lucy, tek de
'zample o' de birds,
Dat 's a-lovin' an' a-matin' evah-
whaih.
I cain' tell you dat I loves you in
de robin's music wo'ds,
But my cabin 's talkin' fu' me
ovah thaih!

JOGGIN' ERLONG

De da'kest hour, dey allus say,
Is des' befo' de dawn,
But it 's moughty ha'd a-waitin'
W'ere de night goes frownin'
on;
An' it 's moughty ha'd a-hopin'
W'en de clouds is big an' black,
An' all de t'ings you 's waited fu'
Has failed, er gone to wrack —
But des' keep on a-joggin' wid a
little bit o' song,
De mo'n is allus brightah w'en de
night 's been long.

Dey 's lots o' knocks you 's got to
tek
Befo' yo' journey 's done,
An' dey 's times w'en you 'll be
wishin'
Dat de weary race was run;
W'en you want to give up tryin'
An' des' float erpon de wave,
W'en you don't feel no mo' sorrer
Ez you t'ink erbout de grave —
Den, des' keep on a-joggin' wid a
little bit o' song,
De mo'n is allus brightah w'en de
night 's been long.

De whup-lash sting a good deal
mo'
De back hit 's knowed befo',
An' de burden 's allus heavies'
Whaih hits weight has made a
so';
Dey is times w'en tribulation
Seems to git de uppah han'
An' to whip de weary trav'lah
'Twell he ain't got stren'th to
stan'—

keep on a-joggin' wid a
tle bit o' song,
is allus brightah w'en de
ght 's been long.

IN MAY

ave you in May,
lk with you under the
ees,
g throughout the day,
ng the wine-like breeze,

re sweet to think
May should be ours again,
t not, I shrink,
the sight of men.

gs the flowers to bloom,
gs the green leaves to the

The fame that for a moment
gleams,
Then flies forever,— dreams, ah
— dreams!

O burning doubt and long regret,
O tears with which our eyes are
wet,
Heart-throbs, heart-aches, the
glut of pain,
The somber cloud, the bitter
rain,
You were not of those dreams —
ah! well,
Your full fruition who can tell?
Wealth, fame, and love, ah!
love that beams
Upon our souls, all dreams —
ah! dreams.

My hea't 's a-th'obbin' 'cause it knowed
You 'd wait fu' me to-night.

Hit 's lonesome, ain't it, stan'in' thaih
Wid no one nigh to talk?
But ain't dey whispahs in de aih
Erlong de gyahden walk?
Don't somep'n kin' o' call my name,
An' say "he love you bes' "?
Hit 's true, I wants to say de same,
So wait fu' me, Celes'.

Sing somep'n fu' to pass de time,
Outsing de mockin'-bird,
You got de music an' de rhyme,
You beat him wid de word.
I 's comin' now, my wo'k is done,
De hour has come fu' res',
I wants to fly, but only run —
Wait fu' me, deah Celes'.

A PLEA

TREAT me nice, Miss Mandy Jane,
Treat me nice.
Dough my love has tu'ned my brain,
Treat me nice.
I ain't done a t'ing to shame,
Lovahs all ac's jes' de same:
Don't you know we ain't to blame?
Treat me nice!

Cose I know I 's talkin' wild;
Treat me nice;
I cain't talk no bettah, child,
Treat me nice;
Whut a pusson gwine to do,
W'en he come a-cou'tin' you
All a-trimblin' thoo and thoo?
Please be nice.

Reckon I mus' go de paf
Othahs do:
Lovahs lingah, ladies laff;
Mebbe you
Do' mean all the things you say,
An' pu'haps some latah day
W'en I baig you ha'd, you may
Treat me nice!

THE DOVE

OUT of the sunshine and out of the heat,
Out of the dust of the grimy street,
A song fluttered down in the form of a dove,
And it bore me a message, the one word — Love!

Ah, I was toiling, and oh, I was sad:
I had forgotten the way to be glad.
Now, smiles for my sadness and for my toil, rest
Since the dove fluttered down to its home in my breast!

M DAY IN WINTER

NE on de medders,
ess on de way;
blessed reason
ll de day."
ah! Whut you axin'?
meks me so merry?
see me sighin'
it 's wa'm in Febawary?

stake an' rider
robin set;
'mence a-thawin',
is monst'ous wet.
stan' dah wond'rin',
' skeert an' stary;
t to caper
it 's wa'm in Febawary.

SNOWIN'

Dey is snow upon de meddahs,
dey is snow upon de hill,
An' de little branch's watahs is
all glistenin' an' still;
De win' goes roun' de cabin lak a
sperrit wan'erin' 'roun'.
An' de chillen shakes an' shivahs
as dey listen to de soun'.
Dey is hick'ry in de fiahplace,
whah de blaze is risin' high,
But de heat it meks ain't wa'min'
up de gray clouds in de sky.
Now an' den I des peep outside,
den I hurries to de do',
Lawd a mussy on my body, how I
wish it would n't snow!

I kin stan' de hottes' summah, I

What you say, you Lishy Davis,
dat you see a possum's tracks?
Look hyeah, boy, you stop yo'
foolin', bring ol' Spot, an'
bring de ax.
Is I col'? Go way, now, Mandy,
what you t'ink I 's made of?
— sho,
W'y dis win' is des ez gentle, an'
dis ain't no kin' o' snow.
Dis hyeah weathah 's des ez healthy
ez de wa'mest summah days.
All you chillen step up lively, pile
on wood an' keep a blaze.
What 's de use o' gittin' skeery
case dey 's snow upon de
groun'?
Huh-uh, I 's a reg'lar snowbird ef
dey 's any possum 'roun'.

Go on, Spot, don' be so foolish;
don' you see de signs o' feet.
What you howlin' fu? Keep still,
suh, cose de col' is putty
sweet;
But we goin' out on bus'ness, an'
hit 's bus'ness o' de kin'
Dat mus' put a dog an' dahky in
a happy frame o' min'.
Yes, you 's col'; I know it, Spotty,
but you des stay close to me,
An' I 'll mek you hot ez cotton
w'en we strikes de happy tree.
No, I don' lak wintah weathah,
an' I 'd wush 't uz allus
June,
Ef it was n't fu' de trackin' o' de
possum an' de coon.

KEEP A SONG UP ON DE WAY

Oh, de clouds is mighty heavy
An' de rain is mighty thick;
Keep a song up on de way.
An' de waters is a rumblin'
On de boulders in de crick,
Keep a song up on de way.
Fu' a bird ercross de road
Is a-singin' lak he knowed
Dat we people did n't daih
Fu' to try de rainy aih
Wid a song up on de way.

What 's de use o' gittin' mopy,
Case de weather ain' de bes'!
Keep a song up on de way.
W'en de rain is fallin' ha'des',
Dey 's de longes' times to res'
Keep a song up on de way.
Dough de plough 's a-stan'in' still
Dey 'll be watah fu' de mill,
Rain mus' come ez well ez sun
'Fo' de weathah's wo'k is done,
Keep a song up on de way.

W'y hit 's nice to hyeah de showahs
Fallin' down ermong de trees:
Keep a song up on de way.
Ef de birds don' bothah 'bout it,
But go singin' lak dey please,
Keep a song up on de way.
You don' s'pose I 's gwine to see
Dem ah fowls do mo' dan me?
No, suh, I 'll des chase dis frown,
An' aldough de rain fall down,
Keep a song up on de way.

URNING OF THE ES IN THE BED

s sho' a cur'ous critter,
ey ain't no doubtin' dat.
ess o' funny capahs f'om
lippahs to huh hat.
es to un'erstan' huh, an'
ails, des' up an' say:
a bit o' use to try to
stan' a woman's way."

an to be complainin', but
es' a-settin' down
my own obserwations,
I cas' my eye eroun'.
x me fu' to prove it, I
lo it mighty fine,
ain't no bettah 'zample
lis ve'y wife o' mine.

Don' you t'ink case chillun 's chillun dey hain't got no pain an' ache."

So she shakes 'em, an' she twists 'em, an' she tu'ns 'em 'roun' erbout,
'Twell I don' see how de chillun evah keeps f'om hollahin' out.
Den she lif's 'em up head down-'ards, so 's dey won't git livah-grown,
But dey snoozes des' ez peaceful ez a liza'd on a stone.

W'en hit 's mos' nigh time fu' wakin' on de dawn o' jedgment day,
Seems lak I kin hyeah ol' Gab'iel lay his trumpet down an' say,

Hands around, hands around,
Trip it, and not too slow;
Clear is the fiddle and sweet its sound,
Keep the girls' cheeks aglow.
Still let your movements be dainty and light,
This is the game for a winter's night.

Back to back, back to back,
Turn to your place again;
Never let lightness nor nimbleness lack,
Either in maidens or men.
Time hasteth ever, beware of its flight,
Oh, what a game for a winter's night!

Slower now, slower now,
Softer the music sighs;
Look, there are beads on your partner's brow
Though there be light in her eyes.
Lead her away and her grace requite,
So goes the game on a winter's night.

SOLILOQUY OF A TURKEY

Dey 's a so't o' threatenin' feelin' in de blowin' of de breeze,
An' I 's feelin' kin' o' squeamish in de night;
I 's a-walkin' 'roun' a-lookin' at de diffunt style o' trees,
An' a-measurin' dey thickness an' dey height.
Fu' dey 's somep'n mighty 'spicious in de looks de da'kies give,
Ez dey pass me an' my fambly on de groun,'
So it 'curs to me dat lakly, ef I caihs to try an' live,
It concehns me fu' to 'mence to look erroun'.

Dey 's a cu'ious kin' o' shivah runnin' up an' down my back,
An' I feel my feddahs rufflin' all de day,
An' my laigs commence to trimble evah blessid step I mek;
W'en I sees a ax, I tu'ns my head away.
Folks is go'gin' me wid goodies, an' dey 's treatin' me wid caih,
An' I 's fat in spite of all dat I kin do.
I 's mistrus'ful of de kin'ness dat 's erroun' me evahwhaih,
Fu' it 's jes' too good, an' frequent, to be true.

Snow 's a-fallin' on de medders, all erroun' me now is white,
But I 's still kep' on a-roostin' on de fence;
Isham comes an' feels my breas'-bone, an' he hefted me las' night,

's gone erroun' a-grinnin'
sence.
de snow dat meks me
ah; 't ain't de col' dat
s me shake;
't de wintah-time itse'f
's 'fectin' me;
'ink de time is comin',
I 'd bettah mek a break,
set wid Mistah Possum
is tree.

ı hyeah de da'kies singin',
de quahtahs all is gay,
de time fu' birds lak me
e 'erroun';
hick'ry chips is flyin', an'
og 's been ca'ied erway,
t 's dang'ous to be roostin'
he groun'.

Den I says to my ol' ooman ez I
watches down de lane,
"Don't you so't o' reckon, Lizy,
dat we gwine to have some
rain?"

"Go on, man," my Lizy answah,
"you cain't fool me, not a
bit,
I don't see no rain a-comin', ef
you 's wishin' fu' it, quit;
Case de mo' you t'ink erbout it, an
de mo' you pray an' wish,
W'y de rain stay 'way de longah,
spechul ef you wants to fish."

But I see huh pat de skillet, an' I
see huh cas' huh eye
Wid a kin' o' anxious motion to'ds
de da'kness in de sky;

'T ain't no use to go a-ploughin',
fu' de groun' 'll be too wet,
So I puts out fu' de big house at a moughty pace, you bet,
An' ol' mastah say, "Well, Lishy, ef you t'ink hit 's gwine to rain,
Go on fishin', hit's de weathah, an' I 'low we cain't complain."

Talk erbout a dahky walkin' wid his haid up in de aih!
Have to feel mine evah minute to be sho' I got it daih;
En' de win' is cuttin' capahs an' a-lashin' thoo de trees,
But de rain keeps on a-singin' blessed songs, lak "Tek yo' ease."

Wid my pole erpon my shouldah an' my wo'm can in my han',
I kin feel de fish a-waitin' w'en I strikes de rivah's san';
Nevah min', you ho'ny scoun'els, need n' swim erroun' an' grin,
I 'll be grinnin' in a minute w'en I 'mence to haul you in.

W'en de fish begin to nibble, an' de co'k begin to jump,
I 's erfeahed dat dey 'll quit bitin', case dey hyeah my hea't go "thump,"
'Twell de co'k go way down undah, an' I raise a awful shout,
Ez a big ol' yallah belly comes a gallivantin' out.

Need n't wriggle, Mistah Catfish, case I got you jes' de same,
You been eatin', I 'll be eatin', an' we needah ain't to blame.
But you need n't feel so lonesome fu' I 's th'owin' out to see
Ef dey ain't some of yo' comrades fu' to keep you company.

Spo't, dis fishin'! now you talkin', w'y dey ain't no kin' to beat;
I don' keer ef I is soakin', laigs, an' back, an' naik, an' feet,
It 's de spo't I 's lookin' aftah. Hit 's de pleasure an' de fun,
Dough I knows dat Lizy 's waitin' wid de skillet w'en I 's done.

A PLANTATION PORTRAIT

HAIN'T you see my Mandy Lou,
Is it true?
Whaih you been f'om day to day,
Whaih, I say?
Dat you say you nevah seen
Dis hyeah queen
Walkin' roun' f'om fiel' to street
Smilin' sweet?

Slendah ez a saplin' tree;
Seems to me

win' blow f'om de bay
jes' sway
reg'lar saplin' do
hit 's grew
an' graceful, 'dout a limb,
et an' slim.

den de frush's wing,
she sing
mek his wa'ble ring
de spring;
sholy beat de frush,
ah me, hush:
e sing, huh teef kin show
ite ez snow.

big an' roun' an' bright
de light
e moon gives in de prime
rvest time.
hain a woolly skein.

De snow 's a-sayin' " Got you " to
de groun',
Fu' de wintah weathah 's come
widout a-askin' ouah de-
siah,
An' he 's laughin' in his sleeve
at whut he foun';
Fu' dey ain't nobody ready wid
dey fuel er dey food,
An' de money bag look timid
lak, fu' sho',
So we want ouah Chrismus
sermon, but we 'd lak it ef
you could
Leave a little Chrismus basket
at de do'.

Wha 's de use o' tellin' chillen
'bout a Santy er a Nick,
An' de sto'ies dat a body allus

'T ain't de time to talk o' bein' good to men;
Ef you want to preach a sermon ez you nevah preached befo',
Preach dat sermon wid a shoat er wid er hen;
Bein' good is heap sight bettah den a-dallyin' wid sin,
An' dey ain't nobody roun' dat knows it mo',
But I t'ink dat 'ligion 's sweeter w'en it kind o' mixes in
Wid a little Chrismus basket at de do'.

THE VALSE

WHEN to sweet music my lady is dancing
My heart to mild frenzy her beauty inspires.
Into my face are her brown eyes a-glancing,
And swift my whole frame thrills with tremulous fires.
Dance, lady, dance, for the moments are fleeting,
Pause not to place yon refractory curl;
Life is for love and the night is for sweeting;
Dreamily, joyously, circle and whirl.

Oh, how those viols are throbbing and pleading;
A prayer is scarce needed in sound of their strain.
Surely and lightly as round you are speeding,
You turn to confusion my heart and my brain.
Dance, lady, dance to the viol's soft calling,
Skip it and trip it as light as the air;
Dance, for the moments like rose leaves are falling,
Strikes, now, the clock from its place on the stair.

Now sinks the melody lower and lower,
The weary musicians scarce seeming to play.
Ah, love, your steps now are slower and slower,
The smile on your face is more sad and less gay.
Dance, lady, dance to the brink of our parting,
My heart and your step must not fail to be light.
Dance! Just a turn — tho' the tear-drop be starting.
Ah — now it is done — so — my lady, good-night!

REPONSE

WHEN Phyllis sighs and from her eyes
The light dies out; my soul replies

sery of deep-drawn breath,
it were at war with
h.

hyllis smiles, her glance
iles
t through love-lit wood-
nd aisles,
ugh the silence high and
,
warbler's song I hear.

he frown, despair comes
n,
on my sack-cloth gown;
not, Phyllis, lest I die,
on me with smile or

Down in my ol' cabin wa'm ez
mammy's toas',
'Taters in de fiah layin' daih to
roas';
No one daih to cross me, got no
talkin' pal,
But I 's got de comp'ny o' my
sweet brown gal.

So I spen's my evenin' listenin' to
huh sing,
Lak a blessid angel; how huh
voice do ring!
Sweetah den a bluebird flutterin'
erroun',
W'en he sees de steamin' o' de
new ploughed groun'.

Den I hugs huh closah, closah to
my breas'.

Bluebird sass de robin,
  Robin sass him back,
Den de bluebird scol' him
  'Twell his face is black.
Would n' min' de quoilin'
  All de mo'nin' long,
'Cept it wakes me early,
  Case hit 's done in song.

Anybody wo'kin'
  Wants to sleep ez late
Ez de folks 'll 'low him,
  An' I wish to state
(Co'se dis ain't to scattah,
  But 'twix' me an' you),
I could stan' de bedclothes,
  Kin' o' latah, too.

'T ain't my natchul feelin',
  Dis hyeah mopin' spell.
I stan's early risin'
  Mos'ly moughty well;
But de ve'y minute,
  I feel Ap'il's heat,
Bless yo' soul, de bedclothes
  Nevah seemed so sweet.

Mastah, he 's a-scol'in',
  Case de han's is slow,
All de hosses balkin',
  Jes' cain't mek 'em go.
Don' know whut 's de mattah,
  Hit 's a funny t'ing,
Less'n hit 's de fevah
  Dat you gits in spring.

THE VISITOR

Little lady at de do',
  W'y you stan' dey knockin'?
Nevah seen you ac' befo'
  In er way so shockin'.
    Don' you know de sin it is
    Fu' to git my temper riz
    W'en I 's got de rheumatiz
  An' my jints is lockin'?

No, ol' Miss ain't sont you down,
  Don' you tell no story;
I been seed you hangin' 'roun'
  Dis hyeah te'itory.
    You des come fu' me to tell
    You a tale, an' I ain'—
      well —
    Look hyeah, what is dat I
      smell?
  Steamin' victuals? Glory!

Come in, Missy, how you do?
  Come up by de fiah,
I was jokin', chile, wid you;
  Bring dat basket nighah.
    Huh uh, ain't dat lak ol'
      Miss,
    Sen'in' me a feas' lak dis?
    Rheumatiz cain't stop my
      bliss,
  Case I 's feelin' spryah.

Chicken meat an' gravy, too,
  Hot an' still a-heatin';
Good ol' sweet pertater stew;
  Missy b'lieves in treatin'.
    Des set down, you blessed
      chile,

ddy got to t'ink a while,
n a story mek you smile
he git thoo eatin'.

SONG

H, summah, snow er
hine,
all de same to me,
I kin call you mine,
eep you by my knee.

p, frolic, grief er caih,
ent by night an' day,
I kin see you whaih
wait beside de way.

dyin', smiles er teahs,
oul will still be free,

Stir yo' stumps an' cleah de way,
Fu' de music dat dey mekin' can't be beat.

Oh, de major man 's a-swingin' of his stick,
An' de pickaninnies crowdin' roun' him thick;
In his go'geous uniform,
He 's de lightnin' of de sto'm,
An' de little clouds erroun' look mighty slick.

You kin hyeah a fine perfo'mance w'en de white ban's serenade,
An' dey play dey high-toned music mighty sweet,
But hit 's Sousa played in rag-

'T ain't de music by itself dat meks it fine,
Hit 's de walkin', step by step,
An' de keepin' time wid " Hep,"
Dat it mek a common ditty soun' divine.

Oh, de white ban' play hits music, an' hit 's mighty good to hyeah,
An' it sometimes leaves a ticklin' in yo' feet;
But de hea't goes into bus'ness fu' to he'p erlong de eah,
W'en de colo'ed ban' goes ma'chin' down de street.

TO A VIOLET FOUND ON ALL SAINTS' DAY

Belated wanderer of the ways of spring,
Lost in the chill of grim November rain,
Would I could read the message that you bring
And find in it the antidote for pain.

Does some sad spirit out beyond the day,
Far looking to the hours forever dead,
Send you a tender offering to lay
Upon the grave of us, the living dead?

Or does some brighter spirit, unforlorn,
Send you, my little sister of the wood,
To say to some one on a cloudful morn,
" Life lives through death, my brother, all is good? "

With meditative hearts the others go
The memory of their dead to dress anew.
But, sister mine, bide here that I may know,
Life grows, through death, as beautiful as you.

INSPIRATION

At the golden gate of song
Stood I, knocking all day long,
But the Angel, calm and cold,
Still refused and bade me, " Hold."

Then a breath of soft perfume,
Then a light within the gloom;
Thou, Love, camest to my side,
And the gates flew open wide.

Long I dwelt in this domain,
Knew no sorrow, grief, or pain;
Now you bid me forth and free,
Will you shut these gates on me?

LADY OF CASTLE GRAND

is the palace where she
lwells,
ly the poplars stand
by the window where she
its,
Lady of Castle Grand.

does she bide the livelong
lay,
as the poplars are,
r gaze goes reaching out,
y, but vague and far.

burn the fires in the castle
all,
tly the fire-dogs stand;
l is the body and cold the
The bird to his mate in the
tree,
And ever she sighs as she hears
their song,
"Nobody sings for me."

The scullery maids have swains
enow
Who lead them the way of love,
But lonely and loveless their mis-
tress sits
At her window up above.

Loveless and lonely she waits and
waits,
The saddest in all the land;
Ah, cruel and lasting is love-blind
pride,
My Lady of Castle Grand.

W'en de t'oughts dey keep on drappin'
Was n't big enough to fin'?
Dem 's whut I call drizzlin' people,
Othahs call 'em mealy mouf,
But de fust name hits me bettah,
Case dey nevah tech a drouf.

Dey kin talk from hyeah to yandah,
An' f'om yandah hyeah ergain,
An' dey don' mek no mo' 'pression,
Den dis powd'ry kin' o' rain.
En yo' min' is dry ez cindahs,
Er a piece o' kindlin' wood,
'T ain't no use a-talkin' to 'em,
Fu' dey drizzle ain't no good.

Gimme folks dat speak out nachul,
Whut 'll say des whut dey mean,
Whut don't set dey wo'ds so skimpy
Dat you got to guess between.
I want talk des' lak de showahs
Whut kin wash de dust erway,
Not dat sprinklin' convusation,
Dat des drizzle all de day.

DE CRITTERS' DANCE

Ain't nobody nevah tol' you not a wo'd a-tall,
'Bout de time dat all de critters gin dey fancy ball?
Some folks tell it in a sto'y, some folks sing de rhyme,
'Peahs to me you ought to hyeahed it, case hit 's ol' ez time.

Well, de critters all was p'osp'ous, now would be de chance
Fu' to tease ol' Pa'son Hedgehog, givin' of a dance;
Case, you know, de critters' preachah was de stric'est kin',
An' he nevah made no 'lowance fu' de frisky min'.

So dey sont dey inbitations, Raccoon writ 'em all,
"Dis hyeah note is to inbite you to de Fancy Ball;
Come erlong an' bring yo' ladies, bring yo' chillun too,
Put on all yo' bibs an' tuckahs, show whut you kin do."

W'en de night come, dey all gathahed in a place dey knowed,
Fu' enough erway f'om people, nigh enough de road,
All de critters had ersponded, Hop-Toad up to Baih,
An' I 's hyeah to tell you, Pa'son Hedgehog too, was daih.

Well, dey talked an' made dey 'bejunce, des lak critters do,
An' dey walked an' p'omenaded 'roun' an' thoo an' thoo;
Jealous ol' Mis' Fox, she whispah, "See Mis' Wildcat daih,
Ain't hit scan'lous, huh a-comin' wid huh shouldahs baih?"

'T'utle was n't honin' fu'
ancin' tricks,
ayed by ol' Mis' Tu'tle,
n' politics;
ban' hit 'mence a-playin'
rs all to place,
ross an' fou' stan' side-
, smilin' face to face.

Frog, he play de co'net,
ket play de fife,
Grasshoppahs a-fiddlin'
o save dey life;
Crow, 'he call de figgers,
n' in a tree,
! how dose critters sas-
ed was a sight to see.

Possom swing Mis' Rab-
up an' down de flo',
Sistah Fox, she vowed she was n't
gwine to b'lieve huh eyes;
But dey could n't be no 'sputin'
'bout it any mo':
Pa'son Hedgehog was a-cape'in' all
erroun' de flo.'

Den dey all jes' capahed scan'lous
case dey did n't doubt,
Dat dey still could go to meetin';
who could tu'n 'em out?
So wid dancin' an' uligion, dey
was in de fol',
Fu' a-dancin' wid de Pa'son could-
n't hu't de soul.

WHEN DEY 'LISTED COLORED SOLDIERS

Oh, I hugged him, an' I kissed him, an' I baiged him not to go;
But he tol' me dat his conscience, hit was callin' to him so,
An' he could n't baih to lingah w'en he had a chanst to fight
For de freedom dey had gin him an' de glory of de right.
So he kissed me, an' he lef' me, w'en I 'd p'omised to be true;
An' dey put a knapsack on him, an' a coat all colo'ed blue.
So I gin him pap's ol' Bible f'om de bottom of de draw',—
W'en dey 'listed colo'ed sojers an' my 'Lias went to wah.

But I t'ought of all de weary miles dat he would have to tramp,
An' I could n't be contented w'en dey tuk him to de camp.
W'y my hea't nigh broke wid grievin' 'twell I seed him on de street;
Den I felt lak I could go an' th'ow my body at his feet.
For his buttons was a-shinin', an' his face was shinin', too,
An' he looked so strong an' mighty in his coat o' sojer blue,
Dat I hollahed, "Step up, manny," dough my th'oat was so' an' raw,—
W'en dey 'listed colo'ed sojers an' my 'Lias went to wah.

Ol' Mis' cried w'en mastah lef' huh, young Miss mou'ned huh brothah Ned,
An' I did n't know dey feelin's is de ve'y wo'ds dey said
W'en I tol' 'em I was so'y. Dey had done gin up dey all;
But dey only seemed mo' proudah dat dey men had hyeahed de call.
Bofe my mastahs went in gray suits, an' I loved de Yankee blue,
But I t'ought dat I could sorrer for de losin' of 'em too;
But I could n't, for I did n't know de ha'f o' whut I saw,
'Twell dey 'listed colo'ed sojers an' my 'Lias went to wah.

Mastah Jack come home all sickly; he was broke for life, dey said;
An' dey lef' my po' young mastah some'r's on de roadside,—dead.
W'en de women cried an' mou'ned 'em, I could feel it thoo an' thoo,
For I had a loved un fightin' in de way o' dangah, too.
Den dey tol' me dey had laid him some'r's way down souf to res',
Wid de flag dat he had fit for shinin' daih acrost his breas'.

cried, but den I reckon
's whut Gawd had called
for,
y 'listed colo'ed sojers an'
'Lias went to wah.

LINCOLN

was the nation with a
hty wound,
her ways were filled with
n'rous sound.
oud the South with unre-
ing grief,
ot the North that could
find relief.
adness joined its harshest
to strife:

Oh mighty Master of the mighty
lyre,
Earth heard and trembled at thy
strains of fire:
Earth learned of thee what Heav'n
already knew,
And wrote thee down among her
treasured few.

ENCOURAGEMENT

WHO dat knockin' at de do'?
Why, Ike Johnson,—yes, fu' sho!
Come in, Ike. I 's mighty glad
You come down. I t'ought you 's
mad
At me 'bout de othah night,
An' was stayin' 'way fu' spite.
Say, now, was you mad fu' true

Dressed perticler, jes' fu' you;
Reckon I 'd 'a' bettah wo'
My ol' ragged calico.
Aftah all de pains I 's took,
Cain't you tell me how I look?
Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

Bless my soul! I 'mos' fu'got
Tellin' you 'bout Tildy Scott.
Don't you know, come Thu'sday night,
She gwine ma'y Lucius White?
Miss Lize say I allus wuh
Heap sight laklier 'n huh;
An' she 'll git me somep'n new,
Ef I wants to ma'y too.
Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

I could ma'y in a week,
Ef de man I wants 'ud speak.
Tildy's presents 'll be fine,
But dey would n't ekal mine.
Him whut gits me fu' a wife
'Ll be proud, you bet yo' life.
I 's had offers; some ain't quit;
But I has n't ma'ied yit!
Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

Ike, I loves you,— yes, I does;
You 's my choice, and allus was.
Laffin' at you ain't no harm.—
Go 'way, dahky, whah 's yo' arm?
Hug me closer — dah, dat 's right!
Was n't you a awful sight,
Havin' me to baig you so?
Now ax whut you want to know,—
Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f!

THE BOOGAH MAN

W'EN de evenin' shadders
Come a-glidin' down,
Fallin' black an' heavy
Ovah hill an' town,
Ef you listen keerful,
Keerful ez you kin,
So 's you boun' to notice
Des a drappin' pin;
Den you 'll hyeah a funny
Soun' ercross de lan';
Lay low; dat 's de callin'
Of de Boogah Man!

Woo-oo, woo-oo!
Hyeah him ez he go erlong de way;
Woo-oo, woo-oo!
Don' you wish de night 'ud tu'n to day?
Woo-oo, woo-oo!
Hide yo' little peepers 'hind yo' han';
Woo-oo, woo-oo!
Callin' of de Boogah Man.

W'en de win 's a-shiverin'
Thoo de gloomy lane,
An' dey comes de patterin'
Of de evenin' rain,
W'en de owl 's a-hootin',
Out daih in de wood,
Don' you wish, my honey,
Dat you had been good?
'T ain't no use to try to
Snuggle up to Dan;
Bless you, dat 's de callin'
Of de Boogah Man!

ves yo' mammy,
u min's yo' pap,
evah wriggles
Sukey's lap;
ays yo' "Lay me"
ngle night
tucks de kivers
ts out de light,
ain kin pattah
low lak a fan,
need n' bothah
le Boogah Man!

THE WRAITH

t is cold and chill
he fire sobs low in the
ate,

Down did I fall at your feet,
  Why did you hearken to me?

Oh, the logs they crack and whine,
  And the water drops from the
    eaves;
But it is not rain but brine
  Where my dead darling grieves.

And a wraith sits by my side,
  A spectre grim and dark;
Are you gazing here open-eyed
  Out to the lifeless dark?

But ever the wind rides on,
  And we sit close within;
Out of the face of the dawn,
  I and my darling,— sin.

Now hit 's moughty tryin',
Fu' to hyeah dis cryin',
'Deed hit 's mo' den I kin stan';
Sho' wid all our slippin',
Dey 's enough of whippin'
'Dout a bird a'visin' any man.

In de noons o' summah
Dey 's anothah hummah
Sings anothah song instid;
An' his th'oat 's a-swellin'
Wid de joy o' tellin',
But he says dat "Katy did."

Now I feels onsuhtain;
Won't you raise de cu'tain
Ovah all de ti'ngs dat 's hid?
W'y dat feathahed p'isen
Goes erbout a-visin'
Whippin' Will w'en Katy did?

'LONG TO'DS NIGHT

DAIH 's a moughty soothin' feelin'
Hits a dahky man,
'Long to'ds night.
W'en de row is mos' nigh ended,
Den he stops to fan,
'Long to'ds night.
De blue smoke f'om his cabin is a-callin' to him
"Come;"
He smell de bacon cookin', an' he hyeah de fiah hum;
An' he 'mence to sing, 'dough wo'kin' putty nigh done made him dumb,
'Long to'ds night.

Wid his hoe erpon his shouldah
Den he goes erlong,
'Long to'ds night.
An' he keepin' time a-steppin'
Wid a little song,
'Long to'ds night.
De restin'-time 's a-comin', an' de time to drink an' eat;
A baby's toddlin' to'ds him on hits little dusty feet,
An' a-goin' to'ds his cabin, an' his suppah 's moughty sweet,
'Long to'ds night.

Daih his Ca'line min' de kettle,
Rufus min' de chile,
'Long to'ds night;
An' de sweat roll down his forred,
Mixin' wid his smile,
'Long to'ds night.
He toss his piccaninny, an' he hum a little chune;
De wokin' all is ovah, an' de suppah comin' soon;
De wo'kin' time 's Decembah, but de restin' time is June,
'Long to'ds night.

Dey 's a kin' o' doleful feelin',
Hits a tendah place,
'Long to'ds night;

a moughty glory in him
n' thoo his face,
ng to'ds night.
's lak de big house, an'
de fiah's lak de sun;
look moughty lakly, an'
de chile de puttiest
one;
's blessid, jes' a-livin'
w'en a body's wo'k is
done.
ng to'ds night.

GRIEVANCE

snow 's a-fallin'
win' is col'.
mence a-callin',
'mence to scol',
Lishy Brackett,
An' I 's knee-deep in it,
Dat dah blessed snow.

Den I hyeah a pattah
Come acrost de flo'.
Den dey comes a clattah
At de cabin do';
An' my mammy holler
Spoilin' all my joy,
"Come in f'om dat waller,
Don't I see you, boy?"

W'en de snow 's a-sievin'
Down ez sof' ez meal,
Whut 's de use o' livin'
'Cept you got de feel
Of de stuff dat 's fallin'
'Roun' an' white an' damp,
'Dout some one a-callin',
"Come in hyeah, you scamp!

Maids may vaunt their finer
charms—
Naught to me like Dinah's arms;
Girls may draw, or paint, or
sew—
I love Dinah kneading dough.

Eyes of jet and teeth of pearl,
Hair, some say, too tight a-curl;
But the dainty maid I deem
Very near perfection's dream.
Swift she works, and only flings
Me a glance — the least of things.
And I wonder, does she know
That my heart is in the dough?

TO A CAPTIOUS CRITIC

Dear critic, who my lightness so
deplores,
Would I might study to be prince
of bores,
Right wisely would I rule that
dull estate —
But, sir, I may not, till you
abdicate.

DAT OL' MARE O' MINE

Want to trade me, do you, mis-
tah? Oh, well, now, I
reckon not,
W'y you could n't buy my Sukey
fu' a thousan' on de spot.
Dat ol' mare o' mine?

Yes, huh coat ah long an' shaggy,
an' she ain't no shakes to
see;
Dat 's a ring-bone, yes, you right,
suh, an' she got a on'ry
knee,
But dey ain't no use in talkin',
she de only hoss fu' me,
Dat ol' mare o' mine.

Co'se, I knows dat Suke 's con-
tra'y, an' she moughty ap'
to vex;
But you got to mek erlowance fu'
de nature of huh sex;
Dat ol' mare o' mine.
Ef you pull her on de lef' han';
she plum 'termined to go
right,
A cannon could n't skeer huh, but
she boun' to tek a fright
At a piece o' common paper, or
anyt'ing whut's white,
Dat ol' mare o' mine.

W'en my eyes commence to fail
me, dough, I trus'es to
huh sight,
An' she 'll tote me safe an' hones'
on de ve'y da'kes' night,
Dat ol' mare o' mine.
Ef I whup huh, she jes' switch
huh tail, an' settle to a
walk,
Ef I whup huh mo', she shek huh
haid, an' lak ez not, she
balk.

sense ain't no ways
kin', she do evah t'ing
talk,
ol' mare o' mine.

entle ez a lady w'en she
ow huh beau kin see.
holy got mo' gumption
day den you or me,
ol' mare o' mine.
etle slow a-goin,' an' she
ughty ha'd to sta't,
gittin' ol' togathah, an'
's closah to my hea't,
s n't reckon, mistah, dat
'd sca'cely keer to pa't;
ol' mare o' mine.

ows de time dat cidah 's

Dey is people, dey is hosses, den dey's cattle, den dey 's—well —
Dat ol' mare o' mine;
She de beatenes' t'ing dat evah struck de medders o' de town,
An' aldough huh haid ain't fittin' fu' to waih no golden crown.
D' ain't a blessed way fu' Petah fu' to tu'n my Sukey down,
Dat ol' mare o' mine.

IN THE MORNING

'LIAS! 'Lias! Bless de Lawd!
Don' you know de day 's

I kin hyeah dat mattuss squeak;
Don' you hyeah me w'en I speak?
Dis hyeah clock done struck off six —
Ca'line, bring me dem ah sticks!
Oh, you down, suh; huh, you down —
Look hyeah, don' you daih to frown.

Ma'ch yo'se'f an' wash yo' face,
Don' you splattah all de place;
I got somep'n else to do,
'Sides jes' cleanin' aftah you.
Tek dat comb an' fix yo' haid —
Looks jes' lak a feddah baid.
Look hyeah, boy, I let you see
You sha' n't roll yo' eyes at me.

Come hyeah; bring me dat ah strap!
Boy, I 'll whup you 'twell you drap;
You done felt yo'se'f too strong,
An' you sholy got me wrong.
Set down at dat table thaih;
Jes' you whimpah ef you daih!
Evah mo'nin' on dis place,
Seem lak I mus' lose my grace.

Fol' yo' han's an' bow yo' haid —
Wait ontwell de blessin' 's said;
"Lawd, have mussy on ouah souls —"
(Don' you daih to tech dem rolls —)
"Bless de food we gwine to eat —"
(You set still — I *see* yo' feet;
You jes' try dat trick agin!)
"Gin us peace an' joy. Amen!"

THE POET

He sang of life, serenely sweet,
With, now and then, a deeper note.
From some high peak, nigh yet remote,
He voiced the world's absorbing beat.

He sang of love when earth was young,
And Love, itself, was in his lays.
But ah, the world, it turned to praise
A jingle in a broken tongue.

A FLORIDA NIGHT

Win' a-blowin' gentle so de san' lay low,
San' a little heavy f'om de rain,
All de pa'ms a-wavin' an' a-weavin' slow,
Sighin' lak a sinnah-soul in pain.
Alligator grinnin' by de ol' lagoon,
Mockin'-bird a-singin' to be big full moon,

go a-skimmin' to his
ntin' chune
Ann 's a-waitin' in de
e!).

a-sleepin' in de cyprus
amp;
t wake de gent'man, not
me.
u need n't wake him
n you switch an' stomp,
off a 'skeeter er a flea.
lovely, she 's de fines'
,

l de sunlight f'om de
stah's han',
u' de varmints an' huh
s an' san'
nights w'en Lizy Ann
' free

DIFFERENCES

My neighbor lives on the hill,
And I in the valley dwell,
My neighbor must look down on me,
Must I look up? — ah, well,
My neighbor lives on the hill,
And I in the valley dwell.

My neighbor reads, and prays,
And I — I laugh, God wot,
And sing like a bird when the grass is green
In my small garden plot;
But ah, he reads and prays,
And I — I laugh, God wot.

His face is a book of woe,
And mine is a song of glee;

I done fu'got de joy an' cheah
We knowed all kin's o' wed-
dahs,
I done fu'got each ol'-time hymn
We ust to sing in meetin';
I 's leahned de prah's, so neat an'
trim,
De preachah keeps us 'peatin'.

Hang a vine by de chimney side,
An' one by de cabin do';
An' sing a song fu' de day dat
died,
De day of long ergo.

My youf, hit 's gone, yes, long
ergo,
An' yit I ain't a-moanin';
Hit 's fu' somet'ings I ust to
know
I set to-night a-honin'.
De pallet on de ol' plank flo',
De rain bar'l und' de eaves,
De live oak 'fo' de cabin do',
Whaih de night dove comes an'
grieves.

Hang a vine by de chimney side,
An' one by de cabin do';
An' sing a song fu' de day dat
died,
De day of long ergo.

I 'd lak a few ol' frien's to-night
To come an' set wid me;
An' let me feel dat ol' delight
I ust to in dey glee.
But hyeah we is, my pipe an' me,
Wid no one else erbout;
We bofe is choked ez choked kin
be,
An' bofe 'll soon go out.

Hang a vine by de chimney side,
An' one by de cabin do';
An' sing a song fu' de day dat
died,
De day of long ergo.

A PLANTATION MELODY

De trees is bendin' in de sto'm,
De rain done hid de mountain's
fo'm,
I 's 'lone an' in distress.
But listen, dah 's a voice I hyeah,
A-sayin' to me, loud an' cleah,
"Lay low in de wildaness."

De lightnin' flash, de bough sway
low,
My po' sick hea't is trimblin' so,
It hu'ts my very breas'.
But him dat give de lightnin'
powah
Jes' bids me in de tryin' howah
"Lay low in de wildaness."

O brothah, w'en de tempes' beat,
An' w'en yo' weary head an' feet
Can't fin' no place to res',
Jes' 'membah dat de Mastah 's
nigh,
An' putty soon you 'll hyeah de
cry,
"Lay low in de wildaness."

w'en de rain come down,
yo' hopes is 'bout to
rown,
trus' de Mastah less.
lin' w'en you t'ink he
rown,
gwine let yo' soul sink
own —
w in de wildaness.

A SPIRITUAL

on 's stahted on de gospel
ay,
apting is a-drawin' nigh:
top a-foolin' an' a-try to
ray;
p yo' haid w'en de King

Oh, orphans a-weepin' lak de widder do,
An' I wish you 'd tell me why:
De Mastah is a mammy an' a pappy too;
Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

Oh, Moses sot de sarpint in de wildahness
W'en de chillun had commenced to die:
Some 'efused to look, but hit cuohed de res';
Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

Bow down, bow 'way down,
Bow down,
But lif' up yo' haid w'en de King

W'en I knowed dat you was allus
some'ers near.

Down by de road de shadders
grows,
An', oh, but hit 's moughty
lonely;
Seem lak de ve'y moonlight
knows,
An', oh, but hit 's moughty
lonely!
Does you know, I 's cryin' fu' you,
oh, my wife?
Does you know dey ain't no joy
no mo' in life?
An' my only t'ought is dis,
Dat I 's honin' fu' de bliss
Fu' to quit dis groun' o' worri-
ment an' strife.

Dah on de baid my banjo lays,
An', oh, but hit 's moughty
lonely;
Can't even sta't a chune o' praise,
An', oh, but hit 's moughty
lonely!
Oh, hit's moughty slow a-waitin'
hyeah below.
Is you watchin' fu' me, Marfy,
at de do'?
Ef you is, in spite o' sin,
Dey 'll be sho' to let me in,
W'en dey sees yo' face a-shinin',
den dey 'll know.

W'EN I GITS HOME

It's moughty tiahsome layin'
'roun'
Dis sorrer-laden earfly groun',
An' oftentimes I thinks, thinks
I,
'T would be a sweet t'ing des to
die,
An' go 'long home.

Home whaih de frien's I loved 'll
say,
"We 've waited fu' you many a
day,
Come hyeah an' res' yo'se'f, an'
know
You 's done wid sorrer an' wid
woe,
Now you 's at home."

W'en I gits home some blessid
day,
I 'lows to th'ow my caihs erway,
An' up an' down de shinin' street,
Go singin' sof' an' low an' sweet,
W'en I gits home.

I wish de day was neah at han',
I 's tiahed of dis grievin' lan',
I 's tiahed of de lonely yeahs,
I want to des dry up my teahs,
An' go 'long home.

Oh, Mastah, won't you sen' de
call?
My frien's is daih, my hope, my
all.

n' whaih de road is rough,
to hyeah you say,
" Enough,
man, come home! "

OWDY, HONEY,
HOWDY! "

tan'in' on a jar, fiah
inin' thoo,
s drowsin' 'roun' de place,
e awake is Lou,
tap, she answeh, an' I see
'mence to grin,
y, honey, howdy, won't
step right in? "

tep erpon de log layin' at
do',

Sweetah den de music of a love-
sick mockin'-bird,
Comin' f'om de gal you loves bet-
tah den yo' kin,
" Howdy, honey, howdy, won't
you step right in? "

At de gate o' heaven w'en de
storm o' life is pas',
'Spec' I 'll be a-stan'in', 'twell de
Mastah say at las',
" Hyeah he stan' all weary, but
he winned his fight wid sin.
Howdy, honey, howdy, won't you
step right in? "

THE UNSUNG HEROES

They fought their way on the hillside, they fought their way in the glen,
And God looked down on their sinews brown, and said, "I have made them men."

They went to the blue lines gladly, and the blue lines took them in,
And the men who saw their muskets' fire thought not of their dusky skin.
The gray lines rose and melted beneath their scathing showers,
And they said, "'T is true, they have force to do, these old slave boys of ours."

Ah, Wagner saw their glory, and Pillow knew their blood,
That poured on a nation's altar, a sacrificial flood.
Port Hudson heard their war-cry that smote its smoke-filled air,
And the old free fires of their savage sires again were kindled there.

They laid them down where the rivers the greening valleys gem.
And the song of the thund'rous cannon was their sole requiem,
And the great smoke wreath that mingled its hue with the dusky cloud,
Was the flag that furled o'er a saddened world, and the sheet that made their shroud.

Oh, Mighty God of the Battles Who held them in Thy hand,
Who gave them strength through the whole day's length, to fight for their native land,
They are lying dead on the hillsides, they are lying dead on the plain,
And we have not fire to smite the lyre and sing them one brief strain.

Give, Thou, some seer the power to sing them in their might,
The men who feared the master's whip, but did not fear the fight;
That he may tell of their virtues as minstrels did of old,
Till the pride of face and the hate of race grow obsolete and cold.

A song for the unsung heroes who stood the awful test,
When the humblest host that the land could boast went forth to meet the best;
A song for the unsung heroes who fell on the bloody sod,

ught their way from night
day and struggled up to
d.

THE POOL

pool that I see in my
reams, dear love,
e sat with you time and
gain;
tened beneath the dank
eaves, dear love,
ne sibilant sound of the
ain.

pool, it is silvery bright,
ear love,
s pure as the heart of a
naid,

What 's de use o' kiver'n up yo'
face?
Chile, dat ain't de way to do.
Lemme see yo' little eyes,
Tek yo' little han's down nice,
Lawd, you wuff a million bills,
Huh uh, chile, dat ain't yo'
price.

Honey, de money ain't been made
Dat dey could pay fu' you;
'T ain't no use a-biddin'; you too
high
Fu' de riches' Jap er Jew.
Lemme see you smilin' now,
How dem teef o' yo'n do
shine,
An' de t'ing dat meks me laff
Is dat all o' you is mine.

Des' you tek me by de han',
  An' I 'll stumble on de track.

Stumble on de way to Gawd, my
    chile,
  Stumble on, an' mebbe fall;
But I 'll keep a-trottin', while you
    lead on,
  Pickin' an' a-trottin', dat 's all.
Hol' me mighty tight, dough,
    chile,
  Fu' hit 's rough an' rocky lan',
Heaben 's at de en', I know,
  So I 's leanin' on yo' han'.

THE OLD FRONT GATE

W'EN daih 's chillun in de house,
  Dey keep on a-gittin' tall;
But de folks don' seem to see
  Dat dey 's growin' up at all,
'Twell dey fin' out some fine day
  Dat de gals has 'menced to
    grow,
W'en dey notice as dey pass
  Dat de front gate 's saggin' low.

W'en de hinges creak an' cry,
  An' de bahs go slantin' down,
You kin reckon dat hit 's time
  Fu' to cas' yo' eye erroun',
'Cause daih ain't no 'sputin' dis,
  Hit 's de trues' sign to show
Dat daih 's cou'tin' goin' on
  W'en de ol' front gate sags low.

Oh, you grumble an' complain,
  An' you prop dat gate up right;
But you notice right nex' day
  Dat hit 's in de same ol' plight.
So you fin' dat hit 's a rule,
  An' daih ain' no use to blow,
W'en de gals is growin' up,
  Dat de front gate will sag low.

Den you t'ink o' yo' young days,
  W'en you cou'ted Sally Jane,
An' you so't o' feel ashamed
  Fu' to grumble an' complain,
'Cause yo' ricerlection says,
  An' you know hits wo'ds is so,
Dat huh pappy had a time
  Wid his front gate saggin' low.

So you jes' looks on an' smiles
  At 'em leanin' on de gate,
Tryin' to t'ink whut he kin say
  Fu' to keep him daih so late,
But you lets dat gate erlone,
  Fu' yo' 'sperunce goes to show,
'Twell de gals is ma'ied off,
  It gwine keep on saggin' low.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER

IN the east the morning comes,
Hear the rollin' of the drums
    On the hill.
But the heart that beat as they
    beat
In the battle's raging day heat
    Lieth still.
Unto him the night has come,
Though they roll the morning
    drum.

in the bugle's blast?
Victory at last!
Now for rest."
comrades, come behold
,
ur colors now enfold him,
And his breast
more to meet the blade,
covered in the shade.

stir there is to-day!
laying him away
Where he fell.
ne flag goes draped before
;
ey pile the grave sod o'er

With a knell.
answers to his name
igher ranks of fame

Bright his comrades' eyes are flashing
From the thick
Battle-ranks which knew him brave,
No tears for a hero's grave.

In the east the morning comes,
Hear the rattle of the drums
Far away.
Now no time for grief's pursuing,
Other work is for the doing,
Here to-day.
He is sleeping, let him rest
With the flag across his breast.

A FROLIC

Moonlight on de cotton-fiel'
  Shinin' sof' an' white,
Whippo'will a-tellin' tales
  Out thaih in de night;
An' yo' cabin 's 'crost de lot:
  Run, Miss Lucy, run;
Reckon you 'll be cotched an' kissed
  'Fo' de night is done.

NODDIN' BY DE FIRE

Some folks t'inks hit 's right an' p'opah,
  Soon ez bedtime come erroun',
Fu' to scramble to de kiver,
  Lak dey 'd hyeahed de trumpet soun'.
But dese people dey all misses
  Whut I mos'ly does desiah;
Dat 's de settin' roun' an' dozin',
  An' a-noddin' by de fiah.

When you 's tiahed out a-hoein',
  Er a-followin' de plough,
Whut 's de use of des a-fallin'
  On yo' pallet lak a cow?
W'y, de fun is all in waitin'
  In de face of all de tiah,
An' a-dozin' and a-drowsin'
  By a good ol' hick'ry fiah.

Oh, you grunts an' groans an' mumbles
  Case yo' bones is full o' col',
Dough you feels de joy a-tricklin'
  Roun' de co'nahs of yo' soul.
An' you 'low anothah minute
  'S sho to git you wa'm an' dryah,
W'en you set up pas' yo' bedtime,
  Case you hates to leave de fiah.

Whut 's de use o' downright sleepin'?
  You can't feel it while it las',
An' you git up feelin' sorry
  W'en de time fu' it is pas'.
Seem to me dat time too precious,
  An' de houahs too short entiah,
Fu' to sleep, w'en you could spen' 'em
  Des a-noddin' by de fiah.

LOVE'S CASTLE

Key and bar, key and bar,
  Iron bolt and chain!
And what will you do when the King comes
  To enter his domain?

Turn key and lift bar,
  Loose, oh, bolt and chain!
Open the door and let him in,
  And then lock up again.

But, oh, heart, and woe, heart,
  Why do you ache so sore?
Never a moment's peace have you
  Since Love hath passed the door.

y and lift bar,
ose bolt and chain;
took in his esquire, Grief,
ere they both remain.

RNING SONG OF LOVE

, my darling, my heart is
the wing,
to thee this morning like
bird,
by birds in springtime my
irits soar and sing,
me sweet song thine ears
ve often heard.

is in my window, the
adow on the lea,

Whose altar is erected unto thee,
The offerings, the sacrifice, the prayers, the chants are thine,
And I, my love, thy humble priest will be.

ON A CLEAN BOOK

TO F. N.

LIKE sea-washed sand upon the shore,
So fine and clean the tale,
So clear and bright I almost see,
The flashing of a sail.

The tang of salt is in its veins,
The freshness of the spray
God give you love and love and

Hyeah 's de place fu' you to labouh an' to res',
'Fu my sandy roads is gleamin' w'ile de city ways is black;
Come back, honey, case yo' country home is bes'.

I know de moon is shinin' down erpon de Eastern sho',
An' de bay 's a-sayin' "Howdy" to de lan';
An' de folks is all a-settin' out erroun' de cabin do',
Wid dey feet a-restin' in de silvah san';
An' de ol' plantation 's callin' to me, Come, oh, come,
F'om de life dat 's des' a-waihin' you erway,
F'om de trouble an' de bustle, an' de agernizin' hum
Dat de city keeps ergoin' all de day.

I 's tiahed of de city, tek me back to Sandy Side,
Whaih de po'est ones kin live an' play an' eat;
Whaih we draws a simple livin' f'om de fo'est an' de tide,
An' de days ah faih, an' evah night is sweet.
Fu' de ol' plantation 's callin' to me, Come, oh, come.
An' de Chesapeake 's a-sayin' "Dat 's de t'ing,"
W'ile my little cabin beckons, dough his mouf is closed an' dumb,
I 's a-comin, an' my hea't begins to sing.

RELUCTANCE

Will I have some mo' dat pie?
No, ma'am, thank-ee, dat is—
I—
Bettah quit daihin' me.
Dat ah pie look sutny good:
How 'd you feel now ef I would?
I don' reckon dat I should;
Bettah quit daihin' me.

Look hyeah, I gwine tell de truf,
Mine is sholy one sweet toof:
Bettah quit daihin' me.
Yass'm, yass'm, dat 's all right,
I 's done tried to be perlite:
But dat pie 's a lakly sight,
Wha 's de use o' daihin' me?

My, yo' lips is full an' red,
Don't I wish you 'd tu'n yo' haid?
Bettah quit daihin' me.
Dat ain't faih, now, honey chile,
I 's gwine lose my sense erwhile
Ef you des set daih an' smile,
Bettah quit daihin' me.

Nuffin' don' look ha'f so fine
Ez dem teef, deah, w'en dey shine:
Bettah quit daihin' me.
Now look hyeah, I tells you dis;

p all othah bliss
e one little kiss,
uit daihin' me.

ks yo' little han',
ndah? bless de lan'—
uit daihin' me.
some by myse'f,
fun in livin' lef';
life 's ez dull ez def:
uit daihin' me.

ou tek yo' han' erway?
hol' it: but I say
uit daihin' me.
's is sholy fine.
dat 's de weddin' sign.
'd say dat you 'd be
e;—
been daihin' me.

For me no more, thy waters swell,
Thy music now the engines' scream,
Thy fragrance now the factory's smell;
Too near for me the clanging bell;
A false light in the water shines
While Solitude lists to her knell,—
Arcadia has trolley lines.

Thy wooded lanes with shade and gleam
Where bloomed the fragrant asphodel,
Now bleak commercially teem
With signs "To Let," "To
Buy," "To Sell."

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

SPEAKIN' AT DE COU'T-HOUSE

Dey been speakin' at de cou't-house,
An' laws-a-massy me,
'T was de beatness kin' o' doin's
Dat evah I did see.
Of cose I had to be dah
In de middle o' de crowd,
An' I hallohed wid de othahs,
W'en de speakah riz and bowed.

I was kind o' disapp'inted
At de smallness of de man,
Case I 'd allus pictered great folks
On a mo' expansive plan;
But I t'ought I could respect him
An' tek in de wo'ds he said,
Fu' dey sho was somp'n knowin'
In de bald spot on his haid.

But hit did seem so't o' funny
Aftah waitin' fu' a week
Dat de people kep' on shoutin'
So de man des could n't speak;
De ho'ns dey blared a little,
Den dey let loose on de drums,—
Some one tol' me dey was playin'
"See de conkerin' hero comes."

"Well," says I, "you all is white folks,
But you 's sutny actin' queer,
What 's de use of heroes comin'
Ef dey cain't talk w'en dey 's here?"

Aftah while dey let him open,
An' dat man he waded in,
An' he fit de wahs all ovah
Winnin' victeries lak sin.

W'en he come down to de present,
Den he made de feathahs fly.
He des waded in on money,
An' he played de ta'iff high.
An' he said de colah question,
Hit was ovah, solved, an' done,
Dat de dahky was his brothah,
Evah blessed mothah's son.

Well he settled all de trouble
Dat 's been pesterin' de lan',
Den he set down mid de cheerin'
An' de playin' of de ban'.
I was feelin' moughty happy
'Twell I hyeahed somebody speak,
"Well, dat 's his side of de bus'-ness,
But you wait for Jones nex' week."

BLACK SAMSON OF BRANDYWINE

"In the fight at Brandywine, Black Samson, a giant negro armed with a scythe, sweeps his way through the red ranks. . . ." C. M. Skinner's *"Myths and Legends of Our Own Land."*

Gray are the pages of record,
Dim are the volumes of eld;
Else had old Delaware told us
More that her history held.

ith pride in the story,
and noble and fine,
he tale of my hero,
amson of Brandywine.

our chiefs and your no-
s,
nd Celt and Gaul,
mine ever shall join you,
I honor them all.
em all of their glory,
this noble of mine,
a tithe of your tribute,
amson of Brandywine.

he heat of the battle,
n the stir of the fight,
e, an ebony giant,
s the pinions of night.
his scythe like a mower

What does it matter? His brav
'ry
Renders him royal — a king.
If he was only a chattel,
Honor the ransom may pay
Of the royal, the loyal black giant
Who fought for his country
that day.

Noble and bright is the story,
Worthy the touch of the lyre,
Sculptor or poet should find it
Full of the stuff to inspire.
Beat it in brass and in copper,
Tell it in storied line,
So that the world may remember
Black Samson of Brandywine.

Wisht I was huh lookin'-glass,
W'en she kissed huh han';
Does you t'ink I 'd let it pass,
Settin' on de stan'?
No; I'd des' fall down an' break,
Kin' o' glad 't uz fu' huh sake;
But de diffunce, dat whut make
Lookin'-glass an' man.

A MISTY DAY

HEART of my heart, the day is chill,
The mist hangs low o'er the wooded hill,
The soft white mist and the heavy cloud
The sun and the face of heaven shroud.
The birds are thick in the dripping trees,
That drop their pearls to the beggar breeze;
No songs are rife where songs are wont,
Each singer crouches in his haunt.

Heart of my heart, the day is chill,
Whene'er thy loving voice is still,
The cloud and mist hide the sky from me,
Whene'er thy face I cannot see.
My thoughts fly back from the chill without,
My mind in the storm drops doubt on doubt,
No songs arise. Without thee, love,
My soul sinks down like a frightened dove.

LI'L' GAL

OH, de weathah it is balmy an' de breeze is sighin' low.
Li'l' gal,
An' de mockin' bird is singin' in de locus' by de do',
Li'l' gal;
Dere 's a hummin' an' a bummin' in de lan' f'om eas' to wes',
I 's a-sighin' fu' you, honey, an' I nevah know no res'.
Fu' dey 's lots o' trouble brewin' an' a-stewin' in my breas',
Li'l' gal.

Whut 's de mattah wid de weathah, whut 's de mattah wid de breeze,
Li'l' gal?
Whut 's de mattah wid de locus' dat 's a-singin' in de trees,
Li'l' gal?
W'y dey knows dey ladies love 'em, an' dey knows dey love 'em true,
An' dey love 'em back, I reckon, des' lak I 's a-lovin' you;
Dat 's de reason dey 's a-weavin' an' a-sighin', thoo an' thoo,
Li'l' gal.

ı let no da'ky fool you
e de clo'es he waihs is

Li'l' gal.
nones' hea't a-beatin' un-
af dese rags o' mine,
Li'l' gal.
ain' no use in mockin'
de birds an' weathah do,
'y I cain't 'spress it w'en
ows I loves you true,
reason I 's a-sighin' an'
gin now fu' you,
Li'l' gal.

DOUGLASS

glass, we have fall'n on

And Honor, the strong pilot, lieth stark,
Oh, for thy voice high-sounding o'er the storm,
For thy strong arm to guide the shivering bark,
The blast-defying power of thy form,
To give us comfort through the lonely dark.

WHEN SAM'L SINGS

HYEAH dat singin' in de medders
Whaih de folks is mekin' hay?
Wo'k is pretty middlin' heavy
Fu' a man to be so gay.
You kin tell dey 's somep'n special
F'om de canter o' de song;

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Some folks don' know whut de mattah,
But I do, you bet yo' life;
Sam'l smilin' an' a-singin'
'Case he been to see his wife.

She live on de fu' plantation,
Twenty miles erway er so;
But huh man is mighty happy
W'en he git de chanst to go.
Walkin' allus ain' de nices'—
Mo'nin' fin's him on de way—
But he allus comes back smilin',
Lak his pleasure was his pay.

Den he do a heap o' talkin',
Do' he mos'ly kin' o' still,
But de wo'ds, dey gits to runnin'
Lak de watah fu' a mill.
"Whut 's de use o' havin' trouble,
Whut 's de use o' havin' strife?"
Dat 's de way dis Sam'l preaches
W'en he been to see his wife.

An' I reckon I git jealous,
Fu' I laff an' joke an' sco'n,
An' I say, "Oh, go on, Sam'l,
Des go on, an' blow yo' ho'n."
But I know dis comin' Sad'day,
Dey 'll be brighter days in life;
An' I 'll be ez glad ez Sam'l
W'en I go to see my wife.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

THE word is writ that he who runs may read.
What is the passing breath of earthly fame?
But to snatch glory from the hands of blame—
That is to be, to live, to strive indeed.
A poor Virginia cabin gave the seed,
And from its dark and lowly door there came
A peer of princes in the world's acclaim,
A master spirit for the nation's need.
Strong, silent, purposeful beyond his kind,
The mark of rugged force on brow and lip,
Straight on he goes, nor turns to look behind
Where hot the hounds come baying at his hip;
With one idea foremost in his mind,
Like the keen prow of some onforging ship.

THE MONK'S WALK

IN this sombre garden close
What has come and passed, who knows?
What red passion, what white pain
Haunted this dim walk in vain?

Underneath the ivied wall,
Where the silent shadows fall,

pathway chill and damp
he world-quit dreamers
p.

s, where sunlight burns,
t the mourning ferns,
roses, side by side,
in their useless pride.

roses, who shall say
witness day by day?
nile or dropping eye,
onks go pacing by.

novice come to-day
eath the wall to pray?
oung monk, lately chid-

lyric, sweet, forbidden?

roses, did you note

Softened winds that seem a breath,
Perfumed, bring no fear of death.

Is it living thus to live?
Has life nothing more to give?
Ah, no more of smile or sigh —
Life, the world, and love, good-bye.

Gray, and passionless, and dim,
Echoing of the solemn hymn,
Lies the walk, 'twixt fern and rose,
Here within the garden close.

LOVE-SONG

If Death should claim me for her own to-day,
And softly I should falter from

And, oh, how well I know that tears are vain!
But love is sweet, my dear, and life is brief;
So if some day before you I should go
Beyond the sound and sight of song and sea,
'T would give my spirit stronger wings to know
That you remembered still and wept for me.

SLOW THROUGH THE DARK

Slow moves the pageant of a climbing race;
Their footsteps drag far, far below the height,
And, unprevailing by their utmost might,
Seem faltering downward from each hard won place.
No strange, swift-sprung exception we; we trace
A devious way thro' dim, uncertain light,—
Our hope, through the long vistaed years, a sight
Of that our Captain's soul sees face to face.
Who, faithless, faltering that the road is steep,
Now raiseth up his drear insistent cry?
Who stoppeth here to spend a while in sleep
Or curseth that the storm obscures the sky?
Heed not the darkness round you, dull and deep;
The clouds grow thickest when the summit 's nigh.

THE MURDERED LOVER

Say a mass for my soul's repose, my brother,
Say a mass for my soul's repose, I need it,
Lovingly lived we, the sons of one mother,
Mine was the sin, but I pray you not heed it.

Dark were her eyes as the sloe and they called me,
Called me with voice independent of breath.
God! how my heart beat; her beauty appalled me,
Dazed me, and drew to the sea-brink of death.

Lithe was her form like a willow. She beckoned,
What could I do save to follow and follow,
Nothing of right or result could be reckoned;
Life without her was unworthy and hollow.

I wronged thee, my
rother, my brother;
t I loved her, thy beauti-
l wife.
our father, and soul of
ır mother,
I not paid for my love
ith my life?

as the night when, re-
ngeful, I met you,
in the heart of a desolate
nd.
vas the life-blood which
ngrily wet you
was the knife that I felt
om your hand.

u, oh, wept you, alone by
e river,

Say a mass for my soul, I need
it.
Sin of mine was it, and sin of no
other,
Mine was it all, but I pray you
not heed it.

PHILOSOPHY

I BEEN t'inkin' 'bout de preachah;
whut he said de othah
night,
'Bout hit bein' people's dooty,
fu' to keep dey faces bright;
How one ought to live so pleasant
dat ouah tempah never riles,
Meetin' evahbody roun' us wid
ouah very nicest smiles.

Dat's all right, I ain't a-poutin'

Widout breakin' up ouah faces in
a sickly so't o' grin,
W'en we knows dat in ouah in-
nards we is p'intly mad ez
sin.

Oh dey 's times fu' bein' pleasant
an' fu' goin' smilin' roun',
'Cause I don't believe in people
allus totin' roun' a frown,
But it 's easy 'nough to titter w'en
de stew is smokin' hot,
But hit 's mighty ha'd to giggle
w'en dey 's nuffin' in de
pot.

A PREFERENCE

MASTAH drink his ol' Made'a,
Missy drink huh sherry wine,
Ovahseah lak his whiskey,
But dat othah drink is mine,
Des' 'lasses an' watah, 'lasses
an' watah.

W'en you git a steamin' hoe-cake
On de table, go way, man!
'D ain but one t'ing to go wid it,
'Sides de gravy in de pan,
Dat 's 'lasses an' watah, 'lasses
an' watah.

W'en hit 's 'possum dat you eatin',
'Simmon beer is moughty sweet;
But fu' evahday consumin'
'D ain't no mo'tal way to beat
Des' 'lasses an' watah, 'lasses
an' watah.

W'y de bees is allus busy,
An' ain' got no time to was'?
Hit 's beca'se dey knows de honey
Dey 's a makin', gwine to tas'
Lak 'lasses an' watah, 'lasses
an' watah.

Oh, hit 's moughty mil' an'
soothin',
An' hit don' go to yo' haid;
Dat 's de reason I 's a-backin'
Up de othah wo'ds I said,
"Des 'lasses an' watah, 'lasses
an' watah."

THE DEBT

THIS is the debt I pay
Just for one riotous day,
Years of regret and grief,
Sorrow without relief.

Pay it I will to the end —
Until the grave, my friend,
Gives me a true release —
Gives me the clasp of peace.

Slight was the thing I bought,
Small was the debt I thought,
Poor was the loan at best —
God! but the interest!

E DEDICATION OF)ROTHY HALL

EE, ALA., APRIL 22, 1901.

e midnight of the gloomy
st,
revert to-day; we look
on
en present and the future
st
vistas show us visions of
dawn.

the sorrows of departed
ars
veetness of our tranquil
ils annoy,
nine of our hopes dispels
tears,
ears our eyes to see this

To labor bravely, nobly, and be glad.

God give to these within this temple here,
Clear vision of the dignity of toil,
That virtue in them may its blossoms rear
Unspotted, fragrant, from the lowly soil.

God bless the givers for their noble deed,
Shine on them with the mercy of Thy face,
Who come with open hearts to help and speed
The striving women of a struggling race.

A pause to pick a flower beside the way.

BY RUGGED WAYS

By rugged ways and thro' the night
We struggle blindly toward the light;
And groping, stumbling, ever pray
For sight of long delaying day.
The cruel thorns beside the road
Stretch eager points our steps to goad,
And from the thickets all about
Detaining hands reach threatening out.

"Deliver us, oh, Lord," we cry,
Our hands uplifted to the sky.
No answer save the thunder's peal,
And onward, onward, still we reel.
"Oh, give us now thy guiding light;"
Our sole reply, the lightning's blight.
"Vain, vain," cries one, "in vain we call;"
But faith serene is over all.

Beside our way the streams are dried,
And famine mates us side by side.
Discouraged and reproachful eyes
Seek once again the frowning skies.
Yet shall there come, spite storm and shock,
A Moses who shall smite the rock,
Call manna from the Giver's hand,
And lead us to the promised land!

The way is dark and cold and steep,
And shapes of horror murder sleep,
And hard the unrelenting years;
But 'twixt our sighs and moans and tears,
We still can smile, we still can sing,
Despite the arduous journeying.
For faith and hope their courage lend,
And rest and light are at the end.

LOVE'S SEASONS

When the bees are humming in the honeysuckle vine
And the summer days are in their bloom,
Then my love is deepest, oh, dearest heart of mine,
When the bees are humming in the honeysuckle vine.

When the winds are moaning o'er the meadows chill and gray,
And the land is dim with winter gloom,
Then for thee, my darling, love will have its way,
When the winds are moaning o'er the meadows chill and gray.

In the vernal dawning with the starting of the leaf,

In the merry-chanting time of spring,
Love steals all my senses, oh, the happy-hearted thief!
In the vernal morning with the starting of the leaf.

Always, ever always, even in the autumn drear,
When the days are sighing out their grief,
Thou art still my darling, dearest of the dear,
Always, ever always, even in the autumn drear.

TO A DEAD FRIEND

It is as if a silver chord
Were suddenly grown mute,
And life's song with its rhythm warred
Against a silver lute.

It is as if a silence fell
Where bides the garnered sheaf,
And voices murmuring, "It is well,"
Are stifled by our grief.

It is as if the gloom of night
Had hid a summer's day,
And willows, sighing at their plight,
Bent low beside the way.

For he was part of all the best
That Nature loves and gives,
And ever more on Memory's breast
He lies and laughs and lives.

TO THE SOUTH

ON ITS NEW SLAVERY

Heart of the Southland, heed me pleading now,
Who bearest, unashamed, upon my brow
The long kiss of the loving tropic sun,
And yet, whose veins with thy red current run.

Borne on the bitter winds from every hand,
Strange tales are flying over all the land,
And Condemnation, with his pinions foul,
Glooms in the place where broods the midnight owl.

What art thou, that the world should point at thee,
And vaunt and chide the weakness that they see?
There was a time they were not wont to chide;
Where is thy old, uncompromising pride?

Blood-washed, thou shouldst lift up thine honored head,
White with the sorrow for thy loyal dead

Who lie on every plain, on every hill,
And whose high spirit walks the Southland still:

Whose infancy our mother's hands have nursed.
Thy manhood, gone to battle unaccursed,
Our fathers left to till th' reluctant field,
To rape the soil for what she would not yield;

Wooing for aye, the cold unam'rous sod,
Whose growth for them still meant a master's rod;
Tearing her bosom for the wealth that gave
The strength that made the toiler still a slave.

Too long we hear the deep impassioned cry
That echoes vainly to the heedless sky;
Too long, too long, the Macedonian call
Falls fainting far beyond the outward wall,

Within whose sweep, beneath the shadowing trees,
A slumbering nation takes its dangerous ease;
Too long the rumors of thy hatred go
For those who loved thee and thy children so.

Thou must arise forthwith, and strong, thou must
Throw off the smirching of this baser dust,
Lay by the practice of this later creed,
And be thine honest self again indeed.

There was a time when even slavery's chain
Held in some joys to alternate with pain,
Some little light to give the night relief,
Some little smiles to take the place of grief.

There was a time when, jocund as the day,
The toiler hoed his row and sung his lay,
Found something gleeful in the very air,
And solace for his toiling everywhere.

Now all is changed, within the rude stockade,
A bondsman whom the greed of men has made
Almost too brutish to deplore his plight,
Toils hopeless on from joyless morn till night.

no more the cabin's quiet
ely joys that gave to labor
;
for him the merry banjo's
d,
of lightsome dances foot-
round.

no more the lamp shall
v at eve,
bby children pluck him by
sleeve;
for him the master's eyes
right,—
nor freedom's nor a slave's
ght.

vas it all for naught, those
ul years

Is it for this we all have felt the flame,—
This newer bondage and this deeper shame?
Nay, not for this, a nation's heroes bled,
And North and South with tears beheld their dead.

Oh, Mother South, hast thou forgot thy ways,
Forgot the glory of thine ancient days,
Forgot the honor that once made thee great,
And stooped to this unhallowèd estate?

It cannot last, thou wilt come forth in might,

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

THE HAUNTED OAK

Pray why are you so bare, so bare,
Oh, bough of the old oak-tree;
And why, when I go through the shade you throw,
Runs a shudder over me?

My leaves were green as the best, I trow,
And sap ran free in my veins,
But I saw in the moonlight dim and weird
A guiltless victim's pains.

I bent me down to hear his sigh;
I shook with his gurgling moan,
And I trembled sore when they rode away,
And left him here alone.

They 'd charged him with the old, old crime,
And set him fast in jail:
Oh, why does the dog howl all night long,
And why does the night wind wail?

He prayed his prayer and he swore his oath,
And he raised his hand to the sky;
But the beat of hoofs smote on his ear,
And the steady tread drew nigh.

Who is it rides by night, by night,
Over the moonlit road?
And what is the spur that keeps the pace,
What is the galling goad?

And now they beat at the prison door,
"Ho, keeper, do not stay!
We are friends of him whom you hold within,
And we fain would take him away

"From those who ride fast on our heels
With mind to do him wrong;
They have no care for his innocence,
And the rope they bear is long."

They have fooled the jailer with lying words,
They have fooled the man with lies;
The bolts unbar, the locks are drawn,
And the great door open flies.

Now they have taken him from the jail,
And hard and fast they ride,
And the leader laughs low down in his throat,
As they halt my trunk beside.

Oh, the judge, he wore a mask of black,
And the doctor one of white,

e minister, with his oldest
on,
curiously bedight.

lish man, why weep you
ow?
but a little space,
time will come when these
hall dread
nem'ry of your face.

e rope against my bark,
he weight of him in my
rain,
the throe of his final woe
ouch of my own last pain.

er more shall leaves come
orth
bough that bears the ban;
urned with dread, I am

WELTSCHMERTZ

You ask why I am sad to-day,
I have no cares, no griefs, you say?
Ah, yes, 't is true, I have no
grief —
But — is there not the falling
leaf?

The bare tree there is mourning
left
With all of autumn's gray bereft;
It is not what has happened me,
Think of the bare, dismantled tree.

The birds go South along the sky,
I hear their lingering, long good-
bye.
Who goes reluctant from my
breast?
And yet — the lone and wind-

Love bekoned me out to the dawn,
And happily I followed on.

And yet my heart goes out to them
Whose sorrow is their diadem;
The falling leaf, the crying bird,
The voice to be, all lost, unheard —

Not mine, not mine, and yet too much
The thrilling power of human touch,
While all the world looks on and scorns
I wear another's crown of thorns.

Count me a priest who understands
The glorious pain of nail-pierced hands;
Count me a comrade of the thief
Hot driven into late belief.

Oh, mother's tear, oh, father's sigh,
Oh, mourning sweetheart's last good-bye,
I yet have known no mourning save
Beside some brother's brother's grave.

ROBERT GOULD SHAW

WHY was it that the thunder voice of Fate
Should call thee, studious, from the classic groves,
Where calm-eyed Pallas with still footstep roves,
And charge thee seek the turmoil of the state?
What bade thee hear the voice and rise elate,
Leave home and kindred and thy spicy loaves,
To lead th' unlettered and despised droves
To manhood's home and thunder at the gate?

Far better the slow blaze of Learning's light,
The cool and quiet of her dearer fane,
Than this hot terror of a hopeless fight,
This cold endurance of the final pain,—
Since thou and those who with thee died for right
Have died, the Present teaches, but in vain!

ROSES

OH, wind of the spring-time, oh, free wind of May,
When blossoms and bird-song are rife;
Oh, joy for the season, and joy for the day,
That gave me the roses of life, of life,
That gave me the roses of life.

d of the summer, sing
ud in the night,
flutters my heart like a
ve;
e from thy kingdom, thy
alm of delight,
ave me the roses of love,
love,
ave me the roses of love.

l of the winter, sigh low
thy grief,
thy compassionate breath;
I fall, like the autumn-
ssed leaf,
ve me the roses of death,
death,
ve me the roses of death.

All of the love of my soul will I
bring to thee,
All of the pains of my being shall
wring to thee,
Deep and forever the song of my
loving shall sing to thee,
Ever and ever thro' day and thro'
night shall I cling to thee.
Hearest thou the answer?
Darling, I come, I come.

ITCHING HEELS

Fu' de peace o' my eachin' heels,
set down;
Don' fiddle dat chune no mo'.
Don' you see how dat melody stuhs
me up
An' haigs me to tek to de flo'?

I 'll git up an' taih up dis groun' fu' a mile,
An' den I 'll be chu'ched fu' it, sho'.

Oh, fiddle dat chune some mo', I say,
An' fiddle it loud an' fas':
I 's a youngstah ergin in de mi'st o' my sin;
De p'esent 's gone back to de pas'.
I 'll dance to dat chune, so des fiddle erway;
I knows how de backslidah feels;
So fiddle it on 'twell de break o' de day
Fu' de sake o' my eachin' heels.

TO AN INGRATE

This is to-day, a golden summer's day
And yet — and yet
My vengeful soul will not forget
The past, forever now forgot, you say.

From that half height where I had sadly climbed,
I stretched my hand,
I lone in all that land,
Down there, where, helpless, you were limed.

Our fingers clasped, and dragging me a pace,
You struggled up.
It is a bitter Cup,
That now for naught, you turn away your face.

I shall remember this for aye and aye.
Whate'er may come,
Although my lips are dumb,
My spirit holds you to that yesterday.

IN THE TENTS OF AKBAR

In the tents of Akbar
Are dole and grief to-day,
For the flower of all the Indies
Has gone the silent way.

In the tents of Akbar
Are emptiness and gloom,
And where the dancers gather,
The silence of the tomb.

Across the yellow desert,
Across the burning sands,
Old Akbar wanders madly,
And wrings his fevered hands.

And ever makes his moaning
To the unanswering sky,
For Sutna, lovely Sutna,
Who was so fair to die.

For Sutna danced at morning,
And Sutna danced at eve;

Her dusky eyes half hidden
  Behind her silken sleeve.

Her pearly teeth out-glancing
  Between her coral lips,
The tremulous rhythm of passion
  Marked by her quivering hips.

As lovely as a jewel
  Of fire and dewdrop blent,
So danced the maiden Sutna
  In gallant Akbar's tent.

And one who saw her dancing,
  Saw her bosom's fall and rise
Put all his body's yearning
  Into his lovelit eyes.

Then Akbar came and drove him —
  A jackal — from his door,
And bade him wander far and look
  On Sutna's face no more.

Some day the sea disgorges,
  The wilderness gives back,
Those half-dead who have wandered,
  Aimless, across its track.

And he returned — the lover,
  Haggard of brow and spent;
He found fair Sutna standing
  Before her master's tent.

"Not mine, nor Akbar's, Sutna!"
  He cried and closely pressed,
And drove his craven dagger
  Straight to the maiden's breast.

Oh, weep, oh, weep, for Sutna,
  So young, so dear, so fair,
Her face is gray and silent
  Beneath her dusky hair.

And wail, oh, wail, for Akbar,
  Who walks the desert sands,
Crying aloud for Sutna,
  Wringing his fevered hands.

In the tents of Akbar
  The tears of sorrow run,
But the corpse of Sutna's slayer,
  Lies rotting in the sun.

THE FOUNT OF TEARS

All hot and grimy from the road,
  Dust gray from arduous years,
I sat me down and eased my load
  Beside the Fount of Tears.

The waters sparkled to my eye,
  Calm, crystal-like, and cool,
And breathing there a restful sigh,
  I bent me to the pool.

When, lo! a voice cried: "Pilgrim, rise,
  Harsh tho' the sentence be,
And on to other lands and skies —
  This fount is not for thee.

"Pass on, but calm thy needless fears,
  Some may not love or sin,
An angel guards the Fount of Tears;
  All may not bathe therein."

Then with my burden on my back
I turned to gaze awhile,
First at the uninviting track,
Then at the water's smile.

And so I go upon my way,
Thro'out the sultry years,
But pause no more, by night, by day,
Beside the Fount of Tears.

LIFE'S TRAGEDY

It may be misery not to sing at all
And to go silent through the brimming day.
It may be sorrow never to be loved,
But deeper griefs than these beset the way.

To have come near to sing the perfect song
And only by a half-tone lost the key,
There is the potent sorrow, there the grief,
The pale, sad staring of life's tragedy.

To have just missed the perfect love,
Not the hot passion of untempered youth,
But that which lays aside its vanity
And gives thee, for thy trusting worship, truth —
This, this it is to be accursed indeed;
For if we mortals love, or if we sing,
We count our joys not by the things we have,
But by what kept us from the perfect thing.

DE WAY T'INGS COME

De way t'ings come, hit seems to me,
Is des' one monst'ous mystery;
De way hit seem to strike a man,
Dey ain't no sense, dey ain't no plan;
Ef trouble sta'ts a pilin' down,
It ain't no use to rage er frown,
It ain't no use to strive er pray,
Hit 's mortal boun' to come dat way.

Now, ef you 's hongry, an' yo' plate
Des' keep on sayin' to you, "Wait,"
Don't mek no diffunce how you feel,
'T won't do no good to hunt a meal,
Fu' dat ah meal des' boun' to hide
Ontwell de devil 's satisfied,
An' 'twell dey 's some'p'n by to cyave
You 's got to ease yo'se'f an' sta've.

But ef dey 's co'n meal on de she'f
You need n't bothah 'roun' yo'se'f,

ody 's boun' to amble in
te you to dey co'n meal bin;
you 's stuffed up to be froat
co'n er middlin', fowl er
oat,
ook out an' you 'll see fu'
o
um faint befo' yo' do'.

ay t'ings happen, huhuh,
ile,
orl' 's done puzzled me one
'ile;
ighty skeered I 'll fall in
ubt,
von't try to reason out
ason why folks strive an'
an
ah fu' a full-fed man,
et de do' an' cross de street

Shet yo' mouf, you rascal,
Wha' 's de use to cry?
You do' see no rain clouds
Up dah in de sky.

Dis hyeah sweat 's been po'in'
Down my face sence dawn;
Ain't hit time we 's hyeahin'
Dat ah dinnah ho'n?
Go on, Ben an' Jaspah,
Lif' yo' feet an' fly,
Hit out fu' de shadder
Fo' I drap an' die.

Hongry, lawd a' mussy,
Hongry as a baih,
Seems lak I hyeah dinnah
Callin' evahwhaih;
Daih 's de ho'n a blowin'!
Let dat cradle swing.

So bring me the wine;
No low fever in mine,
For a drink is more kind than a priest, my dear,
For a drink is more kind than a priest.

DEATH

Storm and strife and stress,
Lost in a wilderness,
Groping to find a way,
Forth to the haunts of day

Sudden a vista peeps,
Out of the tangled deeps,
Only a point — the ray
But at the end is day.

Dark is the dawn and chill,
Daylight is on the hill,
Night is the flitting breath,
Day rides the hills of death.

NIGHT, DIM NIGHT

Night, dim night, and it rains, my love, it rains,
(Art thou dreaming of me, I wonder)
The trees are sad, and the wind complains,
Outside the rolling of the thunder,
And the beat against the panes.

Heart, my heart, thou art mournful in the rain,
(Are thy redolent lips a-quiver?)
My soul seeks thine, doth it seek in vain?
My love goes surging like a river,
Shall its tide bear naught save pain?

LYRICS OF LOVE AND SORROW

I

Love is the light of the world, my dear,
Heigho, but the world is gloomy;
The light has failed and the lamp down hurled,
Leaves only darkness to me.

Love is the light of the world, my dear,
Ah me, but the world is dreary;
The night is down, and my curtain furled
But I cannot sleep, though weary.

Love is the light of the world, my dear,
Alas for a hopeless hoping,
When the flame went out in the breeze that swirled,
And a soul went blindly groping.

II

The light was on the golden sands,
A glimmer on the sea;
My soul spoke clearly to thy soul,
Thy spirit answered me.

Since then the light that gilds the sands,
And glimmers on the sea,
But vainly struggles to reflect
The radiant soul of thee.

III

The sea speaks to me of you
All the day long;
Still as I sit by its side
You are its song.

The sea sings to me of you
Loud on the reef;
Always it moans as it sings,
Voicing my grief.

IV

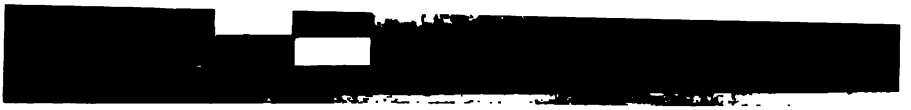
My dear love died last night;
Shall I clothe her in white?
My passionate love is dead,
Shall I robe her in red?
But nay, she was all untrue,
She shall not go drest in blue;
Still my desolate love was brave,
Unrobed let her go to her grave.

V

There are brilliant heights of sorrow
That only the few may know;
And the lesser woes of the world, like waves,
Break noiselessly, far below.
I hold for my own possessing,
A mount that is lone and still —
The great high place of a hopeless grief,

call it my " Heart-break
ill."
on a winter's midnight
l its highest crown,
e in the gloom, my soul
d I,
g, we sat us down.

when I seek that summit
e two ghosts that go;
Only two shades of a thing that
died,
Once in the long ago.
So I sit me down in the silence,
And say to my soul, " Be still,"
So the world may not know we
died that night,
From weeping on " Heart-break
Hill."



LYRICS OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

A BOY'S SUMMER SONG

'Tis fine to play
In the fragrant hay,
And romp on the golden load;
To ride old Jack
To the barn and back,
Or tramp by a shady road.
To pause and drink,
At a mossy brink;
Ah, that is the best of joy,
And so I say
On a summer's day,
What's so fine as being a boy?
Ha, Ha!

With line and hook
By a babbling brook,
The fisherman's sport we ply;
And list the song
Of the feathered throng
That flit in the branches nigh.
At last we strip
For a quiet dip;
Ah, that is the best of joy.
For this I say
On a summer's day,
What's so fine as being a boy?
Ha, Ha!

THE SAND-MAN

I know a man
With face of tan,
But who is ever kind;
Whom girls and boys
Leaves games and toys
Each eventide to find.

When day grows dim,
They watch for him,
He comes to place his claim;
He wears the crown
Of Dreaming-town;
The sand-man is his name.

When sparkling eyes
Troop sleepywise
And busy lips grow dumb;
When little heads
Nod toward the beds,
We know the sand-man's come.

JOHNNY SPEAKS

The sand-man he's a jolly old fellow,
His face is kind and his voice is mellow,
But he makes your eyelids as heavy as lead,
And then you got to go off to bed;
I don't think I like the sand-man.

But I've been playing this live-long day;
It does make a fellow so tired to play!
Oh, my, I'm a-yawning right here before ma,

e sleepiest fellow that ever
you saw.
ink I do like the sand-man.

WINTER-SONG

who would be sad tho' the
sky be a-graying,
meadow and woodlands are
empty and bare;
ftly and merrily now there
come playing,
little white birds thro' the
winter-kissed air.

quirrel's enjoying the rest
of the thrifty,
munches his store in the old
hollow tree;
cold is the blast and the
snow-flakes are drifty

Dey ain't a hint o' frostin'
On de groun' ner in de sky,
An' dey ain't no use in hopin'
Dat de snow'll 'mence to fly.
It's goin' to be a green Christ-
mas,
An' sad de day fu' me.
I wish dis was de las' one
Dat evah I should see.

Dey's dancin' in de cabin,
Dey's spahkin' by de tree;
But dancin' times an' spahkin'
Are all done pas' fur me.
Dey's feastin' in de big house,
Wid all de windahs wide —
Is dat de way fu' people
To meet de Christmas-tide?
It's goin' to be a green Christ-
mas,

Dey's Allen on de hillside,
  An' Marfy in de plain;
Fu' Christmas was like springtime,
  An' come wid sun an' rain.
Dey's Ca'line, John, an' Susie,
  Wid only dis one lef':
An' now de curse is comin'
  Wid murder in hits bref.
    It's goin' to be a green Christmas —
      Des hyeah my words an' see:
    Befo' de summah beckons
      Dey's many 'll weep wid me.

THE FOREST GREETING

Good hunting! — aye, good hunting,
  Wherever the forests call;
But ever a heart beats hot with fear,
  And what of the birds that fall?

Good hunting! — aye, good hunting,
  Wherever the north winds blow;
But what of the stag that calls for his mate?
  And what of the wounded doe?

Good hunting! — aye, good hunting;
  And ah! we are bold and strong;
But our triumph call through the forest hall
  Is a brother's funeral song.

For we are brothers ever,
  Panther and bird and bear;
Man and the weakest that fear his face,
  Born to the nest or lair.

Yes, brothers, and who shall judge us?
  Hunters and game are we;
But who gave the right for me to smite?
  Who boasts when he smiteth me?

Good hunting! — aye, good hunting,
  And dim is the forest track;
But the sportsman Death comes striding on:
  Brothers, the way is black.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY

Sweetest of the flowers a-blooming
  In the fragrant vernal days
Is the Lily of the Valley
  With its soft, retiring ways.

Well, you chose this humble blossom
  As the nurse's emblem flower,
Who grows more like her ideal
  Every day and every hour.

e Lily of the Valley
er honesty and worth,
blooms in truth and virtue
e quiet nooks of earth.

e stands erect in honor
n the heart of mankind
bleeds,
e hides her own deserving
e beauty of her deeds.

silence of the darkness
re no eye may see and know,
her footsteps shod with
mercy,
fleet kindness come and go.

id the sounds of plaudits,
before the garish day,
e shed her soul's sweet per-
fume,

I could not disappoint you and so
prevailed.

TO J. Q.

WHAT are the things that make
life bright?
A star gleam in the night.
What hearts us for the coming
fray?
The dawn tints of the day.
What helps to speed the weary
mile?
A brother's friendly smile.
What turns o' gold the evening
gray?
A flower beside the way.

DIPLOMACY

SCAMP

AIN'T it nice to have a mammy
  W'en you kin' o' tiahed out
Wid a-playin' in de meddah,
  An' a-runnin' roun' about
Till hit's made you mighty hongry,
  An' yo' nose hit gits to know
What de smell means dat 's a-comin'
  F'om de open cabin do'?
    She wash yo' face,
    An' mek yo' place,
  You's hongry as a tramp;
Den hit's eat you suppah right away,
  You sta'vin' little scamp.

W'en you's full o' braid an' bacon,
  An' dey ain't no mo' to eat,
An' de lasses dat's a-stickin'
  On yo' face ta'se kin' o' sweet,
Don' you t'ink hit's kin' o' pleasin'
  Fu' to have som'body neah
Dat'll wipe yo' han's an' kiss you
  Fo' dey lif' you f'om you' cheah?
    To smile so sweet,
    An' wash yo' feet,
  An' leave 'em co'l an' damp;
Den hit's come let me undress you, now
  You lazy little scamp.

Don' yo' eyes git awful heavy,
  An' yo' lip git awful slack,
Ain't dey som'p'n' kin' o' weaknin'
  In de backbone of yo' back?
Don' yo' knees feel kin' o' trimbly,
  An' yo' head go bobbin' roun',
W'en you says yo' "Now I lay me,"
  An' is sno'in on de "down"?
    She kiss yo' nose,
    She kiss yo' toes,
  An' den tu'n out de lamp,
Den hit's creep into yo' trunnel baid,
  You sleepy little scamp.

WADIN' IN DE CRICK

DAYS git wa'm an' wa'mah,
  School gits mighty dull,
Seems lak dese hyeah teachahs
  Mus' feel mussiful.
Hookey's wrong, I know it
  Ain't no gent'man's trick;
But de aih's a-callin',
  "Come on to de crick."

Dah de watah's gu'glin'
  Ovah shiny stones,
Des hit's ve'y singin'
  Seems to soothe yo' bones.
W'at's de use o' waitin'
  Go on good an' quick:
Dain't no fun lak dis hyeah
  Wadin' in de crick.

W'at dat jay-b'ud sayin'?
  Bettah shet yo' haid,
Fus' t'ing dat you fin' out,
  You'll be layin' daid.

u'ds sich a tattlah,
s seem lak his trick
o tell on folkses
adin' in de crick.

er boughs a-bendin'
din' of de sky,
in' kin' o' frien'ly
de win' go by,
trees a-shinin',
hk an' green an' thick,
to say, " I see yo'
adin' in de crick."

de trees don' chattah,
y des look an' sigh
hit's kin' o' peaceful
s a-bein' nigh,
yo' t'ank yo' Mastah
at dey trunks is thick

While I note her dainty waist and
her slender hand,
As she matches this and that, she
stitches strand by strand.
And I long to tell her Life's a
quilt and I'm a patch;
Love will do the stitching if she'll
only be my match.

PARTED

She wrapped her soul in a lace of
lies,
With a prime deceit to pin it;
And I thought I was gaining a
fearsome prize,
So I staked my soul to win it.

We wed and parted on her com-
plaint,

The night is not all dark,
  Nor is the day all it seems,
But each may bring me this relief —
  My dreams and dreams.

I had not known before
  That Never was so sad a word,
So wrap me in forgetfulness —
  I have not heard.

THE PLANTATION CHILD'S LULLABY

WINTAH time hit comin'
  Stealin' thoo de night;
Wake up in the mo'nin'
  Evah t'ing is white;
Cabin lookin' lonesome
  Stannin' in de snow,
Meks you kin' o' nervous,
  W'en de win' hit blow.

Trompin' back from feedin',
  Col' an' wet an' blue,
Homespun jacket ragged,
  Win' a-blowin' thoo.
Cabin lookin' cheerful,
  Unnerneaf de do',
Yet you kin' o' keerful
W'en de win' hit blow.

Hickory log a-blazin'
  Light a-lookin' red,
Faith o' eyes o' peepin'
  'Rom a trun'le bed,
Little feet a-patterin'
  Cleak across de flo';
Bettah had be keerful
  W'en de win' hit blow.

Suppah done an' ovah,
  Evah t'ing is still;
Listen to de snowman
  Slippin' down de hill.
Ashes on de fiah,
  Keep it wa'm but low.
What's de use o' keerin'
  Ef de win' do blow?

Smoke house full o' bacon,
  Brown an' sweet an' good;
Taters in de cellah,
  'Possum roam de wood;
Little baby snoozin'
  Des ez ef he know.
What 's de use o' keerin'
  Ef de win' do blow?

TWILIGHT

'TWIXT a smile and a tear,
  'Twixt a song and a sigh,
'Twixt the day and the dark,
  When the night draweth nigh.

Ah, sunshine may fade
  From the heavens above,
No twilight have we
  To the day of our love.

CURIOSITY

MAMMY'S in de kitchen, an' de
  do' is shet;
All de pickaninnies climb an' tug
  an' sweat,

to de winder, stickin' dah
flies,
ne ermong us des all nose
eyes.

t's she cookin', Isaac?"
Whut's she cookin', Jake?"
sweet pertaters? Is hit pie
cake?"
e couldn't mek out even
hah we stood
was mammy cookin' dat
uld smell so good.

y spread de winder, an'
e frown an' frown,
le pickaninnies come a-tum-
in' down!

'Twell dat steamin' kitchen brings
us stealin' back,
Climbin' an' a-peepin' so's to see
inside.
Whut on earf kin mammy be so
sha'p to hide?
I'd des up an' tell folks w'en I
knowed I could,
Ef I was a-cookin' t'ings dat smelt
so good.

Mammy in de oven, an' I see huh
smile;
Moufs mus' be a-wat'rin' roun'
hyeah fuh a mile;
Den we almos' hollah ez we hu'ies
down,
'Ca'se hit's apple dumplin's, big an'
fat an' brown!

On de she'f behime de do'—
  Mussy, what a feas'!
Soon ez she gits out o' sight,
  I kin eat in peace.
I bin watchin' fu' a week
  Des fu' dis hyeah chance.
Mussy, w'en I gits in daih,
  I'll des sholy dance.

Lemon pie an' gingah-cake,
  Let me set an' t'ink—
Vinegah an' sugah, too,
  Dat'll mek a drink;
Ef dey's one t'ing dat I loves
  Mos' pu'ticlahly,
It is eatin' sweet t'ings an'
  A-drinkin' Sangaree.

Lawdy, won' po' granny raih
  W'en she see de she'f;
W'en I t'ink erbout huh face,
  I's mos' 'shamed myse'f.
Well, she gone, an 'hyeah I is,
  Back behime de do'—
Look hyeah! gran' 's done 'spected
    me,
  Dain't no sweets no mo'.

Evah sweet is hid erway,
  Job des done up brown;
Pusson t'ink dat someun t'ought
  Dey was t'eves erroun';
Dat des breaks my heart in two,
  Oh how bad I feel!
Des to t'ink my own gramma
  B'lieved dat I 'u'd steal!

PUTTIN' THE BABY AWAY

EIGHT of 'em hyeah all tol' an' yet
Dese eyes o' mine is wringin' wet;
My haht's a-achin' ha'd an' so',
De way hit nevah ached befo';
My soul's a-pleadin', "Lawd, give
    back
Dis little lonesome baby black,
Dis one, dis las' po' he'pless one
Whose little race was too soon
    run."

Po' Little Jim, des fo' yeahs ol'
A-layin' down so still an' col'.
Somehow hit don' seem ha'dly
    faih,
To have my baby lyin' daih
Wi'dout a smile upon his face,
Wi'dout a look erbout de place;
He ust to be so full o' fun
Hit don' seem right dat all's done,
    done.

Des eight in all but I don' caih,
Dey wa'nt a single one to spaih;
De worl' was big, so was my haht,
An' dis hyeah baby owned hit's
    paht;
De house was po', dey clothes was
    rough,
But daih was meat an' meal
    enough;
An' daih was room fu' little Jim;
Oh! Lawd, what made you call fu'
    him?

... ought wid al
folks,
Dat's roun' hyeah mixin' teahs
jokes,
De Lawd u'd had de time to se
Dis chile an' tek him 'way f'
me.

But let it go, I reckon Jim,
'Ll des go right straight up
Him
Dat took him f'om his mammy
nest
An' lef' dis achin' in my breas',
An' lookin' in dat fathah's face
An' 'memberin' dis lone sorrerin
place,
He'll say, "Good Lawd, you ough
to had
Do sumpin' fu' to comfo't dad!"

THE FISHER CHILD'S LULLABY

An' hit tain't no p'oposition fu' to
mek de hickory bu'n.
Ef de sweet pertater fails us an' de
go'geous yallah yam,
We kin tek a bit o' comfo't f'om
ouah sto' o' summah jam.
W'en de snow hit git to flyin',
dat's de Mastah's own desiah,
De Lawd'll run de wintah an' yo'
mammy'll run de fiah.

I ain' skeered because de win' hit
staht to raih and blow,
I ain't bothahed w'en he come er
rattlin' at de do',
Let him taih hisse'f an' shout, let
him blow an' bawl,

Dat's de time de branches shek an'
bresh-wood 'mence to fall.
W'en de sto'm er railin' an' de
shettahs blowin' 'bout,
Dat de time de fiah-place crack
hits welcome out.
Tain' my livin' business fu' to
trouble ner enquiah,
De Lawd'll min' de wintah an' my
mammy'll min' de fiah.

Ash-cake allus gits ez brown w'en
February's hyeah
Ez it does in bakin' any othah time
o' yeah.
De bacon smell ez callin'-like, de
kittle rock an' sing,
De same way in de wintah dat dey
do it in de spring;
Dey ain't no use in mopin' 'round
an' lookin' mad an' glum
Erbout de wintah season, fu' hit's
des plumb boun' to come;

An' ef it comes to runnin' t'ings
I's willin' to retiah,
De Lawd'll min' de wintah an'
my mammy'll min' de fiah.

THE FARM CHILD'S LULLABY

Oh, the little bird is rocking in
the cradle of the wind,
And it's bye, my little wee one,
bye;
The harvest all is gathered and
the pippins all are binned;
Bye, my little wee one, bye;
The little rabbit's hiding in the
golden shock of corn,
The thrifty squirrel's laughing
bunny's idleness to scorn;
You are smiling with the angels
in your slumber, smile till
morn;
So it's bye, my little wee one,
bye.

There'll be plenty in the cellar,
there'll be plenty on the
shelf;
Bye, my little wee one, bye;
There'll be goodly store of sweet-
ings for a dainty little elf;
Bye, my little wee one, bye.

Why, the Bob White think
snowflake is a brother
song;
Bye, my little wee one, bye;
And the chimney sings the sw
when the wind is blo
strong;
Bye, my little wee one, bye;
The granary's overflowing, ful
cellar, crib, and bin,
The wood has paid its tribute
the ax has ceased its din;
The winter may not harm y
when you're sheltered s
within;
So bye, my little wee one, b

THE PLACE WHERE TH RAINBOW ENDS

THERE'S a fab-

And I shall find wealth in my friends;
Then truce to the story,
Of riches and glory;
There's the place where the rainbow ends.

HOPE

De dog go howlin' 'long de road,
De night come shiverin' down;
My back is tiahed of its load,
I cain't be fu' f'om town.
No mattah ef de way is long,
My haht is swellin' wid a song,
No mattah 'bout de frownin' skies,
I'll soon be home to see my Lize.

My shadder staggah on de way,
It's monstous col' to-night;
But I kin hyeah my honey say
"W'y bless me if de sight
O' you ain't good fu' my so' eyes."
(Dat talk's dis lak my lady Lize)
I's so'y case de way was long
But Lawd you bring me love an' song.

No mattah ef de way is long,
An' ef I trimbles so'
I knows de fiah's burnin' strong,
Behime my Lizy's do'.
An' daih my res' an' joy shell be,
Whaih my ol' wife's awaitin' me —
Why what I keer fu' stingin' blas',
I see huh windah light at las'.

APPRECIATION

My muvver's ist the nicest one
'At ever lived wiz folks;
She lets you have ze mostes' fun,
An' laffs at all your jokes.

I got a ol' maid auntie, too,
The worst you ever saw;
Her eyes ist bore you through and through,—
She ain't a bit like ma.

She's ist as slim as slim can be,
An' when you want to slide
Down on ze balusters, w'y she
Says 'at she's harrified.

She ain't as nice as Uncle Ben,
What says 'at little boys
Won't never grow to be big men
Unless they're fond of noise.

But muvver's nicer zan 'em all,
She calls you, "precious lamb,"
An' let's you roll your ten-pin ball,
An' spreads your bread wiz jam.

An' when you're bad, she ist looks sad,
You fink she's goin' to cry;
An' when she don't you're awful glad,
An' den you're good, Oh, my!

An' aunts an' uncle tan't,
It skeers a feller; ist suppose
His muvver 'd been a aunt.

A SONG

On a summer's day as I sat by
stream,
A dainty maid came by,
And she blessed my sight like
rosy dream,
And left me there to sigh, t
sigh,
And left me there to sigh, t
sigh.

On another day as I sat by the
stream,
This maiden paused a while,
Then I made me bold as I told
my dream,
She heard it with a smile. a

Gather, gentlemen and ladies,
For the nuptial feast now made is,
Swing your garlands, chant your lay
For the pair who wed to-day.

Wish them happy days and many,
Troubles few and griefs not any,
Lift your brimming cups and say
God bless them who wed to-day.

Then a cup to Cupid daring,
Who for conquest ever faring,
With his arrows dares assail
E'en a doctor's coat of mail.

So with blithe and happy hymning
And with harmless goblets brimming,
Dance a step — musicians play —
Doctor Dan doth wed to-day.

WHAT'S THE USE

WHAT'S the use o' folks a-frownin'
When the way's a little rough?
Frowns lay out the road fur smilin'
You'll be wrinkled soon enough.
What's the use?

What's the use o' folks a-sighin'?
It's an awful waste o' breath,
An' a body can't stand wastin'
What he needs so bad in death.
What's the use?

What's the use o' even weepin'?
Might as well go long an' smile.
Life, our longest, strongest arrow,
Only lasts a little while.
What's the use?

A LAZY DAY

THE trees bend down along the stream,
Where anchored swings my tiny boat.
The day is one to drowse and dream
And list the thrush's throttling note.
When music from his bosom bleeds
Among the river's rustling reeds.

No ripple stirs the placid pool,
When my adventurous line is cast,
A truce to sport, while clear and cool,
The mirrored clouds slide softly past.
The sky gives back a blue divine,
And all the world's wide wealth is mine.

A pickerel leaps, a bow of light,
The minnows shine from side to side.
The first faint breeze comes up the tide —
I pause with half uplifted oar,
While night drifts down to claim the shore.

On de street of comerds
Soothes yo' heart an' hu'ts,
Des don' pet yo' worries,
Lay 'em on de she'f,
Tek a little trouble
Brothah, wid yo'se'f.

Ef a frien' comes mou'nin'
'Bout his awful case,
You know you don' grieve him
Wid a gloomy face,
But you wrassle wid him,
Try to tek him in;
Dough hit cracks yo' features,
Law, you smile lak sin,
Ain't you good ez he is?
Don' you pine to def;
Tek a little trouble
Brothah, wid yo'se'f.

Ef de chillun pestahs,
An' de baby's bad,
Ef yo' wife gits narvous,
An' you're gettin' mad,
Des you grab yo' boot-strops,

'Ca'se de people gwine to test you,
an' dey'll fin' out you's
a-lyin',
Den dey'll twis' yo' sayin's in a
snarl.
Wuss t'ing in de country dat I
evah hyahed —
A crow dot sat a-squawkin', "I's
a mockin'-bird."

A GOLDEN DAY

I FOUND you and I lost you,
All on a gleaming day.
The day was filled with sunshine,
And the land was full of May.

A golden bird was singing
Its melody divine,
I found you and I loved you,
And all the world was mine.

I found you and I lost you,
All on a golden day,
But when I dream of you, dear,
It is always brimming May.

THE UNLUCKY APPLE

'TWAS the apple that in Eden
Caused our father's primal fall;
And the Trojan War, remem-
ber —
'Twas an apple caused it all.
So for weeks I've hesitated,
You can guess the reason why,
For I want to tell my darling
She's the apple of my eye.

THE DISCOVERY

THESE are the days of elfs and
fays:
Who says that with the dreams of
myth,
These imps and elves disport them-
selves?
Ah no, along the paths of song
Do all the tiny folk belong.

Round all our homes,
Kobolds and gnomes do daily cling,
Then nightly fling their lanterns
out.
And shout on shout, they join the
rout,
And sing, and sing, within the
sweet enchanted ring.

Where gleamed the guile of moon-
light's smile,
Once paused I, listening for a
while,
And heard the lay, unknown by
day,—
The fairies' dancing roundelay.

Queen Mab was there, her shim-
mering hair
Each fairy prince's heart's despair.
She smiled to see their sparkling
glee,
And once I ween, she smiled at me.

Since when, you may by night or
day,
Dispute the sway of elf-folk gay;
But, hear me, stay!

MORNING

The mist has left the greening plain,
The dew-drops shine like fairy rain,
The coquette rose awakes again
Her lovely self adorning.
The Wind is hiding in the trees,
A sighing, soothing, laughing tease,
Until the rose says "Kiss me, please,"
'Tis morning, 'tis morning.

With staff in hand and careless-free,
The wanderer fares right jauntily,
For towns and houses are, thinks he,
For ...

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

A MUSICAL

Outside the rain upon the street,
The sky all grim of hue,
Inside, the music-painful sweet,
And yet I heard but you.

As is a thrilling violin,
So is your voice to me,
And still above the other strains,
It sang in ecstasy.

TWELL DE NIGHT IS PAS'

All de night long twell de moon goes down,
Lovin' I set at huh feet,
Den fu' de long jou'ney back f'om de town,
Ha'd, but de dreams mek it sweet.

All de night long twell de break of de day,
Dreamin' agin in my sleep,
Mandy comes drivin' my sorrers away,
Axin' me, "Wha' fu' you weep?"

All de day long twell de sun goes down,
Smilin', I ben' to my hoe,
Fu' dough de weddah git nasty an' frown,
One place I know I kin go.
All my life long twell de night has pas'
Let de wo'k come ez it will,
So dat I fin' you, my honey, at las',
Somewhaih des ovah de hill.

BLUE

Standin' at de winder,
Feelin' kind o' glum,
Listenin' to de raindrops
Play de kettle drum,
Lookin' crost de medders
Swimmin' lak a sea;
Lawd 'a' mussy on us,
What's de good o' me?

Can't go out a-hoein',
Wouldn't ef I could;
Groun' too wet fu' huntin',
Fishin' ain't no good.
Too much noise fo' sleepin',
No one hyeah to chat;
Des mus' stan' an' listen
To dat pit-a-pat.

Hills is gittin' misty,
Valley's gittin' dahk;
Watch-dog's 'mence a-howlin',
Rathah have 'em ba'k
Dan a-moanin' solemn
Somewhaih out o' sight;
Rain-crow des a-chucklin'—
Dis is his delight.

Mandy, bring my banjo,
Bring de chillen in,

n f'om de kitchen,
l sick ez sin.
Uncle Isaac,
Aunt Hannah, too,
no use in talkin',
, I's sholy blue.

REAMIN' TOWN

way to dreamin' town,
ly Lou, Mandy Lou,
de skies don' nevah frown,
Mandy Lou;
he streets is paved with
gol',
de days is nevah col',
sheep strays f'om de fol',
Mandy Lou.

Come away to dreamland town,
Mandy Lou, Mandy Lou,
Whaih de fruit is bendin' down,
Des fu' you.
Smooth your brow of lovin' brown,
An' my love will be its crown;
Come away to dreamin' town,
Mandy Lou.

AT NIGHT

WHUT time 'd dat clock strike?
Nine? No — eight;
I didn't think hit was so late.
Aer chew! I must 'a' got a cough,
I raally b'lieve I did doze off —
Hit's mighty soothin' to de tiah,
A-dozin' dis way by de fiah;
Oo oom — hit feels so good to

You 'Lias git up now, my son,
  Seems lak my nap is des begun;
You sutny mus' ma'k down de day
  W'en I treats comp'ny dis away!
W'y, Brother Jones, dat drowse come on,
  An' laws! I dremp dat you was gone!
You 'Lias, whaih yo' mannahs, suh,
  To hyeah me call an' nevah stuh!

To-morrer mo'nin' w'en I call
  Dat boy'll be sleepin' to beat all,
Don't mek no diffunce how I roah,
  He'll des lay up an' sno' and sno'.
Now boy, you done hyeahed whut I said,
  You bettah tek yo'se'f yo baid,
Case ef you gits me good an' wrong
  I'll mek dat sno' a diffunt song.

Dis wood fiah is invitin' dho',
  Hit seems to wa'm de ve'y flo'—
An' nuffin' ain't a whit ez sweet,
  Ez settin' toastin' of yo' feet.
Hit mek you drowsy, too, but La!
  Hyeah, 'Lias, don't you hyeah yo' ma?
Ef I gits sta'ted f'om dis cheah
  I' lay, you scamp, I'll mek you heah!

To-morrer mo'nin' I kin bawl
  Twell all de neighbohs hyeah me call;
An' you'll be snoozin' des ez deep
  Ez if de day was made fu' sleep;
Hit's funny when you got a cough
  Somehow yo' voice seems too fu' off—
Can't wake dat boy fu' all I say,
  I reckon he'll sleep daih twell day!

KIDNAPED

I HELD my heart so far from harm,
  I let it wander far and free
In mead and mart, without alarm,
  Assured it must come back to me.

And all went well till on a day,
  Learned Dr. Cupid wandered by
A search along our sylvan way
  For some peculiar butterfly.

A flash of wings, a hurried dive,
  A flutter and a short-lived flit;
This Scientist, as I am alive
  Had seen my heart and captured it.

Right tightly now 'tis held among
  The specimens that he has trapped,
And sings (Oh, love is ever young),
  'Tis passing sweet to be kidnaped.

And sung with such falteri
breath,
The Master in infinite mercy
Offers the boon of Death.

WINTER'S APPROACH

De sun hit shine an' de win' h
blow,
Ol' Brer Rabbit be a-layin' low,
He know dat de wintah tim
a-comin',
De huntah man he walk an' wait,
He walk right by Brer Rabbit's
gate —
He know —

De dog he lick his sliverin' chop,
An' he tongue 'gin' his mouf go
flop, flop —
He —
He rub his nose fu' to clah his
scent

Blow, you bugles, play, you fife,
Rattle, drums, for dearest life.
Let the flags wave freely so,
As the marching legions go,
Shout, hurrah and laugh and jest,
This is memory at its best.
(Did you notice at your quip,
That old comrade's quivering lip?)

Ah, I see them as they come,
Stumbling with the rumbling drum;
But a sight more sad to me
E'en than these ranks could be
Was that one with cane upraised
Who stood by and gazed and gazed,
Trembling, solemn, lips compressed,
Longing to be with the rest.

Did he dream of old alarms,
As he stood, "presented arms"?
Did he think of field and camp
And the unremitting tramp
Mile on mile — the lonely guard
When he kept his midnight ward?
Did he dream of wounds and scars
In that bitter war of wars?

What of that? He stood and stands
In my memory — trembling hands,
Whitened beard and cane and all
As if waiting for the call
Once again: "To arms, my sons,"
And his ears hear far-off guns,
Roll of cannon and the tread
Of the legions of the Dead!

YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW

YESTERDAY I held your hand,
Reverently I pressed it,
And its gentle yieldingness
From my soul I blessed it.

But to-day I sit alone,
Sad and sore repining;
Must our gold forever know
Flames for the refining?

Yesterday I walked with you,
Could a day be sweeter?
Life was all a lyric song
Set to tricksy meter.

Ah, to-day is like a dirge,—
Place my arms around you,
Let me feel the same dear joy
As when first I found you.

Let me once retrace my steps,
From these roads unpleasant,
Let my heart and mind and soul
All ignore the present.

Yesterday the iron seared
And to-day means sorrow.
Pause, my soul, arise, arise,
Look where gleams the morrow.

I pondered a little about the sca
And then I decided to follo
His wandering journey to field
camp,
Up hill, down dale or hollow

I dogged the rollicking, gay, you
blade
In every species of weather;
Till, leading me straight to t
home of a maid
He left us there together.

And then I saw it, oh, sweet su
prise,
The taper it set a-burning
The love-light brimming my lady
eyes,
And my heart with the fire c
yearning.

THE CHASE

For the First-Born, Love, is
dead.

Poor little fellow, he seemed so
fair
As he lay in my jealous arms;
Silent and cold he is lying there
Stripped of his darling charms.

Lusty and strong he had grown
forsooth,
Sweet with an infinite grace,
Proud in the force of his conquer-
ing youth,
Laughter alight in his face.

Oh, but the blast, it was cruel and
keen,
And ah, but the chill it was rare;
The look of the winter-kissed
flow'r you've seen
When meadows and fields were
bare.

Can you not wake from this white,
cold sleep
And speak to me once again?
True that your slumber is deep,
so deep,
But deeper by far is my pain.

Cover him over with daisies white,
And eke with the poppies red,
Sit with me here by his couch to-
night,
For the First-Born, Love, is
dead.

BEIN' BACK HOME

Home agin, an' home to stay —
Yes, it's nice to be away.
Plenty things to do an' see,
But the old place seems to me
Jest about the proper thing.
Mebbe 'ts 'cause the mem'ries
cling
Closer 'round yore place o' birth
'N ary other spot on earth.

W'y it's nice jest settin' here,
Lookin' out an' seein' clear,
'Thout no smoke, ner dust, ner
haze
In these sweet October days.
What's as good as that there lane,
Kind o' browned from last night's
rain?
'Pears like home has got the start
When the goal's a feller's heart.

What's as good as that there jay
Screechin' up'ards towards the
gray
Skies? An' tell me, what's as fine
As that full-leafed pumpkin vine?
Tow'rin' buildin's — yes, they're
good;
But in sight o' field and wood,
Then a feller understan's
'Bout the house not made with
han's.

Let the others rant an' roam
When they git away from home;
Jest gi' me my old settee

y pipe beneath a tree;
o' medders green an' still,
and then a gentle hill,
orchards, full o' fruit,
a cider press to boot —

the thing jest done up
rown;
it to be too nigh to town;
to have the smells an' sights,
e dreams o' long still nights,
the friends you used to know
keerless long ago —
old cronies, same old folks,
old cider, same old jokes.

's nice a-gittin' back,
yore pulse is growin' slack,
ore breath begins to wheeze
An' my min' fu'gits de whuppins
Draps de feah o' block an' lash
An' flies straight to somep'n' joyful
In a secon's lightnin' flash.
Den hit seems I see a vision
Of a dearah long ago
Of de childern tumblin' roun' me
By my rough ol' cabin do'.

Talk about yo' go'geous mansions
An' yo' big house great an' gran',
Des bring up de fines' palace
Dat you know in all de lan'.
But dey's somep'n' dearah to me,
Somep'n' faihah to my eyes
In dat cabin, less you bring me
To yo' mansion in de skies.

Joyous times I tell you people
Roun' dat same ol' cabin do'.

But at times my t'oughts gits sad-
dah,
Ez I riccolec' de folks,
An' dey frolickin' an' talkin'
Wid dey laughin' an dey jokes.
An' hit hu'ts me w'en I membahs
Dat I 'll nevah see no mo'
Dem ah faces gethered smilin'
Roun' dat po' ol' cabin do'.

DESPAIR

Let me close the eyes of my soul
That I may not see
What stands between thee and me.

Let me shut the ears of my heart
That I may not hear
A voice that drowns yours, my
dear.

Let me cut the cords of my life,
Of my desolate being,
Since cursed is my hearing and see-
ing.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES

Tim Murphy's gon' walkin' wid
Maggie O'Neill,
O chone!
If I was her muther, I 'd frown
on sich foolin',
O chone!
I'm sure it's unmutherlike, darin'
an' wrong
To let a gyrul hear tell the sass an'
the song
Of every young felly that happens
along,
O chone!

An' Murphy, the things that's
be'n sed of his doin',
O chone!
'Tis a cud that no dacent folks
wants to be chewin',
O chone!
If he came to my door wid his
cane on a twirl,
Fur to thry to make love to you,
Biddy, my girl,
Ah, wouldn't I send him away
wid a whirl,
O chone!

They say the gossoon is indecent
and dirty,
O chone!
In spite of his dressin' so.
O chone!
Let him dress up ez foine ez a
king or a queen,
Let him put on more wrinkles
than ever was seen,
You'll be sure he's no match for
my little colleen,
O chone!

Faith the two is comin' back an'
their walk is all over,
O chone!

'Twas a pretty short walk fur to take wid a lover,
O chone!
Why, I believe that Tim Murphy's a kumin' this way,
Ah, Biddy jest look at him steppin' so gay,
I'd niver belave what the gossipers say,
O chone!

He's turned in the gate an' he's coming a-caperin',
O chone!
Go, Biddy, go quick an' put on a clane apern,
O chone!
Be quick as ye kin fur he's right at the dure;
Come in, master Tim, fur ye're welcome I'm shure.
We were talkin' o' ye jest a minute before.
O chone!

TILL THE WIND GETS RIGHT

OH the breeze is blowin' balmy
An the sun is in a haze;
There's a cloud jest givin' coolness
To the laziest of days.
There are crowds upon the lakeside,
But the fish refuse to bite,
So I'll wait and go a-fishin'
When the wind gets right.

Now my boat tugs at her anchor,
Eager now to kiss the spray,
While the little waves are callin'
Drowsy sailor come away,
There's a harbor for the happy,
And its sheen is just in sight,
But I won't set sail to get there,
Till the wind gets right.

That's my trouble, too, I reckon,
I've been waitin' all too long,
Tho' the days were always
Still the wind is always wrong.
An' when Gabriel blows his trumpet,
In the day o' in the night,
I will still be found waitin',
Till the wind gets right.

A SUMMER NIGHT

SUMMAH is de lovin' time —
Do' keer what you say.
Night is allus peart an' prime,
Bettah dan de day.
Do de day is sweet an' good,
Birds a-singin' fine,
Pines a-smellin' in de wood,—
But de night is mine.

Rivah whisperin' "howdy do,"
Ez it pass you by —
Moon a-lookin' down at you,
Winkin' on de sly.
Frogs a-croakin' f'om de pon',
Singin' bass dey fill,
An' you listen way beyon'
Ol' man whippo'will.

Hush up, honey, tek my han',
  Mek yo' footsteps light;
Somep'n' kin' o' hol's de lan'
  On a summah night.
Somep'n' dat you nevah sees
  An' you nevah hyeahs,
But you feels it in de breeze,
  Somep'n' nigh to teahs.

Somep'n' nigh to teahs? dat's so;
  But hit's nigh to smiles.
An' you feels it ez you go
  Down de shinin' miles.
Tek my han', my little dove;
  Hush an' come erway —
Summah is de time fu' love,
  Night-time beats de day!

AT SUNSET TIME

Adown the west a golden glow
  Sinks burning in the sea,
And all the dreams of long ago
  Come flooding back to me.
The past has writ a story strange
  Upon my aching heart,
But time has wrought a subtle change,
  My wounds have ceased to smart.

No more the quick delight of youth,
  No more the sudden pain,
I look no more for trust or truth
  Where greed may compass gain.
What, was it I who bared my heart
  Through unrelenting years,
And knew the sting of misery's dart,
  The tang of sorrow's tears?

'Tis better now, I do not weep,
  I do not laugh nor care;
My soul and spirit half asleep
  Drift aimless everywhere.
We float upon a sluggish stream,
  We ride no rapids mad,
While life is all a tempered dream
  And every joy half sad.

NIGHT

Silence, and whirling worlds afar
  Through all encircling skies.
What floods come o'er the spirit's bar,
  What wondrous thoughts arise.

The earth, a mantle falls away,
  And, winged, we leave the sod;
Where shines in its eternal sway
  The majesty of God.

AT LOAFING-HOLT

Since I left the city's heat
For this sylvan, cool retreat,
High upon the hill-side here
Where the air is clean and clear,
I have lost the urban ways.

are calm and tranquil days,
lawns of green are mine,
ed treasures of the vine;
orgotten plants I know,
the best wild berries grow,
the greens and grasses
rout,
the elders blossom out.
am grown weather-wise
he lore of winds and skies.
he song whose soft refrain
sigh of summer rain.
u where the woods are cool,
you know the shady pool
throughout the lazy day,
l beauties drowse or play?
you find in rest or peace
s permanent release? —
he city, grim and gray,

WHEN A FELLER'S ITCHIN' TO BE SPANKED

W'EN us fellers stomp around,
makin' lots o' noise,
Gramma says, "There's certain
times come to little boys
W'en they need a shingle or the
soft side of a plank;"
She says "we're a-itchin' for a
right good spank."
An' she says, "Now thes you
wait,
It's a-comin'— soon or late,
W'en a feller's itchin' fer a spank."

W'en a feller's out o' school, you
know how he feels,
Gramma says we wriggle 'roun'
like a lot o' eels

An' she says, "Now thes you wait,
It's a-comin'— soon or late,"
W'en a feller's itchin' to be spanked.

Ef you fin' the days is gettin' awful hot in school
An' you know a swimmin' place where it's nice and cool,
Er you know a cat-fish hole brimmin' full o' fish,
Whose a-goin' to set around school and wish?
'Tain't no use to hide your bait,
It's a-comin,— soon or late,
W'en a feller's itchin' to be spanked.

Ol' folks know most ever'thing 'bout the world, I guess,
Gramma does, we wish she knowed thes a little less,
But I alwus kind o' think it 'ud be as well
Ef they wouldn't alwus have to up an' tell;
We kids wish 'at they'd thes wait,
It's a-comin'— soon or late,
W'en a feller's itchin' to be spanked.

THE RIVER OF RUIN

Along by the river of ruin
They dally — the thoughtless ones,
They dance and they dream
By the side of the stream,
As long as the river runs.

It seems all so pleasant and cheery —
No thought of the morrow is theirs,
And their faces are bright
With the sun of delight,
And they dream of no night-brooding cares.

The women wear garlanded tresses,
The men have rings on their hands,
And they sing in their glee,
For they think they are free —
They that know not the treacherous sands.

Ah, but this be a venturesome journey,
Forever those sands are ashift,
And a step to one side
Means a grasp of the tide,
And the current is fearful and swift.

For once in the river of ruin,
What boots it, to do or to dare,
For down we must go
In the turbulent flow,
To the desolate sea of Despair.

TO HER

presence like a benison to
me
es my sick soul to dreamful
ecstasy,
y that some old Arabian
night
u my houri and my heart's
delight.

andering forth beneath the
passionate moon,
love-strung zither and my
soul in tune,
w the joy, the haunting of
the pain
like a flame thrills
through me now again.

ıt we sit where sweet the

She writes me dat she loves me an' she loves me true,
She wonders ef I'll tell huh dat I loves huh, too;
An' my heaht's so full o' music dat I do' know what to do;
Oh, my; oh, my.

I got a man to read it an' he read it fine;
Oh, my; oh, my.
Dey ain' no use denying dat her love is mine;
Oh, my; oh, my.
But hyeah's de t'ing dat's puttin' me in such a awful plight,
I t'ink of huh at mornin' an' I dream of huh at night;
But how's I gwine to cou't huh w'en I do' know how to

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

AFTER MANY DAYS

I've always been a faithful man
An' tried to live for duty,
But the stringent mode of life
Has somewhat lost its beauty.

The story of the generous bread
He sent upon the waters,
Which after many days returns
To trusting sons and daughters,

Had oft impressed me, so I want
My soul influenced by it,
And bought a loaf of bread and sought
A stream where I could try it.

I cast my bread upon the waves
And fancied then to await it;
It had not floated far away
When a fish came up and ate it.

And if I want both fish and bread,
And surely both I'm wanting,
About the only way I see
Is for me to go fishing.

LIZA MAY

Little brown face full of smiles,
And a baby's guileless wiles,
Liza May, Liza May.

Eyes a-peeping thro' the fence
With an interest intense,
Liza May.

Ah, the gate is just ajar,
And the meadow is not far,
Liza May, Liza May.

And the road feels very sweet,
To your little toddling feet,
Liza May.

Ah, you roguish runaway,
What will toiling mother say,
Liza May, Liza May?

What care you who smile to greet
Everyone you chance to meet,
Liza May?

Soft the mill-race sings its song,
Just a little way along,
Liza May, Liza May.

But the song is full of guile,
Turn, ah turn, your steps the while,
Liza May.

You have caught the gleam and glow
Where the darkling waters flow,
Liza May, Liza May.

Flash of ripple, bend of bough,
Where are all the angels now?
Liza May.

Now a mother's eyes intense
Gazing o'er a shabby fence,
Liza May, Liza May.

... a mother's maddened
To the calm unanswering a
Liza May.

What's become of — Liza M
What has darkened all the
Liza May, Liza M

Ask the waters dark and flee
If they know the smiling, swe
Liza May.

Call her, call her as you will,
On the meadow, on the hill,
Liza May, Liza Ma

Through the brush or beaten t
Echo only gives you back,
Liza May.

Ah, but you were loving — sw
On your little toddling feet,
Liza May, Liza Ma

R

d and all has

ken, shattered,

' pray to know
ould hold me

a summer's

the rose.
fled
d
ho knows,

' heart o'

e,
numb
b
) knows,

my after

ows
o by
ided sky.
neet, who knows,
's?

To scatter flowers and jewel
around.

Blushing the stream of petal b
flows,
Softly the white strings tr
down and shine.
Oh! speak to me, my love, I c
a rose.
Sing me a song, for I would pe
were mine.

RAIN-SONGS

THE rain streams down like ha
strings from the sky;
The wind, that world-
harpist sitteth by;
And ever as he sings his low
frain,
He plays upon the harp-strir
of the rain.

And when the spring came o'er the land
We fared together hand in hand
Beneath the linden's leafy screen
That waved above us faintly green.

In summer, by the river-side,
Our souls were kindred with the tide
That floated onward to the sea
As we swept toward Eternity.

The bird's call and the water's drone
Were all for us and us alone.
The water-fall that sang all night
Was her companion, my delight,

And e'en the squirrel, as he sped
Along the branches overhead,
Half kindly and half envious,
Would chatter at the joy of us.

'Twas but a dream, her face, her hair,
The spring-time sweet, the winter bare,
The summer when the woods we ranged,—
'Twas but a dream, but all is changed.

Yes, all is changed and all has fled,
The dream is broken, shattered, dead.
And yet, sometimes, I pray to know
How just a dream could hold me so.

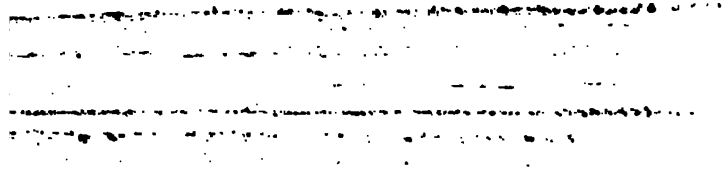
A SONG

THOU art the soul of a summer's day,
Thou art the breath of the rose.
But the summer is fled
And the rose is dead
Where are they gone, who knows, who knows?

Thou art the blood of my heart o' hearts,
Thou art my soul's repose,
But my heart grows numb
And my soul is dumb
Where art thou, love, who knows, who knows?

Thou art the hope of my after years —
Sun for my winter snows
But the years go by
'Neath a clouded sky.
Where shall we meet, who knows, who knows?

MISCELLANEOUS



THE CAPTURE

Duck come switchin' 'cross de lot
Hi, oh, Miss Lady!
Hurry up an' hide de pot
Hi, oh, Miss Lady!
Duck's a mighty 'spicious fowl,
Slick as snake an' wise as owl;
Hol' dat dog, don't let him yowl!
Hi, oh, Miss Lady!

Th'ow dat co'n out kind o' slow
Hi, oh, Miss Lady!
Keep yo'se'f behin' de do'
Hi, oh, Miss Lady!
Lots o' food'll kill his feah,
Co'n is cheap but fowls is deah—
"Come, good ducky, come on heah."
Hi, oh, Miss Lady!

Ain't he fat and ain't he fine,
Hi, oh, Miss Lady!
Des can't wait to make him mine.
Hi, oh, Miss Lady!
See him waddle when he walk,
'Sh! keep still and don't you talk!
Got you! Don't you daih to squawk!
Hi, oh, Miss Lady!

WHEN WINTER DARKENING ALL AROUND

When winter covering all the ground
Hides every sign of Spring, sir.
However you may look around,
Pray what will then you sing, sir?

The Spring was here last year I know,
And many bards did flute, sir;
I shall not fear a little snow
Forbid me from my lute, sir.

If words grow dull and rhymes grow rare,
I'll sing of Spring's farewell, sir.
For every season steals an air,
Which has a Springtime smell, sir.

But if upon the other side,
With passionate longing burning,
Will seek the half unjeweled tide,
And sing of Spring's returning.

FROM THE PORCH AT RUNNYMEDE

I stand above the city's rush and din,
And gaze far down with calm and undimmed eyes,

Why I could charm the icy so
of death
With such a sight as this I stan
and see.

I hear no sound of labor's din o
stir,
I feel no weight of worldl
cares or fears,
Sweet song of birds, of wings th
soothing whirr,
These sounds alone assail m
listening ears.

Unwhipt of conscience here I
stand alone,
The breezes humbly kiss my gar-
ment's hem;
I am a king — the whole world is
my throne,
The blue grey sky my royal
diadem.

Beneath some friendly blade of grass
The lazy beetle cowers;
The coffers of the air are filled
With offerings from the flowers.

And slowly buzzing o'er my head
A swallow wings her flight;
I hear the weary plowman sing
As falls the restful night.

TO PFRIMMER

(Lines on reading "Driftwood.")

Driftwood gathered here and there
Along the beach of time;
Now and then a chip of truth
'Mid boards and boughs of rhyme;
Driftwood gathered day by day,—
The cypress and the oak,—
Twigs that in some former time
From sturdy home trees broke.
Did this wood come floating thick
All along down "Injin Crik?"
Or did kind tides bring it thee
From the past's receding sea
Down the stream of memory?

TO THE MIAMI

Kiss me, Miami, thou most constant one!
I love thee more for that thou changest not.
When Winter comes with frigid blast,
Or when the blithesome Spring is past
And Summer's here with sunshine hot,
Or in sere Autumn, thou has still the pow'r
To charm alike, whate'er the hour.

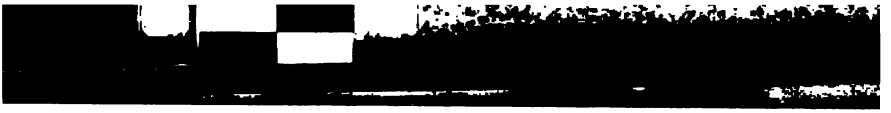
Kiss me, Miami, with thy dewy lips;
Throbs fast my heart e'en as thine own breast beats.
My soul doth rise as rise thy waves,
As each on each the dark shore laves
And breaks in ripples and retreats.
There is a poem in thine every phase;
Thou still has sung through all thy days.

Tell me, Miami, how it was with thee
When years ago Tecumseh in his prime
His birch boat o'er thy waters sent,
And pitched upon thy banks his tent.
In that long-gone, poetic time,
Did some bronze bard thy flowing stream sit by
And sing thy praises, e'en as I?

said?
Or didst thou tell to fish and
and bird
The raptured scenes that
occurred?

But, O dear stream, what volu
thou couldst tell
To all who know thy langu
as I do,
Of life and love and jealous hi
But now to tattle were too late
Thou who hast ever been
true.
Tell not to every passing id
here
All those sweet tales that reach
thine ear.

But, silent stream, speak out a
tell me this:
I say that men and things a
still the same;
Were



PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

When Nature lends her voice to praises;
When heaven and earth
Proclaim the truth
Of Him for whom that lone star blazes?

No, be not still,
But with a will
Strike all your harps and set them ringing;
On hill and heath
Let every breath
Throw all its power into singing!

A SUMMER PASTORAL

It's hot to-day. The bees is buzzin'
Kinder don't-keer-like aroun'
An' fur off the warm air dances
O'er the parchin' roofs in town.
In the brook the cows is standin';
Childern hidin' in the hay;
Can't keep none of 'em a workin',
'Cause it's hot to-day.

It's hot to-day. The sun is blazin'
Like a great big ball o' fire;
Seems as ef instead o' settin'
It keeps mountin' higher an' higher.
I'm as triflin' as the children,
Though I blame them lots an' scold;
I keep slippin' to the spring-house,
Where the milk is rich an' cold.

The very air within its shadder
Smells o' cool an' restful things,
An' a roguish little robin
Sits above the place an' sings.
I don't mean to be a shirkin',
But I linger by the way
Longer, mebbe, than is needful,
'Cause it's hot to-day.

It's hot to-day. The horses stumble
Half asleep across the fiel's;
An' a host o' teasin' fancies
O'er my burnin' senses steals,—
Dreams o' cool rooms, curtains lowered,
An' a sofy's temptin' look;
Patter o' composin' raindrops
Or the ripple of a brook.

I strike a stump! That wakes me sudden;
Dreams all vanish into air.
Lordy! how I chew my whiskers;
'Twouldn't do fur me to swear.
But I have to be so keerful
'Bout my thoughts an' what I say;
Somethin' might slip out unheeded,
'Cause it's hot to-day.

Git up, there, Suke! you, Sal, git over!
Sakes alive! how I do sweat.
Every stitch that I've got on me,
Bet a cent, is wringin' wet.
If this keeps up, I'll lose my temper.

blow.
Think I want to stand a m
Out here in this b'ilin' sun,
While you stop to think abou
Lift them feet o' your'n an'

It ain't no use; I'm plumb
taggled.
Come an' put this team aw
I won't plow another furrer;
It's too mortal hot to-day.
I ain't weak, nor I ain't lazy,
But I'll stand this half day's l
'Fore I let the devil make me
Lose my patience an' git cro

IN SUMMER TIME

WHEN summer time has com
and all
The world is in the magic thr
Of perfumed airs that lull ea
sense

Feel only fit for rest and rhyme.
Joy springs all radiant in my breast;
Though pauper poor, than king more blest,
The tide beats in my soul so strong
That happiness breaks forth in song,
And rings aloud the welkin blue
With all the songs I ever knew.
O time of rapture! time of song!
How swiftly glide thy days along
Adown the current of the years,
Above the rocks of grief and tears!
'Tis wealth enough of joy for me
In summer time to simply be.

A THANKSGIVING POEM

THE sun hath shed its kindly light,
Our harvesting is gladly o'er
Our fields have felt no killing blight,
Our bins are filled with goodly store.

From pestilence, fire, flood, and sword
We have been spared by thy decree,
And now with humble hearts, O Lord,
We come to pay our thanks to thee.

We feel that had our merits been
The measure of thy gifts to us,
We erring children, born of sin,
Might not now be rejoicing thus.

No deed of ours hath brought us grace;
When thou were nigh our sight was dull,
We hid in trembling from thy face,
But thou, O God, wert merciful.

Thy mighty hand o'er all the land
Hath still been open to bestow
Those blessings which our wants demand
From heaven, whence all blessings flow.

Thou hast, with ever watchful eye,
Looked down on us with holy care,
And from thy storehouse in the sky
Hast scattered plenty everywhere.

Then lift we up our songs of praise
To thee, O Father, good and kind;
To thee we consecrate our days;
Be thine the temple of each mind.

With incense sweet our thanks ascend;

NUTTING SONG

THE November sun invites m
And although the chill wind sm
me,
I will wander to the woodlanc
Where the laden trees await;
And with loud and joyful singi
I will set the forest ringing,
As if I were king of Autumn,
And Dame Nature were n
mate,—

While the squirrel in his gambol
Fearless round about me ambles,
As if he were bent on showing
In my kingdom he'd a share;
While my warm blood leaps an
dashes,
And my eye with freedom flashes
As my soul drinks deep and deepe
Of the magic in the air.

There's a pleasure [illegible]

Like a fair but fragile vase,
  Triumph of the carver's art,
Graceful formed and slender,—
  Thus thou art.

Ah, thy cheek, thine eyes, thy voice,
  And thy hair's delightful wave
Make me, I'll confess it,
  Thy poor slave!

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

'Tis an old deserted homestead
  On the outskirts of the town,
Where the roof is all moss-covered,
  And the walls are tumbling down;
But around that little cottage
  Do my brightest mem'ries cling,
For 'twas there I spent the moments
  Of my youth,—life's happy spring.

I remember how I used to
  Swing upon the old front gate,
While the robin in the tree tops
  Sung a night song to his mate;
And how later in the evening,
  As the beaux were wont to do,
Mr. Perkins, in the parlor,
  Sat and sparked my sister Sue.

There my mother — heaven bless her! —
  Kissed or spanked as was our need,
And by smile or stroke implanted
  In our hearts fair virtue's seed;
While my father, man of wisdom,
  Lawyer keen, and farmer stout,
Argued long with neighbor Dobbins
  How the corn crops would turn out.

Then the quiltings and the dances —
  How my feet were wont to fly,
While the moon peeped through the barn chinks
  From her stately place on high.
Oh, those days, so sweet, so happy,
  Ever backward o'er me roll;
Still the music of that farm life
  Rings an echo in my soul.

Now the old place is deserted,
  And the walls are falling down;
All who made the home life cheerful,
  Now have died or moved to town.
But about that dear old cottage
  Shall my mem'ries ever cling,
For 'twas there I spent the moments
  Of my youth,—life's happy spring.

His mind was like the sky,–
As pure and free;
His heart was broad and op
As the sea.
His soul shone purely throug
face,
And Love made him her dwe
place.

Not less the scholar than
friend,
Not less a friend than man
The manly life did shorter en
Because so broad it ran.

Weep not for him, unhappy Mu
His merits found a grander
Some other-where. God wis
sees
The place that needs his qualit
Weep not for him, for when De
lowers
O'er youth's ambrosia

O God! could all be altered,
The pain, the grief, the strife,
And wert thou — as thou shouldst be —
My true and loyal wife!

But all my tears are idle,
And all my wishes vain.
What once you were to me, love,
You may not be again.

For I, alas! like others,
Have missed my dearest aim.
I asked for love. Oh, mockery!
Fate comes to me with fame!

A CAREER

"BREAK me my bounds, and let me fly
To regions vast of boundless sky;
Nor I, like piteous Daphne, be
Root-bound. Ah, no! I would be free
As yon same bird that in its flight
Outstrips the range of mortal sight;
Free as the mountain streams that gush
From bubbling springs, and downward rush
Across the serrate mountain's side,—
The rocks o'erwhelmed, their banks defied,—
And like the passions in the soul,
Swell into torrents as they roll.
Oh, circumscribe me not by rules
That serve to lead the minds of fools!
But give me pow'r to work my will,
And at my deeds the world shall thrill.
My words shall rouse the slumb'ring zest
That hardly stirs in manhood's breast;
And as the sun feeds lesser lights,
As planets have their satellites,
So round about me will I bind
The men who prize a master mind!"

He lived a silent life alone,
And laid him down when it was done;
And at his head was placed a stone
On which was carved a name unknown!

ON THE RIVER

THE sun is low,
The waters flow,
My boat is dancing to and fro.
The eve is still,
Yet from the hill
The killdeer echoes loud and shrill.

The paddles plash,
The wavelets dash,
We see the summer lightning flash;

now and then,
rsh and fen
nuddy for the feet of men,

neither bird
east has stirred,
spotted bullfrog's croak is
eard.
ind is high,
rasses sigh,
luggish stream goes sobbing
y.

ar away
ying day
ast its last effulgent ray;
on the land
hadows stand
iming that the eve's at hand.

But it is right, and lest I err
So scatter I all thought of her.

Poor withered rose, so like my heart,
That wilts at sorrow's cruel dart.
Who hath not felt the winter's blight
When every hope seemed warm and bright?
Who doth not know love unreturned,
E'en when the heart most wildly burned?

Poor withered rose, thou liest dead;
Too soon thy beauty's bloom hath fled.
'Tis not without a tearful ruth

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

All time seems cold and void,
  And naught but tears remain;
Life's music beats for me
  A melancholy strain.

I used at first to hope,
  But hope is past and gone;
And now without a ray
  My cheerless life drags on.

Like to an ash-stained hearth
  When all its fires are spent;
Like to an autumn wood
  By storm winds rudely shent,—

So sadly goes my heart,
  Unclothed of hope and peace;
It asks not joy again,
  But only seeks release.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

(From a Westerner's Point of View.)

No matter what you call it,
  Whether genius, or art,
He sings the simple songs that come
  The closest to your heart.
Fur trim an' skillful phrases,
  I do not keer a jot;
'Tain't the words alone, but feelin's,
  That tech the tender spot.
An' that's jest why I love him,—
  Why, he's got sech human feelin',
An' in ev'ry song he gives us,
  You kin see it creepin', stealin',
Through the core the tears go tricklin',
  But the edge is bright an' smiley;
I never saw a poet
  Like that poet Whitcomb Riley.

His heart keeps beatin' time with our'n
  In measures fast or slow;
He tells us jest the same ol' things
  Our souls have learned to know.
He paints our joys an' sorrers
  In a way so stric'ly true,
That a body can't help knowin'
  That he has felt them too.
If there's a lesson to be taught,
  He never fears to teach it,
An' he puts the food so good an' low
  That the humblest one kin reach it.
Now in our time, when poets rhyme
  For money, fun, or fashion,
'Tis good to hear one voice so clear
  That thrills with honest passion.
So let the others build their songs,
  An' strive to polish highly,—
There's none of them kin tech the heart
  Like our own Whitcomb Riley.

A MADRIGAL

DREAM days of fond delight and hours
  As rosy-hued as dawn, are mine.

not;
The sun would be too s
shine,
And all the line
Of hours from dawn would
blot;
And Night would haunt
skies,
An unlaid ghost with sta
dark-ringed eyes.

Oh, love, if thou wert not my l
And I perchance not thine
what then?
Could gift of men
Or favor of the God above,
Plant aught in this bare hea
Or teach this tongue the si
er's soulful art?

Ah, no! 'Tis love, and love al
That spurs my soul so surely
Turns night to dawn

Calm thou the tempest in my breast,
Who loves in silence loves the best,
But bide thy time, she will awake,
No night so dark but morn will break.

But though my heart so strongly yearn,
My lady loves me not in turn,
How may I win the blest reply
That my void heart shall satisfy.

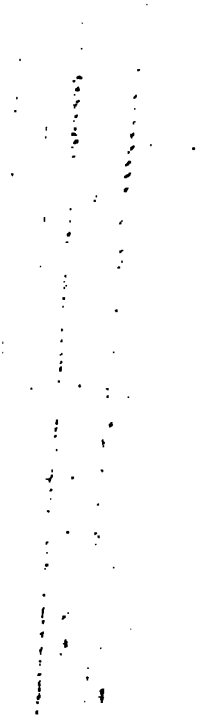
Love breedeth love, be thou but true,
And soon thy love shall love thee, too;
If Fate hath meant you heart for heart,
There's naught may keep you twain apart.

HOW SHALL I WOO THEE

How shall I woo thee to win thee, mine own?
Say in what tongue shall I tell of my love.
I who was fearless so timid have grown,
All that was eagle has turned into dove.
The path from the meadow that leads to the bars
Is more to me now than the path of the stars.

How shall I woo thee to win thee, mine own,
Thou who art fair and as far as the moon?
Had I the strength of the torrent's wild tone,
Had I the sweetness of warblers in June;
The strength and the sweetness might charm and persuade,
But neither have I my petition to aid.

How shall I woo thee to win thee, mine own?
How shall I traverse the distance between
My humble cot and your glorious throne?
How shall a clown gain the ear of a queen?
Oh teach me the tongue that shall please thee the best,
For till I have won thee my heart may not rest.



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